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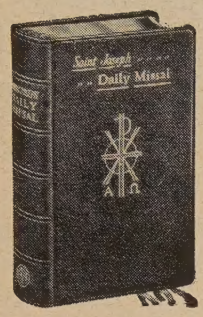

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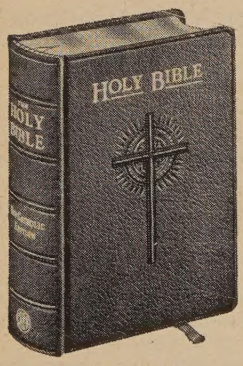

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The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

APRIL 1953

Vol. 32 No. 9

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Editor's page

A Look at the Record

NATURALLY we were quite interested in the proposed Congressional resolution condemning Soviet Russia's perversion of Yalta and Potsdam. We were as intrigued by the reaction to this proposal as by the proposal itself. Some of this reaction we could understand quite easily, especially in political circles. But we were amazed no end by writers and commentators who tried to justify Yalta and Potsdam by the old alibi that in those days everybody was pro-Soviet, everybody trusted Russia as a loyal and valiant ally.

To that we say what General McAuliffe said to the Germans at Bastogne: Nuts!

We were annoyed enough to take a look through the files to see what we had written on the subject. Here's what we wrote on this same page (April, 1942) right at the beginning of the U. S.-Soviet honeymoon: "The fact is . . . that Communism is one of the most brutal systems of government ever imposed on a long-suffering humanity and that its leader, Joseph Stalin, is the bloodiest homicide of modern times. . . . Stalin is allied with us against his will. . . . An overwhelming victory for the Reds would not be an unmitigated good. . . . We can . . . limit our aid to Russia in such a way that we shall not be helping to forge the chains of a Communist-dominated Europe."

Did that one ever bring us letters from some of the Stalin-is-our-friend readers!

Now let's skip to Yalta and see what we had to say about that. (April 1945) "No lip service to the Atlantic Charter, no tears shed over the sacrifices of the Russian people, no appeals to 'realism' or denunciations of 'perfectionists' and 'obstructionists' can cancel or sugarcoat the fact that at Yalta we sold our ally Poland as the price of unity. The appeal to the Atlantic Charter in the official report was a wanton bit of cynicism in view of the Charter's declaration that 'they (Britain and the U.S.A.) desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned.' "

That one was received much better than the foregoing. By this time a lot of people were getting doubtful about the late Uncle Joe.

One last quotation and we are through. We Americans are in the present mess because we disarmed while the Reds remained armed. We haven't been able to do much with them because our only weapons were words while they had the Red Army astride Eastern Europe.

On this subject we wrote in September, 1945: "It is essential that we leave a large military force in Europe for some time to come. . . . Our soldiers are anxious to come home and we are anxious to have them. But it is stupid to bring them back . . . until their job is done. . . . Our influence in European affairs, our power of moral suasion are in almost direct proportion to our military might. . . . We are dealing with people for whom the last word is armed strength. It is better to finish the job now than to have to do it over in a few years."

Today, with the Russian bear at our heels, we are trying to build up in a hurry what we nonchalantly tore down in 1945.

WE are not trying to prove that we are smarter than others or that we had better sources of information about what is going on in the world. In fact, all we want to prove is that any ordinary person with ordinary brains and ordinary sources of information knew better than to fall for the love-our-dear-ally Soviet Russia rot that was ladled out during and immediately after World War II.

We've had enough of that everybody-was-doing-it line. Everybody wasn't doing it, and those who were may deserve our sympathy but they don't deserve our trust. Those in high positions are supposed to lead, not follow. Since they have fallen for such absurd propaganda once, how can we be sure they won't do it again?

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Religious News

rancis Cardinal Spellman presents a check to Nether-nds Consul General for flood relief. These good, hard-orking, independent people deserve our utmost support.

United Press

eaders of Labor and Industry meet with Secretary of abor, Durkin, to discuss the Taft-Hartley Law. We hope hey can agree on a law that both sides will respect.

A Meditation For Mortals

DURING the days when Joseph Stalin lay paralyzed and unconscious waiting for the stroke of death, we read a story which counterbalanced our shocked awareness of his impending spiritual crisis. A man in Milwaukee, Frank Ferris, phoned his office to say he would not report for work. He then phoned for a priest. After that, he arranged blessed candles and holy water beside his bed, got into bed, and fell unconscious, as Joseph Stalin probably was at the time.

That is how the priest found him. He gave him the last Sacraments. And Mr. Ferris died.

What has happened to the soul of Joseph Stalin we do not know. The mercy of God is great, even toward His professed enemies. The number of prayers offered for Stalin, under the impulse of charitable forgiveness, were countless. Still there is no question but that his life was a very poor preparation for death and an eventual date with the Eternal Judge.

This depressing meditation, which must have occurred to most religious people, was offset, in our case, by the edifying story of Mr. Ferris. He was going to die. So he called the office. He called the priest. He did a last bit of housekeeping. There were courtesy, wisdom, and efficiency. That is the way to get ready to die.

It is also, perhaps, the measure of the spiritual distance between Milwaukee and Moscow.

Red China Likes Ike

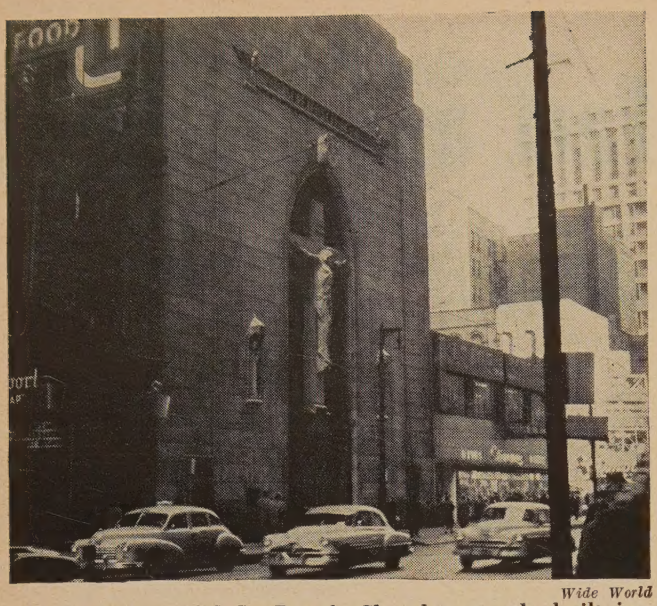
NO one need tell us how the average American feels about President Eisenhower's program for dealing with world Reds. The citizen has a new sense of hope and security, a welcome change from the mood of defeatism and panic, encouraged by the former policy of patience, silence, and defensive holing-up. But how is the Eisenhower idea received among the captive peoples who suffer under applied Communism? What do they think of the President's plan for dealing with it aggressively and making it suffer for its sins?

We have a report from China and would like to share it.

Observers have noticed a distinct change in the attitude of the Chinese public. Because this attitude is definitely tied up with the new Eisenhower policy, which has been reported in the Communist press, the observers have called it Ikeitis. It is an attitude which should cheer us a great deal. In the words of one observer, here is how it works out:

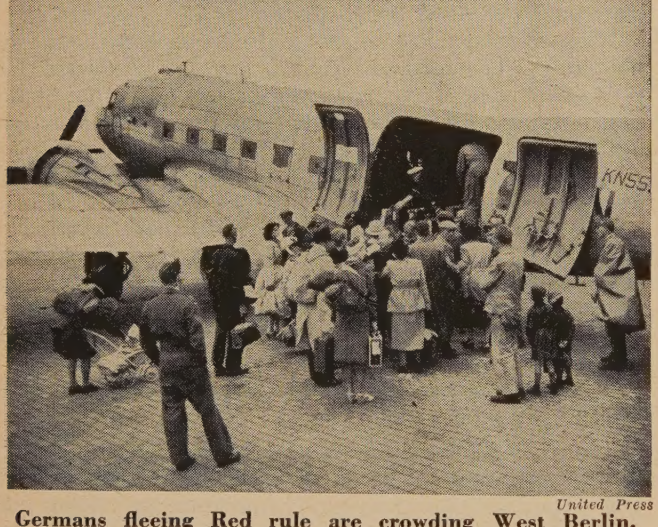
"After a lot of practice-marching with drums, January 1 came and went without any big parade. Just a few kids here and there. All the stores, even the postoffice, remained open. No dancing. No back-slapping. No speeches, as in other years. Ikeitis has dampened their ardor."

Ikeitis seems also to have given the little fellow an infu-



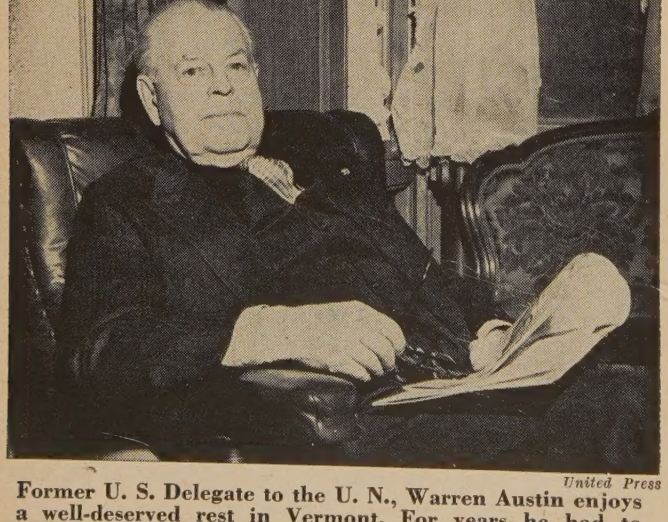
Wide World

Above, is beautiful St. Peter's Church, recently built in the teeming Loop of Chicago. This select spot was chosen for the benefit of the thousands of workers and shoppers.



United Press

Germans fleeing Red rule are crowding West Berlin. Some have rightly suggested that the air lift be employed to fly these people to the safety of the West.



United Press

Former U. S. Delegate to the U. N., Warren Austin enjoys a well-deserved rest in Vermont. For years he had to listen to the long-winded Gromyko and Vishinsky.

sion of spunk. Inspired him to talk back to the bosses. if the Eisenhower program of positive cold-war attack Communism were a kind of declaration of independen adopted by the people of China.

"The new regime used to be on the hour, on the minu on the dot—progressive. Lately it seems to have had attack of spring fever. Stall-keepers were ordered to mo off the main street. They did for about three weeks, th began drifting back. Five were arrested. The others he a protest meeting and demanded their release. 'If the go ernment wants money, let's make money,' they said. 'N sales, no taxes.' The police had to let them sell anywhe they please. The masses are feeling their oats."

Long ago, the Chinese began to experience hatred an disgust for the program of Russianization which the Re introduced into China. Now they are beginning to say s

"The local paper is outdoing itself with stories abo hungry, shoeless workers in the U.S.A. No steel, no skille workers, no room in the schools for workers' children. On in the Fatherland, Russia, is there abundance of everythin The people are seething as the loud speakers blare eve day: 'Love the Fatherland. Work for the Fatherland. Lov the Father's teachings.' One morning the butcher snorte 'Rotten.' 'What,' I said, 'the meat?' 'No,' he said. 'Th Fatherland.' "

There is not the same hatred of Americans. "Our cook (a American cook, in an American household) had his fir anniversary in our kitchen. He says that the attitude c the people is changing. More smiles. More friendly wave People are ready to talk about more than the weather."

A cleavage has developed between the people and th Communist bosses. That, of course, is a common phenom enon in Communist lands. What is uncommon is the fac that the public is pro Ike, as if he were a national leade

"The neighbors (Communist officials) are losing plent of sleep over Ike's moving the Seventh Fleet. The loca paper blasts away every day about Ike and Formosa. No very smart. The more the people hear of that, the mor they cheer. Not too obviously, though."

Civil Liberties "and-or" National Security

OUR readers will hear speculation about the President' new foreign policy, much tongue-clicking from peopl who sit at a scribe's desk and work the thing out in thei heads, a method of criticism which has evident shortcomings They may hear scare talk from rival, domestic politicians, o from foreign statesmen who want to run the world on their terms, leaving us th privilege of picking up the tab. Such comment could b insincere.

We thought you would like to know not what somebody *thinks* or *says* will happen as a result of the Eisenhowe program, but what actually *is* happening in China, the big gest single area of enemy domination. This is the statement of observers. They are not commentators racking thei brains. They are reporters using their eyes and their ears

This information might also help you form an opinion about Congressional investigations into subversive activity It has been said that such tactics play into the hands o Communism. Not in China. The Chinese who have suffered under Communism are not scandalized at a democracy which takes stiff measures against it. That is what they wan to see. Because that is what Communism deserves. The would have no faith in the intelligence of free people wh would act otherwise.

The information might help you indirectly to form a opinion about current civil liberties movements. For ou own sake, Government personnel must be investigate

oughly. In the course of such an investigation, some in-
nt people may get hurt. Just as some innocent people
run over by automobiles. But we cannot, for that reason,
go either automobiles or investigations.
hen objectors suggest more efficient methods of investi-
on, they should get a hearing. But when their recom-
dations amount to the dropping of investigations,
should be told to invest their security opinions in some
hazardous game, like playing the horses or slot machines,
re you can only lose money.
ny Chinaman would tell them that.

UR new Administration has shown great boldness in tackling the thorny problem of inflation. The promise stable dollar was a key plank in the 1952 campaign. The Republicans had pledged a balanced budget and a return to the free market. Controls would be scrapped wherever possible. The law of supply and demand ld be given free play.

Administration
Inflation

n spite of the sound arguments against inflation, and the promises of the campaign, it took courage to launch on the uncharted seas of a free economy. For twenty s the government has been tinkering with the economic em. During the 1930's, we had a series of hypodermics ed to stir up lagging production. The following decade a myriad of brakes and controls, in the effort to hold prices. An entire generation of government officials, iness men, and labor leaders has only vague recollections he workings of a free economy.

While nobody dares to defend inflation, there is no una-ity about the ways to fight it. A balanced budget is a ideal. But have we the courage to keep taxes up and e spending to the bone? Mr. Eisenhower will be fortunate e can hold his own Party in Congress to this austere pro-m. Likewise, much can be said for rolling back farm es. But will demand increase enough to keep farm in-es up? A miscalculation here might spell political dis-r in the 1954 elections.

There are equal hazards in regard to the labor side of political picture. If prices do not rise as a result of ontrol, we may be spared another round of "catching-up" ge increases. Possibly labor may find new justifications higher wages. It may need more purchasing power or h to share "productivity gains." Industry may not resist strongly in view of full employment and a tight labor rket. Should it decide to resist, however, we may have ious strike problems on the eve of Congressional elections. Considering these political dangers, we doff our Homburg the President for his courage in taking the hard course. hile inflation hurts everybody, it does not directly and viously affect such powerful political groups as farmers and ion workers. They can be placated by higher price sup-rts or another round of government-imposed wage in-ases. But if a free market brings them hardships, they ssess powerful weapons of reprisal.

The real question, however, is the economic wisdom rather n the political courage of the Administration policy. In r opinion, the Eisenhower policy is sound. Controls have ir place in a war economy. Under war conditions ilian production is strictly limited. No amount of bid-ng by consumers will increase production. The only ult of a free market then would be skyrocketing inflation. We are not in a war economy today, in spite of Korea and TO. Except for a few scarce raw materials, there is no actical limit on production of civilian goods. There may spot shortages leading to some price increases. Price

Harris & Ewing

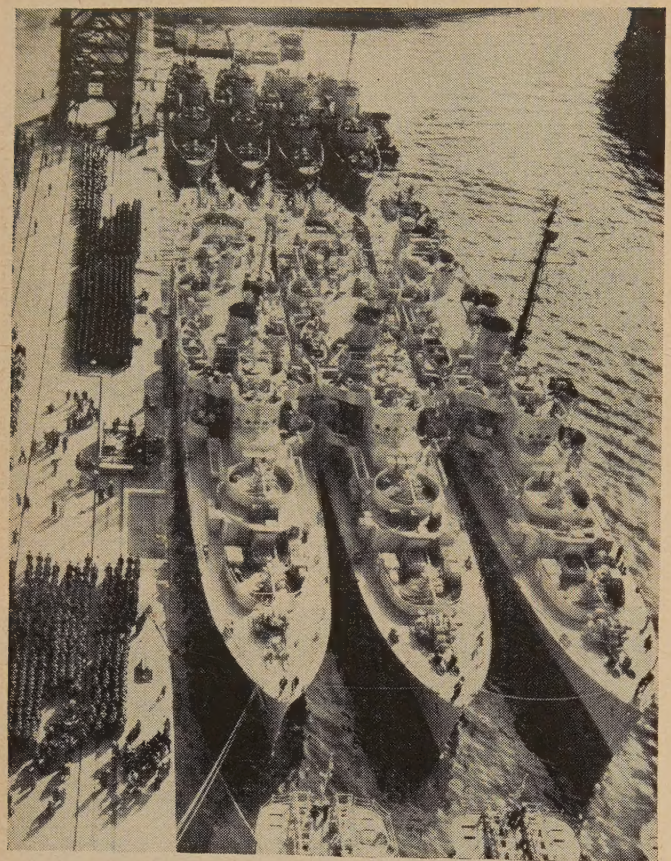
Stalin's death will make the ambassadorship to Russia an even more precarious assignment. Charles E. Bohlen, Soviet affairs specialist, was President Ike's choice for job.

Harris & Ewing

Working in the French sector of "Voice of America," M. Horneffer, above, said it was written to sound like the "Voice of Moscow." Current investigation should tell.

United Press

German Chancellor, Adenauer, shakes hands with French Foreign Minister, Bidault. Cause for optimism: they both agreed on preliminaries for new European Army.



United Press

In a good move to bolster Far Eastern defense, the U. S. transferred the above ships and many others of various sizes to the Japanese Coastal Safety Forces in Yokosuka.

United Press

A ragged Korean orphan begs candy from a GI. Our soldiers have been generous in support of the orphans, but our help is also needed to save these poor children.

jumps of this type do not last long in a free economy. T production pipeline is soon filled and prices get back normal.

The trouble with controls, under present conditions, that they may prevent price increases, but they also prev production. The classic example is rent control in Fran Housing there is dirt cheap, if you can find a house or apartment. But returns to landlords are so meager t new rental housing is not being built. Repairs are neglect Apartments are falling to pieces.

In a free market, by contrast, housing would be bu There would be a housing boom for a few years until t market was saturated. Possibly prices would rise at fi But they would decline when renters were competing tenants. This is not just textbook theory. We can check by watching the 1953 prices of automobiles or televisi receivers. Automobiles brought black-market prices in t late 1940's. Today the dealers are holding or cutting pric in spite of higher wage and raw-material costs. For the reasons, we think that the Administration program is go economics and good politics.

MALENKOV, the propagandist, is in the saddle. Amo other skills of the new dictator, his cleverness in t use of the big lie stands out. This is a matter of overwhel ing importance for the statesm of the free world.

Malenkov: More Of The Same

Georgi M. Malenkov could n have been a second-rate prop gandist and gotten where he He rose to power under the wing of the master prop gandist, Stalin, and in the Central Secretariat of the part

One of Malenkov's great accomplishments, reportedly, w to master-mind the fantastic peace offensive of the last fi years.

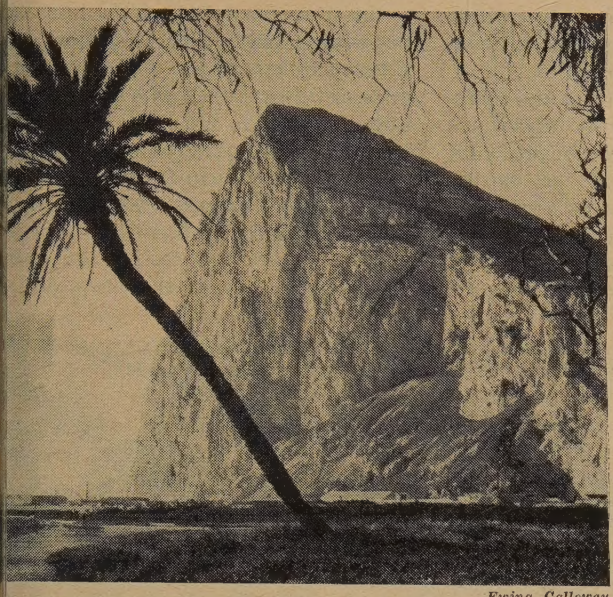
That offensive set out to portray the Soviet Union the great promoter of peace, as against the war-mongerin Western powers.

The campaign was uncomfortably successful in som places. It made use of mass meetings, high-level conference slogans, repetition, and gross twisting of facts. This wa carried on stubbornly despite vast amounts of ridicule. An in the end it convinced many a starving Asian, many a Euro pean neutralist. It took the edge of urgency off the fre world's defense plans.

The cautious Malenkov will hardly forget as dictator th risk-free weapon that has served his aims so well in th past. We must expect a renewed outburst of carefull planned lies, distortions, and half-truths. What the nev Soviet Premier has to fear is a united, realistic determina tion on the part of free nations to stand up against aggres sion. Propaganda drives will aim at breaking that determina tion. They will not try to make citizens open traitors t America, but rather to sap the firmness of convictions and readiness to sacrifice. They will inform Europe that America wants war, that enthusiasm for Europe's defense is danger ous, that by proper concessions it is possible to placat Moscow. Malenkov, new tyrant of an old tyranny, is clever enough to see that weak links in Western defense are more valuable to him than a handful of traitors. The West can certainly not afford to relax.

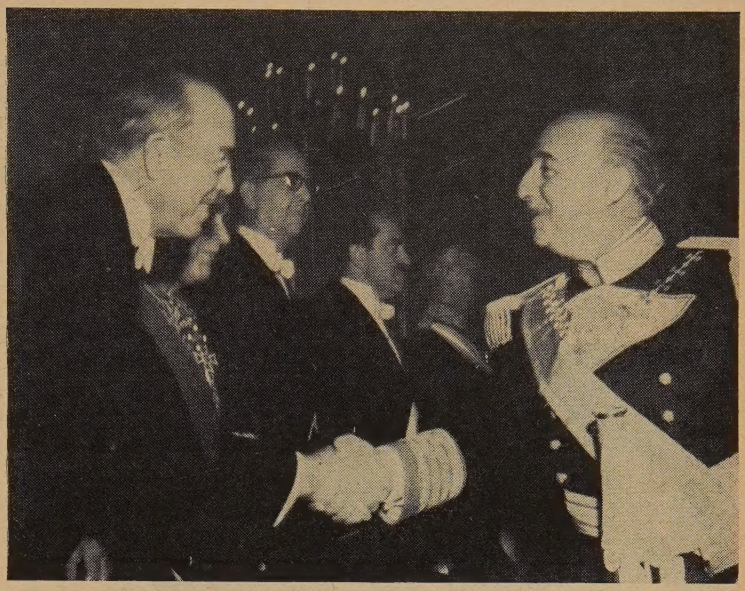
The funeral in Moscow is over. The endless lines of mourners have fulfilled their stage directions and gone home. We must get ready again for the propaganda. Our leaders, in Congress and the White House, must work out an ef fective strategy of counter-propaganda. A thoroughly rein vigorated Voice of America would be a good weapon to start with.

SPAIN: Our Jilted Ally



Ewing Galloway

braltar, constant British thorn in Spain's side



Lara

The author as U. S. Ambassador greets Gen. Franco

he most strategic and anti-Communist nation
f the world is kept out of the commune of the West.
this a conspiracy or a blind delusion?

by STANTON GRIFFIS

INCE the war, as United States Ambassador to four "trouble spot" untries—Poland, Egypt, Argentina, id Spain—I have had ample opportnity to study and judge the texture id fabric of many peoples. My affecon for Spain and its people is very ep rooted. It is easy for me to say at my year in Madrid was almost rtainly the happiest year of my life.

Historically, to understand something the present government in Spain, is not necessary to throw back to e days of Columbus and of Spanish ossessions far-flung throughout the orld. Those days are only a vague emory of history.

But to understand the diplomatic olicies toward Spain of three great owers, England, France, and the nited States, it is necessary to think those bits of history which involved e seizure of Gibraltar as a bastion of e British Empire at the entrance to e Mediterranean, the Napoleonic inasion of Spain, the subsequent actions England through Wellington and elson, and, almost a hundred years ter, the Spanish-American War, which educed Spain to a third-class power and robbed her of her last important colonies, the Philippines and Cuba.

Strangely enough, there is in Spain little or no bitterness toward the United States as a result of the war of 1898. But bitterness toward England is kept alive by the sight of the towering rock of Gibraltar, still held by Britain and a constant visual and political thorn in the Spanish flesh. Memories of Napoleonic days and the consequent irritations between Spain and France have been kept alive by innumerable border difficulties and inter-country squabbles.

After Alfonso fled the country and the monarchy of many hundreds of years became a restless republic, the inevitable climax came in 1935-6. Franco came to power assisted by Hitler and Mussolini, with Spain's ancient enemy, Russia, getting into the battle royal. A preview of World War II was fought on Spanish soil, with the consequent loss of a million Spaniards, countless semicasualties, and unbelievable destruction.

It is impossible in the short scope of this article to go at length into the historic events of the forties during which Franco was accused by the Allies of every crime in the calendar and sent his famous Blue Division to fight against Russia along with the German armies. It is sufficient to say that Franco's diplomacy was directed toward the good of Spain and Spain alone. The Germans, despite the anguished appeals of Hitler, were never permitted to cross the Pyrenees, were never permitted to enter Spain to attack Gibraltar. Spain, with the memory of their own civil war fresh in the minds of all Spaniards, remained at least semineutral to the end. Our American fleets and forces entered their North African expedition with at least the silent blessing of Franco.

With the ending of the great war, the United States basked in the midst of its short-lived honeymoon with the gentlemen of the Kremlin. Under their guidance in the U. N., the United States made the unfortunate, ill-timed decision with France and England to withdraw ambassadors from Spain, believing that this would probably result in the Dictator's downfall. An elemental knowledge of the Spanish temperament should have pointed out that under no possible circumstances could the pride-driven Spaniard have reacted along the lines of the Allies' belief.

The dictatorship and leadership of

STANTON GRIFFIS, until recently U. S. Ambassador to Spain, was formerly our Ambassador to Poland, Egypt, and Argentina. His book, *Lying in State*, was published a few months ago.

Franco were strengthened rather than weakened by the moves of the great powers, and it was not until early in 1951 that the United States had the courage to shake off the diplomatic leadership of England and France in the Spanish matter and send an ambassador to Spain for the first time in almost six years. This move was almost immediately followed by the dispatch of ambassadors from London and Paris. For the first time in almost fifteen years, Spain, although not admitted to the United Nations, became, in effect, a semirespectable member of the community, diplomatically speaking. She

No air bases nor harbors have been ceded for the use of the United States forces. And, except for a puny loan from the Export and Import Bank in 1950, literally nothing has been done to correct the appalling situation which exists in our economic and military relations with Spain today.

The exception comes from the thousands of American tourists who have commenced to realize the beauty and charm of Spain during the last two or three years, the numberless American businessmen who have visited Hispania and developed some understanding of the country, and from the rising tide

harbors efficient. He outlined Spai historic opposition to Russia, and peated unequivocally the statemer which he had made to me four mont earlier, that while Spain did not desi to be a member of NATO she wou be willing with proper American sistance to take upon herself all of t responsibilities of a NATO nation case of attack. He added that the would be no question of a proper armed Spanish army's refusal to fig north of the Pyrenees, or anywhere el if the occasion demanded. His on reservation seemed to be the norm one that the use of the bases and t

Campua

Admiral Sherman with his wife after the historic meeting to discuss idea of American naval and air bases in Spain

United Pres

For over a year a U. S. economic mission has delayed needed Spanish aid, yet Communist Tito grabs all

was no longer a proving ground for the battle of ideological theories or an outcast with no diplomatic representations with the greater powers.

The result of this strange series of machinations and diplomatic stupidity, at all times kept whipped to a froth by the strange and highly prejudiced outpourings of many American journalists, only lately became apparent in the realization that in the development of a united Western Europe, NATO, and a solid front against the great wave of Communism to the East, a wide periphery of defense had been completely neglected. Spain, probably most strategically located of any great European country for physical defense against threatened attack from the East, as well as ideologically most proven through her age-old hatred of Communism, had been forgotten.

Even today, almost two years since the day on which I had the honor of taking Admiral Forrest Sherman to see Franco as the first step of a United States-Spanish military *rapprochement,* no final agreements have been reached.

of American opinion in favor of the theory that the great military loophole of the Spanish peninsula should be closed.

In the international press, a great deal of secrecy has been thrown around the historic meeting between the late Admiral Sherman and Franco. But it was an extremely straightforward conference and I doubt if much new material has been added since July, 1951. To quote from a recent book entitled *Lying in State,* which I published a few months ago:

"To Sherman's carefully phrased questions as to whether or not the Spanish Government would be willing to negotiate the American use of Spanish naval and air bases and to his questions concerning Franco's probable policy in case of war, the Caudillo answered directly and without reserve.

"He would of course be willing to negotiate, but pointed out that it would be of little use to grant the privileges asked by the Americans unless there was parallel economic assistance sufficient to make the air bases and

harbors would be at all times regarde as the use of Spanish property, an would remain in Spanish ownershi after any war."

For almost a year now, a militar and economic mission has been i negotiation with the Spanish Govern ment in reference to American air base naval rights, and economic aid. Un fortunately, I am unable to discuss o speak with accuracy of the trend o possible final results of these negotia tions. They have been greatly retarded I believe, by the change in administra tion in Washington. It would seem reasonable, if not probable in result for the Franco Government to believe that they might obtain better term from the new administration than fro the old.

The negotiations have been carrie on under the able and watchful ey of Lincoln MacVeigh, who succeede me as the United States Ambassador year ago. I had reached an age where I felt I should retire, after ten year in Government, and had completed th cycle of military and economic report

ich were made by the preliminary mmissions in the Autumn of 1951. . MacVeigh will in turn be succeeded Mr. James Dunn, who comes from ris after serving with great honor th in Italy and France.

Although the delay and slowness of negotiations are greatly to be regretted, and it may be later than we nk, it would seem almost incredible t with the increasingly improved nerican public opinion toward Spain, negotiations should not be speedily ished with American planes ready fly from Spanish air bases and Ameri- n ships welcomed in the great naval rts of the Peninsula.

Spain is a mighty fortress of Catholim. Studies made while I was operatg the Embassy in Madrid seem to ow that probably less than one-twenth of 1 per cent of Spain's population more than twenty-eight million peoe are non-Catholics. The influence of e Church extends from the happy d religious life of Franco and his mily in the Prado to the lowliest asant in the arid fields of the Spanish ateau shepherded by a village priest. s religious festivals are celebrated roughout the world, and it is notable at the influence of Catholicism has engthened and influenced Franco in s sturdy hatred of Communism.

The happy relationship existing beeen the State and the Church, of urse, forms one of the four great ses of Franco's power in his uncanny ility to tie each to his ambitions for d service to Spain. The others being, course, the Army, the Falange, and e Monarchists. You may read and udy what you will in Spain, talk when u can with everyone from the man the street to the wealthy and monchistic landowner, realize that the asic desire of the Spanish people is at their country should be a monchy, and realize that Franco has stated imself to be an avowed Monarchist d has arranged a regency which must rovide for a Catholic king in some istant future. Nevertheless, I do not elieve that many thinking men in pain believe that the monarchy will eturn until Franco dies or until he imself feels that the time has come for im to retire and turn the control of he government over to other hands.

SHOULD the doors be thrown open to free elections in Spain, it is the pinion of many careful students of he Spanish scene that Franco would be verwhelmingly elected as a leader, but hat unfortunately an almost countless umber of political parties would pring up. This would leave the govrnment impotent in its assembly and robably return it to an approximation of the dictatorship of today. There seems nowhere in the Spanish body politic any man of the strength, the character, and the leadership of Franco, and the people of Spain are well aware of this fact as they grumble away at their Government and all its works.

Economically, particularly in reference to its relationship with the United States, Spain is the paradox of Western Europe. Since the beginning of the second World War, we have poured out in lend-lease, grants, loans, point four, and other aids to our allies both former and present in Western Europe something approximating eighty billions of American dollars. During this period, our aid to Spain, as has been pointed out, amounted to a loan from the Export and Import Bank of sixty-two million five hundred thousand dollars, although an additional aid of a hundred and twenty-five million dollars has been voted by Congress and is part and parcel of the military and economic bargaining now going on between the two governments.

During these years, the Spanish economy, already suffering from the terrible blows of the civil war, had to pull itself up by its bootstraps and battle with its tremendous percentage of untillable land, with droughts and calamities of all sorts, until the happy weather of the last two crop seasons restored at least its crops of food grains to an approximation of its local needs. As we pour hundreds of millions of American dollars to Tito, an avowed Communist, the Spanish student of politics and economics simply cannot understand how this can be, while Spain, the constant and uncompromising enemy of Communism, is left out in the financial cold. Yet there is every reason to believe that this cannot continue indefinitely.

Understanding of a long-neglected country by the people of another country must come slowly. For many years, no very wise or intelligent articles about Spain were written for the American press. Those which appeared in many cases were penned by writers whose prejudices flowed through their stories. But all this is changing. It is changing through articles in our leading magazines which really attempt to tell the truth about Spain and its government.

REALIZING the importance of tourists to Spain both from the economic and education angle the last ambassador to Madrid struggled long and heartily with the Spanish Government to persuade it to discard the ancient and outmoded visa system of passports and permit the American tourist to visit the Spanish domain without the necessity of a visa. That this was accomplished, that the Spanish Government was finally willing to give up its visa rights, was a minor miracle in view of the Spanish pride, constantly irritated by the unfair provisions of the McCarran Act, which, aimed against Communists and citizens of Communistic countries, actually succeeded in barring from the United States many a distinguished citizen of Spain, the leader of world anti-Communism.

But visas are no more, and a rich reward awaits the tourist who strays from the beaten paths of the other European countries into the fresh fields and beautiful pastures of Spanish scenery, art, and life. It is rewarding not only to the tourist per se but to the governments of Spain and the United States, for that same tourist will return with entirely different ideas and attitudes toward the Spanish than those which he has been subconsciously nurturing for years.

By all means visit Spain and try to understand it. You will find it still by far the cheapest country in Europe in terms of the American dollar. You will find it hospitable, courteous, and entertaining. Yet one word to the wise. Do not try to go at the time of the great fiestas or religious celebrations without the most careful and assured accommodations in advance, for the French tourists, the British tourists, as well as the American tourist, have been busy discovering Spain. The hotels have been literally burst apart by the influx. But go when you can and with accommodations assured and it will be a happy, profitable day for you.

Obliging

▶ Although it was winter, the little Chinese laundryman was taking a well-earned vacation.

Wandering aimlessly around Yellowstone Park after a snowstorm, he looked over his shoulder and saw a huge bear close behind him, sniffing at his footprints.

Pausing for a moment before taking off, he yelled back in Bruin's general direction:

"You likee my footprints? O.K. I make you some more!"

Joseph J. Manley

Helga Morgenstern looks both willing and anxious as she learns firsthand to fry chicken southern style

Photos by AS

American manners at table and elsewhere were taught by State Department courses to prepare this German miss

Experiment in Understanding

IT was a clear October evening in 1944 when British night bombers roared over Duisberg in a devastating raid upon that great steel center on the Rhine.

One of the bombs dropped that night sought out the apartment house where nine-year-old Helga Morgenstern lived. Helga was not at home that night, however. She had been evacuated to the country by a worried father who had found a refuge there for Helga, her mother, and her two baby brothers.

It is now eight years later. The shriek of bombs has long since ceased to disturb the quiet of autumn nights in Duisberg. Helga's family is back in the city again. Her father—home after two-and-a-half years in a Russian prison camp—practices law in Duisberg.

Helga herself, however, is living in Portland, Oregon, some 8,000 miles away. She is one of 420 German and Austrian high-school students who are spending a year in the United States. They are here living with American families and attending American schools. They represent an experiment sponsored by the State Department—an experiment in understanding and good will.

Thousands of eager teen-agers asked to take part in the experiment. Helga was one of the 420 chosen.

They come from city and town, from hamlet and farm. They belong to different economic classes. They attend different churches. They have one thing in common, however—the ability to lead.

Why are we bringing the leaders of tomorrow's Germany to the United States to spend a year in American homes and schools? There are two reasons:

First, we are trying to heal the scars of war in the minds and emotions of German youth. Secondly, we are trying to give them an understanding of the United States and of freedom and democracy—an understanding that can never be learned second-hand from an army of occupation, from textbooks, or from the Voice of America.

We hope to teach them a genuine appreciation that comes only through actual experience—from eating three meals a day as a member of an American family, from attending daily classes in an American school, from playing with American friends after school is out.

This experiment differs from college student-exchange programs. The children live right in an American family instead of in a college dorm. Also, they are in their younger, more formative years.

Perhaps we can see how the program works by retracing the steps that brought Helga the 8,000 miles from Duisberg to Portland.

One morning the principals of the seven high schools in Duisberg received a letter from the American State Department. They were asked to select six outstanding student leaders who would like to spend a year in the United States.

Two hundred Duisberg teen-agers applied. The local school officials chose Helga and five others who were then interviewed by the American Student Exchange Officer in Dusseldorf.

After the interview, four (Helga among them) were asked to forward their applications to the State Department in Washington. Then came a long period of waiting. Not until June did Helga learn she was one of three Duisberg teen-agers who were actually coming to the United States.

Why was Helga chosen? She thinks her work in a Catholic youth organization is largely responsible. She was a leader of eight younger girls—ten- and eleven-year-olds—in the Heliand, an or-

lga, who worked among Catholic Youth in Germany, knew w to handle and entertain the four lively Rost children

A surprise! American girls can wear lipstick and still be nice. Neither are all Americans wealthy

housands of German and Austrian teen-agers wanted come, to see, and to conquer the United States

by ED CONY

nization named for the first bible inted in the Saxon language.

Helga explains with some pride that e Heliand is 25 years old and thus pre-tes the days of Hitler and the Nazis. The Heliand offers its members more an recreation. It also gives them a ance to do useful social work. For stance, the girls regularly help poor milies by doing housework for them d taking care of their children. They o send food and clothing to displaced rsons in East Germany and to the or in West Germany.

The Heliand has its recreational pro-am too. The girls play games, have cnics, and go on overnight bike trips. elga, as a leader of the younger girls, ed to stimulate their interest in the eliand. She organized games for them, ld them stories, and had them read rts from *Tom Sawyer*—in German, of urse.

Helga came to this country on the ew liner, the "United States." The ip was free, with the State Department cking up the tab.

When the "United States" docked in ew York, Helga and the other Ger-an teen-agers aboard were whisked mediately to Washington for an ientation course given by the State Department. The course touched on such practical matters as the value of American money and the differences between American and German table manners.

Helga's comment on Washington: "I have never seen such a beautiful city. I liked it even better than Paris."

Helga and four of her companions arrived in Portland's Union Station one Sunday morning in August. On hand to welcome them were their host parents.

Helga was met by Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Rost. How did the Rosts come to adopt for a year a seventeen-year-old German girl they'd never seen before?

It all started one day when Mrs. Rost learned that the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women was trying to find host parents for three German teen-agers.

She listened carefully while a speaker told of the responsibilities involved—including the financial burden of feeding and sheltering the young guests. She learned that the only financial help given by the State Department is a $50 clothing grant and three $20 payments during the year to cover ordinary expenses. Otherwise host parents are on their own.

Mrs. Rost went home that night and, as she tells it, "I asked father if he could feed another mouth." Mr. Rost, a sales manager for the Sherman Williams Paint Company, looked around the dinner table at the excited faces of his four children, glanced into the kitchen at the family's five cats lapping up a saucer of milk, and said he didn't see why not.

The four Rost children—Libby, six; Dick, seven; Dorothy Ann, nine, and Mary Helen, eleven—liked the idea so much they asked their parents to put in a bid for two teen-agers. They were hoping for both an older sister and an older brother.

About a month before Helga's arrival, the Rosts learned they were to be her host parents. They had just time enough to swap reassuring letters with Helga's parents before she left for her new home.

Mrs. Rost says: "This is something I can do in the fight against Communism. I think it is important in that fight to clear up mistaken ideas Germans have about the United States." She adds with a smile, "Helga already knows everyone here isn't rich."

Helga nods in agreement and says: "Germans just don't realize the sacrifice made by most Americans who send food packages to Germany. That is one thing I'm going to explain to my friends when I get home."

Helga has learned many other things about the United States in the months

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ED CONY, reporter for the *Oregonian*, has written articles for the *Oregon Journal* and other publications. He received his M.A. in Journalism at Stanford University.

Co-operation and the spirit of sharing among friends have given Helga a real appreciation of democracy

Attending Holy Child Academy, Helga is satisfied. She found a "student council" working effectively

she has been here. She has been unable to find a single Indian, for instance. When she left home she promised her brothers, age twelve and thirteen, she'd take a picture of the first Indian she saw. She says her brothers are great American movie fans and "think there are only cowboys, Indians, and gangsters in America."

During a stroll through one of Portland's parks, Helga overheard two women discussing politics. "You wouldn't hear that in Germany," was her comment.

The intense interest in the Presidential campaign amazed Helga. She found the interest extended to her young friends at Holy Child Academy. "Politics, politics—why, for awhile that was all we talked about after school."

Helga, a senior at Holy Child, has done very well scholastically with an 85 average. She is quite enthusiastic about the school and likes some of the differences she finds between Holy Child and her German high school. She is especially impressed by the student council at Holy Child. "The students can really make their wishes known, and that is good," she comments.

The number of after-school activities has also pleasantly surprised Helga. "I like the way everyone pitches in to help whether it is a Halloween party or a carnival to raise money for the missions."

Of course, Helga isn't 100 per cent sold on everything she's learned about the United States. She realizes it isn't Utopia, and she is frank to tell you there are a few things about the country that disturb her.

One thing Helga complains about is the lack of family life. "Parents are so busy," she says, "with their bridge clubs and all their other activities. There just doesn't seem to be time for everyone in the family to sit around home nights and talk to one another. I think it is good for children to know their parents have time to listen to their problems. Otherwise they may keep things to themselves."

Helga is also bothered somewhat by the free and easy relationship prevailing between some of her friends and their parents. She laughs and says: "You know, over here kids argue with their parents—and sometimes they actually win."

Helga has another fault to find with America. Students aren't admitted to concerts and stage plays at half price. "In Germany the theater and the concerts are even cheaper than the movies for students. Here it costs you $2.50 or more, and you can't afford to go often."

American manners have caused Helga to do some adjusting. "Here you have to say 'thank you' when you get a compliment. In Germany we don't. In Germany it is very bad manners to hold your hands in your lap at the dinner table. Here it is perfectly all right."

Helga notices many similarities between her native country and the United States. She thinks American and German teen-agers have much the same interest in sports and movies. She does notice a bit more dating here among high-school students. This she attributes to the greater number of co educational schools here.

It is important that Helga is finding both similarities and differences. It is also important that she is beginning to understand why we do things differently in the United States.

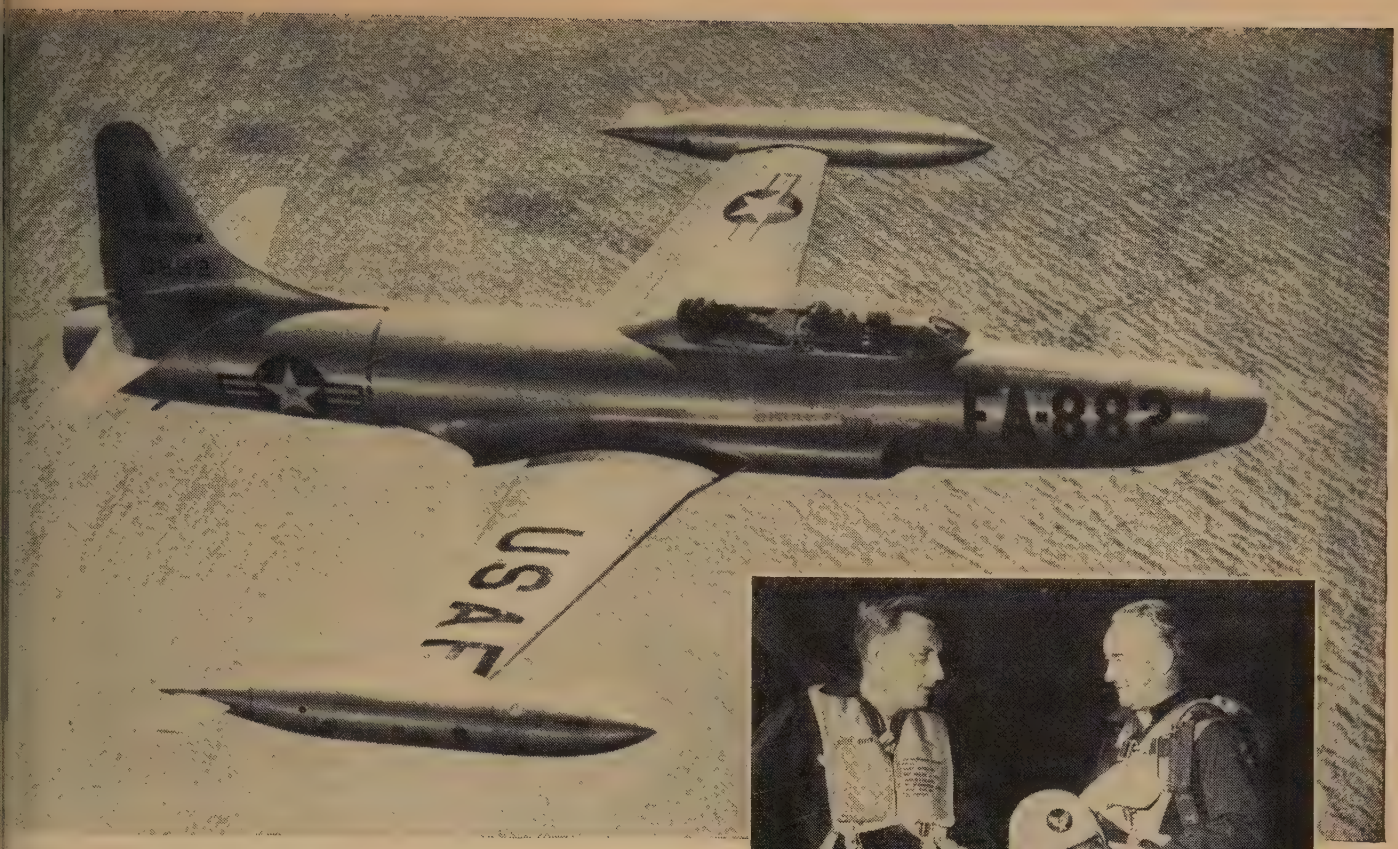
But perhaps most important of all is Helga's determination to go back to Germany and tell these things to her friends. Her desire to do an accurate and honest job of reporting is the real hope of her visit here.

Helga will tell her friends that all Americans are not rich, that few of us are cowboys and gangsters, and that American girls can wear lipstick and still be "nice girls."

These facts will destroy some misconceptions about America among her friends. But Helga will do far more than this.

She will carry back to Germany a genuine appreciation of American democracy. Phrases like "all men are created free and equal"—"the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—these words have a new and more profound meaning for Helga.

If Helga can translate that meaning and appreciation to her German friends, then she has made a real contribution to the cause of democracy. If all 420 German and Austrian students can go home and do likewise, the State Department's money will be well spent and the sacrifices of the host parents worth making.



▲ *A jet plane travels 600 mph at 12,000 ft. altitude*
Jim Bishop with pilot "Skid" after first jet ride ▶

Official USAF photo

We CAN Be Atom-Bombed

by **JIM BISHOP**

Russia has 250 atom bombs ready for use.

We are waiting but are we ready? How will these come? What can we do?

THE jets sit around like decoys at a duckblind. They are skinny, leggy gluttons—stovepipes on stilts—and they squat cold and dead at McGuire Air Base, waiting for a troublemaker to show up. All around them are the flatlands of New Jersey, the chicken farms, the white lump-sugar towns, the black crayon streaks of the superhighways. Seventy miles to the north, a fat target dreams in the sun. New York lies waiting too—a gigantic temple to the almighty dollar, a thousand towers built for a million executives, a place of smoke and horns and lights and neon ulcers—a plum tight in its skin.

The word to remember used to be "if." Now it is "when."

At McGuire, Captain Hubert Skidmore comes out to the line. He is big and broad and blond. When he gets into his Starfire, he doesn't so much get in it, he stands still and pulls the jet up around his hips, a tight fit.

The fat target to the north will need Skid some day. Skid and the thousands of other buzz-boys who protect this luscious filet mignon we call the United States. Their job is to see that it isn't carved up and devoured by a Bear. It would be an easy job if they knew by which avenue in seven thousand miles of coastline the Bear will come. And if they also knew what day of what month. That's what makes it a tough job.

Skid doesn't complain. Neither do the other fighter pilots of the 5th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, commanded by Lt. Col. Robert M. Myers. Skid is operations officer. The protection of New York is part of his job. Only a part. Today, he is not going to use a radar operator in the rear seat of his F-94. He is going to fly THE SIGN correspondent to sea on a regular patrol.

The SIGN man is scared. He has seen jets in the sky before, and he does not like what he has seen. He is forty-five,

paunchy and gray. Right now, he is also gray-complected. The captain helps him with his helmet, his oxygen mask, his Mae West, his flight suit, his parachute, and his portable life raft. The captain also helps him into the narrow car seat.

Skidmore is practical: "If anything happens, I'll probably have time to warn you. If I do, you pull these two green handles up. Like this. Then press this trigger. That will shoot you out of the plane, seat and all, about twenty-five feet. When you start floating down, kick the seat away. Then pull this handle with your right hand. That's your chute. Don't pull it quick if we're up high because you can freeze to death quick in that air. And then, after you hit the water, pull this little metal string. That will inflate your Mae West jacket and keep you afloat until you can get the portable life raft inflated. You set now? Okay. Now move this jigger back. It will hold you against the back of your seat. Otherwise, you'll think you've been kicked in the head when we take off. Any questions?"

No questions. He gets in front. The plexiglass lid comes down in stages. We are now locked in. Through the helmet earphones comes the secret chatter of the United States Air Force. Then comes a buckling roar as though a locomotive backed into a standing string of freight cars. The jet engine has started. The Starfire moves down the concrete ramp at a walk. It stops. Then it moves again. A voice tells it to go. From now on, voices from the ground will tell it what to do and where to go. Eyes on the ground will watch it in round luminescent radar scopes, and the Starfire cannot turn or cough without these eyes knowing it.

The jet passes the ready group waiting at the edge of the field. The ready group is always there. From the moment they get the word until they scramble down the field is a matter of seconds.

Skid is poised on the runway. The ground is still; the hangars gleam in the sun. Suddenly, there is no ground; there are no hangars. An unseen giant presses THE SIGN man against the back of his seat and there is a blur of substance outside the plexiglass and a sound as though someone was charging a battery. In eleven seconds, the Starfire's long nose is off the concrete and aimed at the sun. Under the wing and the canoe-like tanks at the edges of the wings, whole villages move with the speed of cards being riffled. Breathing comes hard. The mouth opens to gulp air through the oxygen mask. The Starfire climbs faster than any express elevator in the world—and it makes a big lazy turn to the east. This correspondent has been flying for twenty-three years. He is no longer afraid that the Starfire will crash. He is now afraid that it won't.

He looks down to his left and he sees the big blinking yellow eye which tells him that he is getting oxygen. He doesn't believe it. He tries to remember something. First the green trigger, then the little silver cord, then the—no, after the trigger you must kick the seat away—no. He looks out to the right. The long lace of the breakers is spread across the neckline of Seaside Heights. By his watch, the plane has covered about forty miles in three seconds under nothing flat. He decides to take a second look at the beauty of the seashore. He leans to look. The shore is gone. All he sees is a seersucker sea.

"Lean back tight," Skid says into the phone. "I'm going to kick in the afterburner." The after-burner is a device for igniting the left-over oxygen in the exhaust. He turns it on and the plane leaps forward as though, previously, it had been standing still. It is this device which puts the F-94 in the better than six hundred miles per hour class. The terrifying thunder of the jet is now splitting the sky to the rear. In the plane, there is no engine noise; only the whine of a power saw cutting metal. The sun comes in deep bronze and warm on the skin. At 15,000 feet, the ships below look like wooden chips in a bathtub.

A voice comes in. A ground voice. It talks childish gibberish. It calls Skid by a name he wouldn't dare repeat to Mrs. Skidmore. The voice gives orders. Skidmore acknowledges the orders. Then he cuts out and explains:

"An unidentified plane is further out to sea. The ground stations have picked him up. They know his position, his speed, his course, and his altitude. They tell me what compass bearing to fly ... intercept him. All planes that fly a... where in the United States—or in or ... of this country—as I told you befo... must file a flight plan. We know wh... every plane in the sky *should* be at a... given moment. This guy, whoever he ... should not be in this part of the s... at this time. So, we gotta investigat...

As he spoke, the Starfire had cover... about ten miles. The bogie was st... ten miles ahead and two miles belo... The voice from the shore, calm and ... mote, kept watching the unidentifi... plane and the Starfire, and he cut in ... say:

"You should see him now. Five mil... dead ahead."

Ahead was a mountain of vanilla i... cream. It came up from the sea like ... ball. A little below center was a bla... fly speck. Skidmore said: "Tally ho... and aimed his plane, and his aut... matic weapon in the nose, at the spec... No speck ever grew so big so fast.

"Now," said the captain, "we must b... polite to the people. Mustn't scare an... body. So, as soon as we establish that h... is friendly, we'll pull up ahead of hi... in a big wide turn so that he'll see u... Then we go behind him and pull u... again to establish his number."

It was a Navy C-47. It was painte... blue and it was probably taking a sho... cut between Boston and Norfolk, Vi... ginia. It had flown right across a corne... of the ocean, but someone had forgotte... to file a flight plan and somebody wa... going to be chewed out for this. Ski... pulled up ahead and made his big slo... turn. The correspondent started th... turn with the airplane, but quickl... found the side of his face pressed agains... the glass and, no matter how hard h... pushed, he couldn't part face and glass... At the same time, he saw the dark thun...

Official Dept. of Defense photo

Operation Skywatch: Without such civilian eyes jet planes are in the dark. Civilian spotters of Bridgeport phone in news of an unidentified plane

derheads overhead and wondered at how quickly a jet can run from clear weather into foul. When the plane straightened out, the sky became sunny again and the passenger knew that there was no storm; that he had almost blacked out; that blood had been drained from what his daughters laughingly call his brain.

The captain pulled his jet around and up beside the Navy transport. To the men on shore, he read off the type, the number on the wing, the word "Johnsville" on the rudder, and said: "I can't tell you the color of the pilot's eyes. He's wearing sun glasses." And he was.

After that, the jet swung away and headed for New York, which came up over the horizon like a wedding cake. This was how it would look to the pilot of a Russian TU-4. It looked like Mecca set to music. You couldn't miss it blindfolded. Any more than you could miss Los Angeles or San Francisco or Seattle or Boston or Chicago or Detroit. When those cities come up in a bomb sight, they come up big.

That's why continental defense is important. When the Bear is ready, he will probably strike across the top of the world on the shortest airline distance. If he strikes from several airfield complexes at once, then San Francisco is as close a target as New York, Washington as close as Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland just a fair run for the Soviet atom-type bombers.

Last summer, our best brains figured that Russians have about 250 atom bombs. If they want to be sneaky—and, militarily, there is an edge in not proclaiming a state of war until *after* you have brought your adversary to his knees—they can gamble with 100 atom bombs. Some can be brought in on friendly ships, buried deep in the holds and set to go off on a certain day at a certain time. It isn't even necessary to warn the crews of these ships. They're expendable. Others can be flown in by groups of four-engine bombers. One bomber in each group may hold The Thing. The others can protect the one. If these groups are timed to arrive over our big cities simultaneously, America faces blinding death and panic in a matter of minutes.

There are 160,000,000 of us and we can't run away from it. No one has yet learned how to jump off this planet. And we do not have to sit and wait, like the gluttonous jets at McGuire. Nor can we streak all over the sky, as they do 24 hours of every day, looking for Bear. What we can do is join Operation Skywatch. But we won't. Operation Skywatch is too tame. It is the civilian eyes of the Air Force. Who wants to stand, two hours a week, in a lookout post watching for planes? Practically nobody. It doesn't occur to us that it is better to spend two hours a week on our feet than risk spending the rest of our lives on our knees.

And yet, Skywatch, a civilian job, is second in importance only to the jets themselves. In a pitch-black room, you may fire a pistol at random and you may, with luck, hit an adversary. But it's an awfully lonely feeling if, after your gun is empty, he speaks up in the darkness and murmurs: "Now it's my turn." Without civilian eyes, the jets are in a dark room. They are ready, they are eager, they are waiting, they are unafraid, and they are lightning-fast on the draw. But the greenest second lieutenant will tell you that the jets haven't got a prayer unless somebody tells them which way the Bear is coming, how many, and how high.

The blunt truth is that we haven't enough patriotic Americans who will spend two hours a week watching for planes and reporting them. No money is involved. Just time. And those who will not help are, unconsciously, working for a potential enemy. They are doing exactly what an enemy would want them to do—nothing. There may be a more diplomatic way of saying it, but this writer hasn't thought of it.

General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, head of the United States Air Force, is no alarmist. Know what he says? Listen: "We know that over wide areas of Soviet Russia there is an active aircraft spotting and reporting system. In fact, that system existed even before World War II and was so effective during the war that it drew the grudging praise of the German Air Force. In Russia, of course, they use compulsion to man the system. We have chosen the more difficult way . . .

"The Soviet Union now has nearly a thousand bombers with the range to reach all important targets within the U. S. from its bases behind the Iron Curtain. The number of these long-range bombers is steadily increasing. There are Soviet long-range bomber bases on the Chukotski Peninsula and in the vicinity of Murmansk. Neither these bases nor the bomber force they are built to support would be required for an attack against any nation other than Canada and the United States. The threat is grave."

The answer to the threat is Skywatch. Now Operation Skywatch is a defense-in-depth around the East, the Middle West, and the West Coast of the U. S. In the East, it runs from the topmost tip of Maine down to the Virginia Capes. In the Middle West, it takes in all of Ohio and big chunks of Indiana and Illinois. Both Dakotas are in it and all of Montana. Down the West Coast, it runs through the States of Washington, Oregon, and California. These are the states that the Bear can attack without warning.

But, you say, wouldn't it be better to have radar stations strung all around the United States? In a way, yes. In another way, no. In the first place, each little radar station costs about one million dollars to build. Radar as we know it is only good for about twenty miles. The beams it sends out go on a straight line. When the earth begins to curve, the beams still move straight out. These beams hit an object, and bounce back to the radar set. But if a group

Official USAF photo

A filter station: Here women operate the glass maps locating all air traffic. Every plane flying in U.S. must file a recorded flight plan

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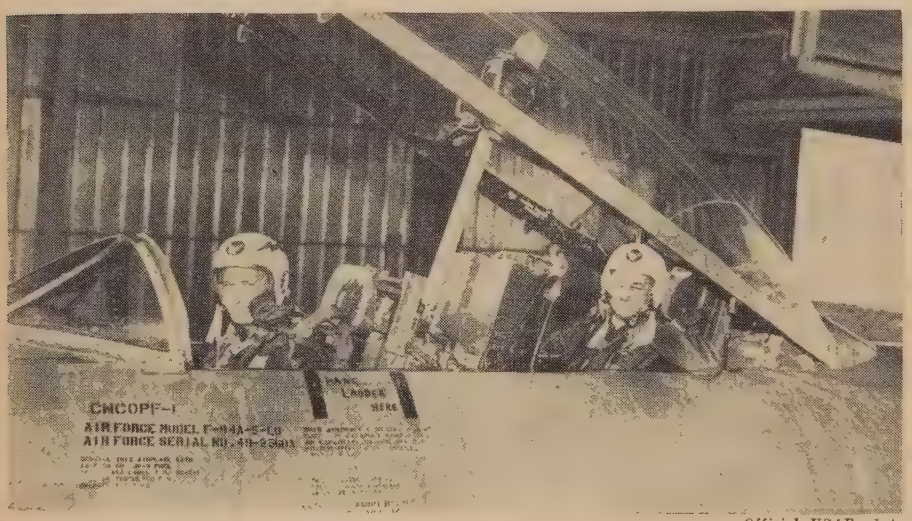
JIM BISHOP, author of "The Mark Hellinger Story" and other biographies, was formerly Executive Editor of *Liberty* Magazine. He wrote this article on special assignment for THE SIGN.

of enemy planes flies down on the deck —that is, close to the ground—they cannot be picked up by radar until they come up over the curve of the earth at a distance of twenty miles. If he is only doing 300 miles per hour, he covers five miles in one minute. Thus the radar station has only four minutes warning time. Not enough. Far from enough.

So the Air Force organized a big baby called the Air Defense Command, with headquarters in Colorado Springs. There, four-star General Benjamin W. Childlaw was placed in charge of defending this country from air attack. Literally, he is the man now standing in the dark room. He's a barrel-chested guy who used to have laughter in his eyes. It's gone now.



Official USAF photo

A pressurized plexiglass lid protects the pilot and radar operator. Author claims this moment felt as if they were closing his casket

He and his staff realized at once that this country is too vast for the Air Force to be able to protect all of it at all times and still fight a shooting war in Korea. First, he defined the danger areas around the perimeter of the country as Skywatch, and then he broke this up into three big slices, each with its own command. The one in the East, for example, is called the Eastern Air Defense Force, with headquarters at Stewart Air Base, Newburgh, N. Y. It is under the command of Maj. Gen. Morris Nelson. Each of the Air Defense Forces was further broken up into smaller units and an elaborate system of almost instantaneous communication by teletype was set up. In this way, a man in Maine who spots a group of planes heading southward may be reasonably sure that the information he relayed to a filter station will be known in Colorado Springs within four minutes.

The tactical end of this Air Defense Command are the fighter planes which are based strategically throughout Skywatch so that the greatest number of jets can be brought to bear at any one given point simultaneously. The eyes of these jets became known as the Ground Observer Corps, and that takes in every civilian who wants to help.

In trees, on hills, on rooftops, and even in a monastery belltower, the Air Force has set up Observation Posts for civilians to spot planes. Each of these must be on 24-hour duty to be effective, because the enemy refuses to operate on an 8-hour day. In all, there are 3,523 of these civilian posts. Of them, 1,210 are operating the way they should, and the number declines every day because when a civilian works a month and sees no Soviet bomber, he begins to ask himself what the heck he's doing looking at the sky.

Take a city like Sacramento. There are fifty-six observation posts. Ten are actually on 24-hour duty. New Haven, Connecticut, is worse. Out of ninety-seven OP's only four are working all the time. Out of thirty-seven, Trenton, New Jersey can depend upon two.

Each observation post is told what planes regularly fly past that point and what time each day. A commercial plane is permitted to wander twenty miles off course to the right or left, and be five minutes ahead of time or five minutes late, without trouble. If the captain of the plane cannot meet those requirements, he must, while in flight, file a new flight plan. Meanwhile, any plane which is not a "regular" over our Ground Observer Corps Observation Stations is reportable.

However, to be practical, the civilian observers are asked specifically to report (1) any four-engine plane; (2) any jet planes; (3) any group of planes flying in formation. When an observer sees any of these things, he picks up a telephone right in his spotting station and phones the information to the nearest Filter Center. The Filter Center is manned by civilians—it is here that volunteer women move the symbols of planes across a glass map—and an Air Force representative sits by and watches.

If the matter looks suspicious to the man in the Filter Center, he relays the news to Air Division Headquarters, which will scramble the jets at once to head for the trouble spot and, at the same time, will notify headquarters of the Air Defense Force. There the news goes directly to the Air Defense Command in Colorado Springs. Time: four minutes.

It seems tedious, but every bit of it is necessary. You can't order a group of jets off the ground every time an observer thinks he sees alien planes in a dusky sky—planes which may turn out to be a flight of mallards. It costs plenty of money every time a jet goes off the ground. When it does take off, the average time to intercept a suspicious aircraft is twelve minutes. Total elapsed time: sixteen minutes.

Besides all this, the Navy helps with its radar station and its ships at sea. The Coast Guard helps too. So does the Marine Corps. The Army mans huge antiaircraft batteries all around the big cities.

None of this is enough. Last summer, the Air Force purposely failed to file a flight plan for some big B-29's which were coming home from Europe. When they reached the coast of New England, they were ordered to break up the formation and try to get through to New York without being spotted. Thirty per cent were over the metropolis before they were noticed. The Soviet TU-4 is a stolen copy of our B-29. They could have been TU-4's.

We can be atom-bombed. And, unless you and scores of thousands like you learn that America is worth two hours of work per week, it will be a comparative cinch.

The Starfire came in from the sea. It settled swiftly from 23,000 feet and Skidmore brought it in as gently as though he had just made the final payment on it. The little streak was walked back into the hangar.

Skid got out. He helped THE SIGN correspondent, who looked like a drunken general from Mars.

"Did it give you the clanks?" the captain said.

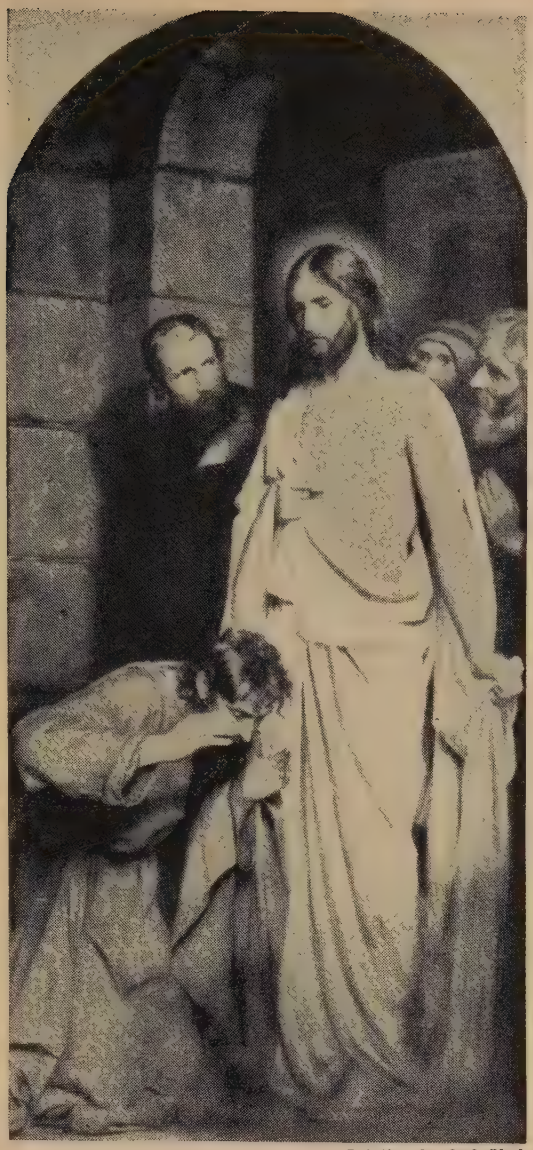
"What's that?"

"Nerves. Jitters."

THE SIGN correspondent nodded solemnly. He knew that all time after this would be borrowed time.

Doubting Thomas

by
NEIL KEVIN



Painting by Carl Bloch

"My Lord and my God"

Thomas saw and believed. He must have wished then that he could be one of those Christ blessed for believing without seeing

THE first reports that Christ had risen from the dead had a poor reception, even from those who might have been considered most concerned to believe them. Had the story been otherwise, skeptics would have attributed the Resurrection entirely to the willingness of the disciples to look for it and believe in it. But as it happens the skeptic has to seek further for a reason for not believing.

Standing out from the pages of the Gospel is the fact that the news that Christ had risen from the dead startled and stunned the minds of those who first heard it as much as it has stunned the minds of any who have heard it at any time since. It seemed too much for the first hearers, for those in His immediate circle.

The two disciples making their way to Emmaus on the evening of the first day were aware that the women had reported an empty tomb. They were further aware that some of the disciples had gone and found the tomb empty as the women had said. Yet the two did not believe. When they saw the risen Christ with their own eyes and went racing back to Jerusalem to proclaim the fact, they must have felt, as they hurried, that everyone would now be convinced. But their story was not so readily believed either.

Mary Magdalen's account, with its wonderfully realistic bit about the gardener (as she thought Him to be), had not convinced the Apostles who had assembled behind locked doors in their meeting place in Jerusalem that same Easter Sunday evening. They were confused and bewildered men. Until He came Himself and stood in the midst of them they did not believe.

He was standing there with them in the room and no door had opened. That the doors were still locked is emphasized in the narrative. They had locked the doors, St. John says, for fear of the Jews. For fear of the Jews. The reason is a detail. But the fact that the doors were locked and everybody was conscious of it is now no detail. His being present without a door being unlocked is the first thought striking their minds, and with it comes a flash of involuntary fear, the old human fear of a ghost. He spoke immediately to set them at their ease.

Everything was happening in an instant. But those of them who were quickest to recover and observe may have noticed the wounds even before He said, "See My hands and feet." These marks of the crucifixion had haunted and confused their minds in all those hours since He had begun to bear them. It is in these the identity is first established.

"It is Myself." Twice He said it. And now they had got the identity established in their minds. But they had not yet recovered from the manner of His being present to them—through locked doors, the way of a ghost. Step by step He leads them to a full acceptance of what their senses report. Whatever about doors being locked, it is He Himself, actually He whom they know. Let them touch Him and be sure. He is flesh and bone, as He was.

His calming look met the assured, old-times look returning to their eyes as they went through the new superfluous gesture of laying a hand upon Him, a gesture surely more of reunion and affection than of investigation. Their unspoken thought would have run together with His words, "a spirit has not flesh and bones."

And still the locked doors! They will have to get used to that, and draw the inference and find whatever word they will for the quality that we call impassibility. The locked door is a certainty of their knowledge. That He is back standing in the midst of them again is no less a certainty. Joy mounts up and the familiar feelings make their way back gradually, with the gradualness of our nature adjusting itself to an unexpected discovery.

Tension and the dominance of the thought of the locked doors will be further eased, and the present be in all respects like the past. Food will break the spell. Have they anything to eat? He asks. Their muscles relax as they fumble and contend with one another in reaching Him the most presentable piece of that roast fish and honeycomb.

They possessed Him again in the old affectionate and proprietorial way, as He sat and ate the fish and honey. He ate, not that His risen body had need of the food but that the reality of His resurrection from the dead might thus be unforgettably impressed upon their minds, and that they might have such an everyday item for their preaching and their quoting until it reached round the world to us all.

The Apostle Thomas was not present when these things happened. When the others told him about it, he refused to believe it; refused absolutely.

To relish the full piquancy of this situation we must go slowly. We should take time to be staggered by Thomas' refusal as the other Apostles were staggered by it. But we normally hurry at a great pace to point the moral. Thomas, the example, blotting out Thomas, the man. Naturally enough we hurry, for Thomas makes unrivaled material for moralizing. He is the proof of what difficulties are to be expected in preaching the supernatural.

And so the preacher may treasure him as a blessing. For Thomas has been beforehand in saying what the rationalist and the skeptic say. He has taken the word so long ago out of the mouths of all questioners. He stands on the peak of all doubt and has well earned his title. Because of doubting Thomas, the preacher of today and every day can say to any found protesting that the Resurrection is impossible: "Thomas the Apostle said what you say and said it with as much emphasis as you. Then take your stand with him and face his further experience."

The puzzling thing is that Thomas had so little difficulty, apparently, in brushing aside the report of the other Apostles whose sincerity should have been known to him. Some one witness in the ten, we might have thought, would have had for him the sort of convincingness that a man cannot go against in a friend.

WHAT extraordinary vehemence Thomas showed in telling them they were deceived. It is hard to see how such opposition could have been anything but infuriating to them.

Let us put ourselves in their position. He is telling them. But they were *there*. They saw Him. They felt Him. They knew. It doesn't matter about the door being locked. They don't know how He came in. Nor do they care much. Nor does it matter much, beside the fact that He was there, talking to them —and eating.

And Thomas still shook his head when they repeated *eating*. They could make no impression on him. His last word to them still was, "Until I have seen the mark of the nails on His hands, until I have put my finger into the place of the nails and put my hand into His side, you will never make me believe."

A week passed. Again Jesus was standing in the midst of them and saying, "Peace be upon you." When He turned to Thomas, what thoughts were in the minds of the ten, what feelings now in Thomas? What a situation this was by any standards, by dramatic standards merely!

The refusal to believe, the vehemence of it, is in this first moment made ridiculous. Any temptation to taunt Thomas now with his former unbelief would have been easily resisted by the ten. It would have been too easy; and he must have looked helpless a moment, standing there with all the stubborn doubt drained out of him.

Were we to think only of that aspect of the situation, we should begin to pity him, but unwisely. For, simultaneously with experiencing the refutation of his own doubt, Thomas is experiencing the one thing that matters and will matter till his martyrdom—the awareness, the certainty, that Jesus Christ has triumphed over death and that what seemed defeat and the end is but the beginning.

● The heart has eyes that the brain knows nothing of.

—C. H. Parkhurst

Moving until He was right beside His disciple. Jesus said to Thomas, "Put in thy finger here and see My hands and bring hither thy hand and put it into My side; and be not faithless but believing." So near are they now, those marks of the nails and the lance, that they seem to exist by themselves. The eye sees them and sees nothing else. "Put thy finger here. Bring hither thy hand." *Here* and *hither*. In these two words the very gesture Christ made is caught and seen as He offers the proof in His flesh. So very close is Thomas to the wound the lance had made that he would have to raise his head to see the face of Christ bending above him.

Human nature likes the short way, the easy way. Those who do not reflect enough will imagine there could be no greater blessing than to be delivered once and for all from the promptings of doubt, to see the uncontradictable sign for themselves, to *know* and not to have to go on *believing*. They would believe because they have seen.

But one man, the Apostle Thomas, can answer them out of his experience. In that moment of helplessness, when his eyes were upon the wounds that had risen from the tomb, he would have changed places with any of us. How he then wished that he had believed that this could be before he had seen. The one compliment above any other that he would wish to pay the risen Christ—to believe without seeing, the compliment of faith—is out of his reach forever.

BEFORE and after this hour Thomas had his moments of glory—when he said, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him," and when he was martyred at Mylapore. But of this hour his record is that, more than any man who has since considered them, Thomas the Apostle felt the force of the words, "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have learned to believe."

We have profited by Thomas' doubting. We nearly have it both ways. For we have the blessing which he would wish to have had and, because of the vivid sequel to his doubting, we have all but seen with our eyes what he saw. The action has traced itself upon the page for us. We are there when Thomas raises a faltering hand to the wound, and the gesture might be our very own. The print of nails in the flesh that is offered to Thomas for his convincing is offered to every man who calls himself a Christian.

Christianity is nothing if it is not this actual, personal relationship between each of us and these wounds. Nothing is symbolic and nothing is vague. Let implications flood the world and speculation deal where it will, the core and center of all is contained in this locked room where the wounds in the Risen Body are displayed.

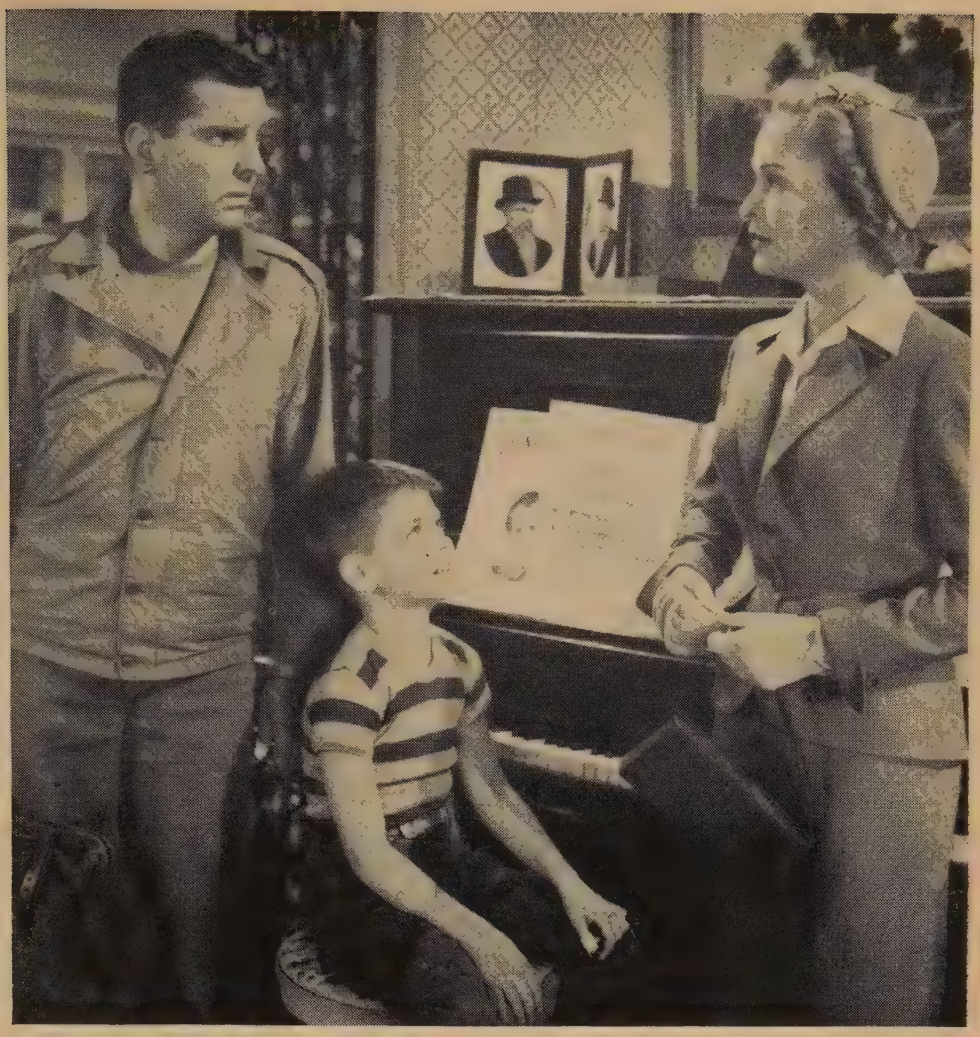
"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain." There is nothing particularly pointed about the statement, and St. Paul himself would be the first to admit it. It is but the obvious comment, the plainest and most elementary logic. Resurrection from the dead was named by Christ as the proof He would give of His claim. Everything turned and turns on the Resurrection being what we call a *fact*.

This is where St. Thomas' story and ours forever meet. It is the faith of the Christian that Christ, whom he has not yet seen, is risen from the dead, and it is his hope to stand one day as close to those wounds as Thomas did amongst his watching fellows.

REV. NEIL KEVIN, professor of English Language and Literature at Maynooth College in Ireland, is the author of *I Remember Maynooth* and other publications. This article will appear in his book, *Out of Nazareth*, to be published this month by David McKay Co.

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER



Mary Healy doesn't share the anti-piano sentiments of Peter Lind Hayes and Tommy Rettig in "The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T"

Reviews in Brief

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have a rollicking fantasy to set their new screen careers off on the right note. **THE 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T.** is a genuine delight all the way. It gives Peter and Mary a unique opportunity and the best vehicle they have had on screen or television to date. She is the mother of a young boy who, strangely, prefers baseball to piano practice. As she reprimands him, a plumber (Hayes) arrives with the new sink. He sides with the lad, but is promptly put in his place. The boy sits at the piano and the metronome lulls him into a fantastic dream in which 500 boys are forced to practice on the keyboard 24 hours every day for 365 days. His misadventures in this weird world range from hilarious to very funny. Cleverly devised comedy and the sort of movie novelty the whole family group will appreciate. The Hayes-Healy duo is in top form, with young Tommy Rettig, and Hans Conreid as an eccentric piano teacher, giving expert performances. (Columbia)

THE HITCH-HIKER has grim passages as it details the experiences of two men on a vacation trip, who make the fatal mistake of giving a lift to an escaped convict. He is also a killer and, step-by-step, the film describes their association through several tortured days and frightening nights. It isn't a very pleasant study, but the warning it poses is a potent one for every viewer. Edmund O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy are excellent as the helpless captives, and William Talman is properly cast as the killer. Ida Lupino has directed the story without frills or waste motion. For adults only. (RKO-Radio)

Alfred Hitchcock's vaunted genius for stretching suspense to the breaking point is not much in evidence in his latest melodrama, **I CONFESS.** However, what it lacks in tension is compensated for in large measure by fine acting, picturesque backgrounds of Quebec City, and a story which doesn't lag even in its most implausible scenes. An employee in one of the city's rectories borrows a cassock and goes out to murder a prominent lawyer. On his return to the church he is apprehended by a young curate. The murderer begs the priest to hear his confession and tells of his crime. The priest's lips are therefore sealed, and when suspicion is cast on himself he cannot prove his innocence. In addition a pseudo-romantic angle is introduced to further complicate the situation. While there is no violation of the letter, the spirit of the law totters a bit as the priest's friendship with a married woman, who had been his teen-age sweetheart, is exposed to suspicion. Montgomery Clift has never been better than as the distraught "Father Michael" who is placed on trial for his life, but Anne Baxter's super-sophistication is at times discordant. Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Roger Dann, and Karl Malden are quite convincing, and the

Quebec backgrounds add a nostalgic note for those who have visited the beautiful city. Hitchcock has developed a most interesting story with maximum effort. That it is not equal to his top previous best is due to plot difficulties rather than a lapse on his part. For the most part, his handling of the priestly involvement in murder is tasteful and satisfactory. (Warner Bros.)

An amusing family-style comedy, **CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE** views the high cost of steak with jaundiced eye, that of a low-salaried college instructor to be precise. He is Van Johnson, an earnest young man who refuses the blandishments of his wealthy father who would have him return to a cattle baronetcy in Texas. Principal obstacle is Van's "expectant" young wife who craves high-priced beef in her diet. Good-natured spoofing, with Gene and Kathleen Lockhart adding to the fun as an ill-fed college dean and his wife. (M-G-M)

All the test ingredients of the Western formula are put to use in **SEMINOLE,** a Technicolor flashback to the days when the tribe was clinging tenaciously to an Everglades homeland. Rock Hudson, as a young Army Lieutenant who favors the Indians, and Richard Carlson, as a martinet Major who advocates other methods, are pitted against each other. The scenery is lush, the action fast, and the mood adult in this adventure which also features Barbara Hale, Anthony Quinn, and Hugh O'Brien. (Universal-International)

I LOVE MELVIN is a spring-weight Technicolor comedy which allows Donald O'Connor wide latitude for his special dancing and clowning talent. He is a photographer's assistant on a famed picture magazine who uses his job to advance a romance with Debbie Reynolds. An enjoyable family musical, with little Noreen Corcoran stealing a scene or two when O'Connor is at ease. (M-G-M)

TONIGHT WE SING is noteworthy because it gives Ezio Pinza the best screen opportunity he has had. As "Feodor Chaliapin," the ex-Metropolitan basso acts and sings with gusto. The story is a Hollywoodized version of the career of impresario Sol Hurok. It serves merely as a showcase for the operatic and ballet interludes featuring Tamara Toumanova, Roberta Peters, Pinza, Isaac Stern, and Jan Peerce. Musically, *Tonight We Sing* is top-flight entertainment suitable for the whole family. (20th Century Fox)

The New Plays

Rosalind Russell has succeeded where so many of her Hollywood contemporaries have failed. In **WONDERFUL TOWN,** a sparkling musical version of *My Sister Eileen* she has won the superlatives of the critics and taken the public by storm. Seldom has a player received the enthusiastic welcome accorded Miss Russell, and rarely has it been so deserved. Essaying her first singing-dancing role, she works it out with an infectious energy that readily communicates itself to the audience. In her special field of droll, subtle comedy, she makes even the pallid portions of the show shimmer with gaiety. Fortunately, the weak spots are few in this witty, tuneful, and generally wholesome musical. When it isn't being hilarious, the production is exuberantly colorful or musically persuasive. Leonard Bernstein's score, George Abbott's staging, the Raoul Pene du Bois settings, and the entire supporting company give the show an intriguing air. It is a refreshing and melodic adult frolic.

PICNIC, a new play by William Inge who wrote *Come Back, Little Sheba,* is not a very stimulating drama, but it is staged with ingenuity and acted with such intensity that it seems deceptively better than it is. Inge has written about a sun-drenched Kansas community, visited by a swaggering young vagrant with an inferiority complex as big as his muscles. Before he leaves town, the lives of a group with whom he comes in contact have been unalterably rechanneled for better or worse. By overemphasizing the sexual aspects of the story—with one eye on the box office—the author and director, Josh Logan, has sacrificed what might have been the play's claim to greatness. As constructed it is flashy and sensuous, with only brief moments when the fabric has integrity. Ralph Meeker, Janice Rule, Peggy Conklin, Eileen Heckart, Arthur O'Connell, and Kim Stanley are splendid performers who give flashes of pathos and

Right: Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor in "I Love Melvin"

Below: Montgomery Clift and O. E. Hasse in "I Confess"

umor to a play that unfortunately stumbles on its own ensuality.

Victor Moore, the venerable veteran of a hundred hit musi-als, is back on Broadway in a revival of Paul Osborn's **ON BORROWED TIME.** At seventy-six, Moore is an ideal hoice for "Gramps," who practices a necromantic trick n Death until he is ready to go. Sheer fantasy, a bit pathetic, nd occasionally humorous, it leans on the very sturdy alents of Moore, Beulah Bondi, and Leo G. Carroll. Osborn s clever, without being wise in viewing death and Heaven, nd isn't quite as cute as he thought in delineating young Pud." However, the balance of the excursion is worth your ttention—especially the performance of Victor Moore!

Brash, breezy, and a bit blowzy, **HAZEL FLAGG** borrows ts story from an old Carole Lombard movie called *Nothing acred.* Briefly, it is concerned with a young Vermont girl, upposedly dying of radium poisoning. The lady editor of flamboyant Manhattan magazine decides to capitalize on he tragedy by bringing the girl and her doctor to New York for a last fling. Romance, dancing 'til dawn, night lubs, a dapper Walker-ish Mayor, and a wrong diagnosis help stretch the plot to the unastounding happy ending. There are a few lapses of taste in the dance routines, but or the most part this is acceptable entertainment. Helen Gallagher is a sprightly and appealing invalid; Thomas Mitchell is a humorous country medico; and John Howard, Benay Venuta, John Brascia, and Jack Whiting help keep the pinwheels spinning in this brassy, adult satire.

George Bernard Shaw's **MISALLIANCE** is currently enjoy-ng a fruitful revival. One of his wittiest conversational rolics, it offers few thoughtful moments but many brittle Shavian *non sequiturs.* Cyril Ritchard has staged the play with such a flourish that it appears to have more action and pace than it really does. He has also elicited amusing por-rayals from Barry Jones, Roddy MacDowall, Tamara Geva, Richard Kiley, and Jerome Kilty. They prevent the evening from becoming overtedious.

ANGELIC DOCTOR, a play based on the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, is the current Blackfriars Guild offering. Written by Father Brendan Larnen, O. P., the drama opens with the determined objection made by Thomas' family when they learn that he has joined the Dominican Order. It closes three acts and twenty years later with a spiritual victory in the conversion of a courtesan who had twice been used in schemes to deter him from his course. Dramas built on the lives of saints can easily be stilted or dull. This is neither. Father Larnen has sketched his characters well and plotted his story in cogent dramatic terms.

Vivid Recitation

The beauty of the spoken word has been absent from our modern theater so long, that its return in the current presentation of **JOHN BROWN'S BODY** has the impact of a striking new discovery. The vivid interpretation of Stephen Vincent Benet's epic poem by Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey is evidence positive that the contemporary drama needs, among other improvements, a revival of interest in poetic speech.

Benet's Pulitzer Prize poem of the agonizing years spent in our Civil War is especially suited to the style of presentation which director-adaptor Charles Laughton and producer Paul Gregory have provided. The stage is bare, with an excellent choral group half-hidden in the shadows, while the stars stand at microphones or rest between speeches on a scarlet-topped balustrade.

With consummate skill and impressive vocal versatility, the speakers carry the audience through the tortured, the tender, and the taut moments of the bloody War Between the States. Their eloquence and their power to make images rise with words bring Benet's stirring epic to full flower. It is a session that grips the imagination and moves the spirit.

Miss Anderson and Mr. Massey give their varied interpretations the smooth skill and forcefulness we have come to expect from such fine players. Their brilliance is no surprise. However, the emergence of Tyrone Power as an actor of authority and scope is unexpected. In voice, gesture, and bearing he achieves full stature at last.

John Brown's Body is a welcome blend of magnificent writing and eloquent interpretations. It is a presentation not easily forgotten.

Left: Power, Anderson, and Massey in "John Brown's Body"

Below: Scene from "Tonight We Sing," starring Ezio Pinza

Lilacs ARE BETTER

To the other pupils, the PTA meeting was an outstanding event—but to poor Johnnie it brought the first social crisis of his young life

"MA, can I take a cake to school?" Johnnie asked.

"A cake to school?" his mother questioned.

"All the kids in our room have to bring one," Johnnie said.

"Crazy," his mother laughed.

Johnnie knew that when teacher had said, "All who can bring a cake for the PTA sale tomorrow, raise your hands," he should have kept his folded in his lap. But with all the other arms stretched high, his would have been the only hand not raised. Besides, in front of him, Richard, the big show-off, had not only held his hand high but had snapped his fingers and whispered, "Wait till you see mine. Mine will be the biggest." When Richard did that, Johnnie just had to raise his hand too. Teacher had said with a proud smile, "Why, we'll have a perfect record."

That had been yesterday. Now as Johnnie began to dress for school he scowled. His mother's hands rested against the edge of the table as if they were tired. Did she know how to make a cake? They never had cake. She went all day, cleaning houses for other people. Her hands weren't used to baking.

"Teacher said each mother should bake a nice white cake, or a chocolate one, or . . ." he stopped. He saw the look on his mother's face, and added quickly, "Well, I just asked you. Teacher said we should ask. And teacher said you should come to PTA meeting too."

"Me? To a meeting? What for?"

"I don't know," Johnnie said. "I never was to one. But there are two prizes, one for the room with the most cakes and one for all the mothers coming to the meeting. Teacher expects our room to win."

His mother shrugged. "School is for kids. I don't like no meeting." She said the word as if it scared her, like "court" or "social worker." "I don't want them after me," she added.

"Teacher won't like it when I don't bring cake," he persisted. "And how can our room win if you don't come?"

"You dress," his mother said, and turned her back.

Johnnie pulled on his stockings. It was getting harder each day to make his feet fit his shoes. He took hold of the torn heel of his stocking and folded it under, then tried to shove his foot quickly into the hard stiff shoe. He had

by Monica Krawczyk

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

o push to get it in. He struggled the ame way with the other foot. The shoes urt and he sighed heavily. "My feet are oo big already," he thought.

It was no use talking about new hoes. These, his mother had bought from a secondhand store only last month. They had new shoe strings and hick soles, only they were tight and made a noise when he walked. Next month when all the bills were paid, maybe he could ask. Teacher wouldn't understand about the shoes, he thought, or the bills, or why he couldn't bring a cake to school any more than his mother could understand about the meeting and why it was important for their room to win.

Johnnie felt all mixed up. He walked to the window and wiped a clean space with his sleeve. A fog was coming up from the lilac bushes. Every morning, he looked to see if there were any lilacs, but today, again, there was nothing but clustered buds and green leaves. If the lilacs would only bloom, he could take some of them to teacher.

"When are the lilacs going to bloom?" he asked his mother.

"When the cold goes away," she said, blowing at the low coals in the stove.

"Maybe today?" Johnnie asked hopefully. "The buds look awful fat since yesterday."

"Too early yet," his mother said. "Maybe next week."

The fire started and she pulled the coffee pot forward. "No milk for the coffee this morning," she said. "But hurry up and wash yourself. Nine years old, you are. You should wash yourself nice and clean." When she saw that Johnnie did not turn from the window, she added, "Them lilacs won't bloom while you watch them. Here's a clean rag."

"I don't want no rag. And I've got to bring some kind of cake today," he added desperately. "I got to."

"You talk foolish." Now his mother was really angry. "Cake we don't make for ourselves. So why, for a meeting?"

Johnnie went to the wash basin. He washed, without soap, reaching back of his ears and around his neck. When he remembered that it was class inspection day and Richard was the monitor for his row, he reached for the end of the towel hanging on a nail and rubbed so hard his skin hurt. Let Richard look at his face and hands all he wanted to. He just couldn't find any dirt. Not today.

His mother had the large loaf of rye bread against her bosom, cutting a thick slice. "Here. Eat now," she said.

"I ain't got time," he said. "We got inspection today. And PTA. I got to go. Honest, Ma. I ain't hungry. I got to go." He grabbed his coat and ran outside. The fog made him shiver. He stopped to touch the buds of the lilac tree with gentle fingers. If only just one of them would bloom so he could take it to teacher. What was she going to think of him? No cake . . . his mother not coming. . . .

His mother was right—not a single blossom. She was usually right about everything around home—lilacs and breakfast too. He should have eaten. There was an empty feeling inside him.

His mother wasn't right about the meeting or the cake, though. Teacher was right about them, like about everything at school. He pushed his hands deep into his pockets. "Dumb old lilacs!" Probably they wouldn't bloom till summer. He wished it was summer right now, with the grass and trees all green, and the white clouds in the sky, chasing one after the other.

Suddenly, he wished there was no school either, no PTA meeting to get him all mixed up at home and school, no smarty Richard to sit in front of him and mark his papers wrong. Johnnie liked to go to school most of the time. His 3B room was in a big building with tall wide windows. He liked to wash the high blackboards for teacher. He didn't play with the boys and girls much because he had to study his spelling so hard. All on account of Richard. Because papers were passed forward and Richard corrected his. If an "o" leaned over a little so it looked like an "a," Richard would make a big check after it. He could never get "100" with Richard in front of him. Teacher was good though. Even after she saw the checks she said, "That's pretty good, Johnnie. You tried hard." She was always on his side, his best friend. Only today, how could she even know he had tried to get a cake and bring his mother to the PTA? She would never under-

stand why he had broken his promise.

When the bell rang, the other boys and girls rushed in but Johnnie's feet dragged. Almost the last one in he was. Cloakrooms and aisles spilled over with noise and excitement.

"My mother is coming to school and she's bringing a cake," a smooth-haired little girl whispered.

"Mine, too. I got to tell teacher," another girl answered. Arm in arm, they hurried to teacher's desk.

"My mother is coming," Johnnie heard little Kas Shimek say. Most always, Kas was dirty-faced and scowling, but today he was shining clean and how he smiled.

"So is mine," laughed dark-skinned Bobby Thomas. "Wait till you meet her, teacher."

"WITH such a record, we'll surely win a prize," teacher said. "Each room will have a decorated table to display the cakes for sale. The money raised will go to buy glasses for needy children. A prize will go to the room with the best table and the most mothers present."

Johnnie went toward his seat slowly, scuffling down the aisle.

"Get out of my way," Richard shouted right behind him. "I'm bringing my cake."

Johnnie turned. There was Richard with his cake for PTA. It was wrapped high in stiff wax paper, and Richard was holding it as though bringing a crown to the queen. Johnnie felt hot and red, inside and out.

Richard set the cake carefully on teacher's desk. "I had to bring it myself," he explained, "because my mother is going to come a few minutes late. And teacher, you know what? It's got cherries on top made into 3B."

Cherries made into 3B! The children gasped. Johnnie slumped his shoulders. He would not look or listen to any more of this. He banged his book on the desk and scraped his feet loudly.

"Children," teacher said, "the tardy bell is about to ring. I'll show you Richard's cake later. Everyone sit up nicely. Johnnie, head up."

A song came first. Then the pledge to the flag and news. Johnnie thought of the lilacs. But what use to think of them when they were still bare?

Right in front of him sat Richard, his white shirt without a spot, his hair all combed and curly, the nape of his neck all clipped smooth. It made Johnnie sick the way Richard smelled of perfumed soap and peppermint toothpaste. Even from the back he could tell that Richard was smiling at teacher, stretching his mouth wide. Then his hand waved so fast he almost fell out of his seat. "Teacher, we've got white and purple lilacs at our house," he said. "And next week when they bloom, I'm going to bring some."

Johnnie tried to kick Richard under the seat. Thought he was smart, saying everything first. He'd like to knock him right into the aisle.

The door opened. One of the big girls from the sixth grade walked importantly to teacher's desk and handed her a paper. Johnnie knew that meant a notice from the office. Teacher read it and lifted her head.

"Boys and girls," she said, "the office would like to know just whose parents are coming to the meeting this afternoon. I will pass this paper down the aisles. If your mother is coming, put your name down. If she is bringing something, put an extra check after your name."

Johnnie slumped lower in his seat. From the corner of his eye he watched the paper. Not one name was being left out. He held his pencil, planning to move it a little above the paper and then slip it to Anton in back, hoping no one would notice.

"Johnnie! Wake up!" It was Richard, waving the paper in front of him. "Hurry up, dumbhead! Write your name," he whispered, turning clear around in his seat to watch.

Under Richard's eyes, Johnnie scrawled his name. Then he made the extra mark, bigger than Richard's. The paper went on through the room, back to the girl who had brought it from the office. Oh, how he wanted to run and snatch it away, draw a line through his name, or tear it into little bits so no one would ever see. Now he had done an awful thing. He had lied and his lie was going out of the room straight to the office. Soon, everyone would know about it and there was one thing that his mother and teacher agreed on. Telling a lie was awful. For sure he would get a licking at home. And even worse would be when his teacher looked at him and knew he had said what wasn't true.

"Open your books for reading," Johnnie heard teacher say.

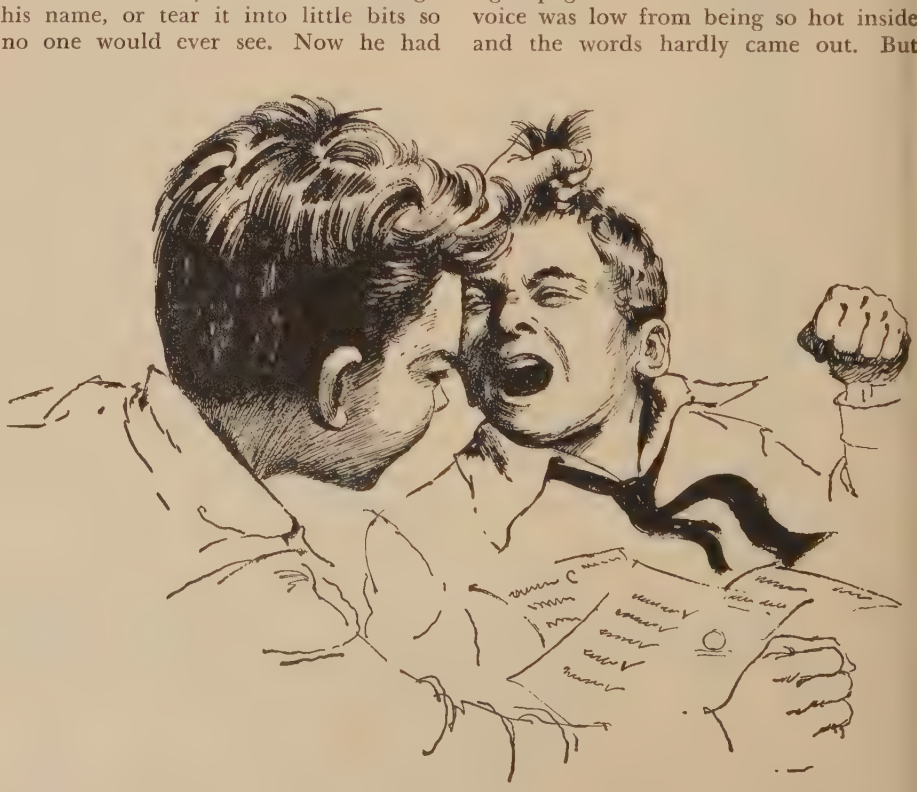
Johnnie liked reading out of the clean new book. Once he had asked teacher if he could take it home and read the stories to his mother at night. "No," teacher had answered, "the school doesn't allow that, Johnnie." He thought now if his mother could see the book maybe she would understand a little better about school. She might want to come to the meeting just to see the books.

Other days when the teacher said, "Next" to him, he read aloud slowly, saying each word separately and carefully, all excited, his heart beating as if it would jump right out of him. It was always wonderful when teacher said, "Johnnie, that is splendid. You read better every day."

Today, the book lay on his desk like dead. He could not take it in his hands.

It was Richard's fault. It was that Richard, watching him, making him put his name down.

Teacher must have suspected something. She came to Johnnie's seat, handed him her book, opened to the right page. He had to read then. His voice was low from being so hot inside and the words hardly came out. But



"You ain't gonna be making me mad, you . . ." He fought hard and quick

MONICA KRAWCZYK, young housewife, has written fiction for Good Housekeeping, Woman's Day, and other publications. She has also published a collection of short stories.

eacher didn't scold. Her perfume made im think of violets.

Spelling came next. Richard passed he paper. Always Richard. Why ouldn't the fellow in the second seat ass it? Why couldn't Johnnie be a nonitor even for one day? Always Richard. He put his foot out in the aisle nd waited. Richard jumped over his oot and called, "Teacher, Johnnie's tryng to trip me."

"You snitch baby! Wait till I get ou!" Johnnie muttered.

The spelling words were not difficult. ohnnie knew how to write every one. Only having Richard right in front was nixing him up. He knew how the etters should fit together but they lidn't go right.

"Pass your papers forward," teacher alled.

His went to Richard. As usual, teacher pelled out the words. Johnnie watched s Richard checked them.

When his paper came back, Johnnie aw a big zero mark!

He banged the paper aside and in ne leap he was on top of Richard, ounding at his face, his head. "You ain't gonna be making me mad, you. . ." He fought hard and quick, and Richard had no chance.

Suddenly, Johnnie felt a hand on his collar, pulling him away.

"Le' me go," he yelled. "Le' me go!"

IT was teacher. In that moment he realized what had happened. A fight right in front of the class. And he had talked back to teacher. Tears filled his eyes.

Teacher led him to the cloakroom and said sternly, "You stay here. I'll talk to you later."

Leaning against the wall, he wiped his eyes on his sleeve. Teacher was angry with him. He had lost his one big friend. He had no one on his side now. A fight—and a lie—all in one day. That was the end. He might as well go home.

He walked through the outer door of the closet, slamming it behind him. He ran home, crying all the way. In front of his home, he stopped. Could he go in? If his mother was there, she would ask. He would have to tell her. She would take a stick to him, he knew that. He loitered near the window, trying to peek in. The house looked very still. He tried to remember. Was his mother going out to work that day?

It wouldn't be any use trying to explain to her. She wouldn't understand. He loved her because she was his. She gave him bread when he was hungry. She was ever nearby when it was dark at night. But she didn't understand things about school.

He crouched behind the lilac bush, squeezing his body tight against the narrow branches.

A bird chirped somewhere in the branches. Just one chilly, lonesome bird. He remembered the time he had picked a young robin from this very spot. He'd carried it to some tall grass where it could lie until its mother found it. If he only had that robin now, maybe he could take that to teacher and she would forget about the cake and about the way he had fought with Richard.

He parted the branches of the lilac bush, searching for just one blossom. The buds did look a little fatter. He could smell just the faint beginnings of lilac perfume.

"Lilacs don't bloom when you watch them," his mother had said.

• The thing most women dread about their past is its length.
—Trade-Aid Bulletin

But why wouldn't they? If he took a few branches and put them in water, and set them in a sunny place like the windows at school, couldn't all the children watch the blossoms come? And wouldn't teacher like that too?

Now he had something to bring. The very earliest lilacs, that's what. The whole class—and teacher—and yes, even Richard—could watch them blossom.

He felt a sharp pain in his stomach. Suddenly he remembered that he had eaten no breakfast. He peeked in the window again. There was no one inside. His mother must be at work.

Going inside, he found the thick slice of bread that still lay on the table. He bit into it and his whole mouth felt sore with that first bite. He ate that and cut another and yet another slice. He began to feel better.

He returned to the lilac bush and broke off several branches. He turned toward school, stopping often to peg stones, to rest on the curb. How could he fix things up with teacher when all the boys and girls were there?

He walked around the school many times until he saw the lines passing out and knew school was out. He waited till he saw no children near the school, then he walked slowly into the building. His heart was pounding. He held the lilac branches tight.

Going through the cloakroom, he peered into his room. Teacher was at her desk, writing. Richard's cake was still there. Just then she got up, took the cake in her hands, and carried it out.

He stepped in. Look at the blackboards! He went at once for the sponge and the pail of water. He had the boards half done when teacher came back. She walked to her desk and began writing as if she didn't even see him. It made him feel queer but he finished the blackboards and made a noise setting the pail down. He went to his seat and sat down. Still teacher didn't notice.

Then he remembered. He belonged in the closet. His shoes squeaked as he went back there. After a few long moments, teacher came. Johnnie couldn't look up at her, he was that ashamed.

"You may come into the room now," she said, shortlike and quick.

Johnnie walked to his seat.

"Here's your paper," she said. "Write your spelling." She pronounced the first word.

Johnnie wrote, forming the letters carefully, guiding his hand with his mind and his whole heart. He knew those words. He could do them when Richard wasn't around.

When he had written all ten he carried the paper to teacher and stood off while she corrected them.

"There," she said. "Only one wrong. This is very good work."

Johnnie scowled at the one check.

HER voice sounded friendly as she explained, "You spelled "boy" with an 'a.' That makes it bay, a body of water. I wanted 'boy.' A boy just like you are."

"My hand slipped on that 'o'," he said.

"My hand slips sometimes too," teacher said. She reached for his hand and held it, friendly like.

There was a knock. It was a PTA mother. "Your room had the best record for mothers and cakes," she told teacher. "Won't you come down and have a bite of lunch with us?"

"Excuse me," teacher said. "I cannot. I am very busy."

The mother went away.

"I forgot," Johnnie exclaimed. "I brought you some lilacs to put in the window to bloom." He ran to the closet and from the floor picked up the branches of lilac. "From our back yard," he said.

"Why, thank you," teacher said.

"My mother sent them," he gulped, dropping his head at the half lie, "instead of a cake. Don't you think lilacs are better than cake?"

"I think it will be lovely to watch them come into bloom," teacher smiled, putting them in a tall vase full of water.

(*Continued on page* 74)

The editors of THE SIGN take pleasure in announcing a new series of columns

A Look at the World

by ANITA COLBY

Miss Colby, a famous "Cover Girl," model, actress, beauty and fashion editor and consultant, author, business executive, lecturer, columnist, and world-traveler, is also considered one of the outstanding Catholic young women of our time.

THANKS to the editors of THE SIGN, we'll be able to get together across this page each month, beginning with this issue, for what I hope will be a long, long time.

I must tell you quite frankly, however, that I have only a vague idea as to what I'll write about, since this is my first experience with a column of this particular kind, although I hope to offer a choice of subjects of interest to everyone: to mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts; to the young and the old; to the lay person and those in the religious life.

Maybe that's too large an order for me at this time and, if you think it is, I'd be pleased and honored if you'd let me know as soon as possible.

Better still, why not acquaint me with your likes and dislikes as we go along and, in that way, we can accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative, as my friend Bing Crosby always says.

Now that I think of it, Bing, himself, would make an excellent subject for a column, so I'll surely have to do one some day.

Bob Hope would make another good column, as would Rosalind Russell and Irene Dunne and Clark Gable and many of the other interesting and fascinating people I know in Hollywood.

Naturally, you can expect to find a great deal about Hollywood in this space from time to time because I know something about it, having spent many years there, and because it's a bright, exciting, wonderful American institution in spite of some of the bad things you hear and read about it.

Kissin' kin to Hollywood is Broadway, of course, so you may expect to find Broadway frequently mentioned here, too: its plays, its legends, its stars. Not the gay, brittle, madcap Broadway that is possibly too familiar to the public, but the real Broadway, the hard-working, sober, self-effacing, self-disciplined Broadway that supports an important art form almost singlehandedly and entertains millions of people every year.

Should your tastes run to travel, I'll be pleased to have you accompany me to many parts of the world.

Should they run to adventure and stark drama, then you must let me tell you of the famous Jesuit, Father Pro, who was privileged to suffer martyrdom, but after first having been privileged to live one of the most amazing lives.

If you like a tender love story, and most of us do, then you must let me tell you about the girl who did nothing more than powder her pert little nose and there unfolded for her one of the most wonderful romances imaginable, a romance with a real surprise ending.

Politics?

Well, maybe just a little.

Maybe just to acquaint you with my idea of "the perfect politician."

I'd much rather write—and probably have better luck at it, too—about the most graceful man I ever met, a man whose identity might startle you.

I'd also rather write about the quaint and ancient dance performed around the altar of a famous Spanish cathedral once every year, a dance that, I'm told, won't be found anywhere else in the world; or about the first time I met Prime Minister Winston Churchill; or about the circus; or the wonderful humor of some of the saints; or music; or some contemporary heroes and heroines whose exploits pass all but unnoticed.

Since I'm a woman and am supposed to know something about the subject, I'd like to devote space to examining the modern woman, to deciding what she's really like, where she's really going, and to what extent she influences the happenings and events of the world around her.

I promise not to preach, though, and that I promise fervently.

Nor will there be much, if any, viewing with alarm from this corner.

Anita Colby

I also promise not to moralize.

Well, not very often, at any rate, but I do hope you'll bear with me if I occasionally wag an admonishing finger or offer a few words of advice, particularly to young girls of high-school and college age, June brides, and those other brides who've allowed themselves to grow frowzy and neglectful and who wonder why their husbands don't seem to love them anymore.

There'll be some laughter here, too, whenever I can manage it, because laughter is good, because I love it at the right time and in the right proportion, and because it is the one thing that distinguishes our great America from every other nation on earth—especially America's ability to laugh at itself.

My first and foremost concern, though, will be you.

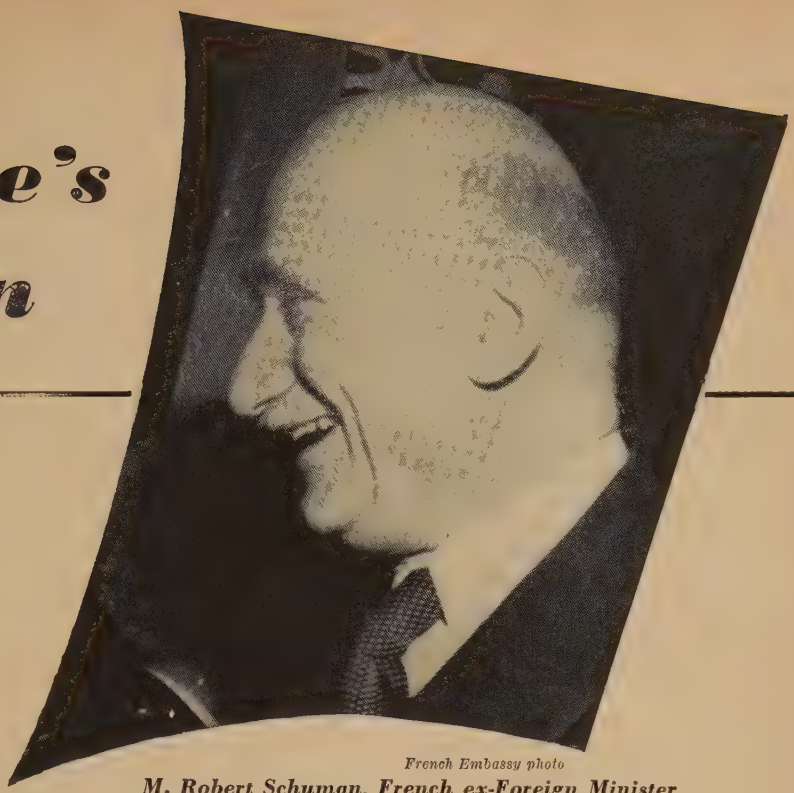
I sincerely hope I can bring you to like me a little through my columns and, eventually, gain your friendship.

If I can do that, I will be very happy and will not only consider my purpose here a success but that the faith and confidence placed in me by the editors of THE SIGN will have met with a measure of justification.

Mr. Europe's Revolution

France's gift to a United Europe is the mild, aloof R. Schuman. His revolutionary foresight will make today's history

by ANDREW BOYLE



French Embassy photo

M. Robert Schuman, French ex-Foreign Minister

SURELY no other statesman in history ever looked less like a revolutionary than does M. Robert Schuman, ex-Foreign Minister of France. His mild, aloof manner is that of the scholar rather than the politician—especially the French politician; his thin, almost tired voice seems incapable of rousing listless Europeans from their postwar torpor and summoning them to the barricades. He is humble, self-effacing, and correct, where the classic revolutionary of the popular image is domineering, strident, and flamboyant. The cartoonists of East and West have consistently regarded M. Schuman as a godsend and a "natural": that long, string-bean effect of the tall, thin body —topped by the domed head, the prominent Gallic nose and the sad eyes—has probably inspired as many caricatures as the shaggy head and walrus moustache of Stalin.

It came as no surprise or even disappointment to "Mr. Europe" when he lost his job at the Quai d'Orsay in January, after more than four epoch-making years in charge of his country's foreign affairs. It is one of the marks of the great that they bear no resentment against fate, fools, or fanatics; it is equally one of the characteristic marks of the great statesman that his faith in a certain goal enables him to use present adversity as a means to that end.

Since his withdrawal from office, M. Schuman has had greater leisure and more opportunity for telling the world of the necessity and real inevitability of European Unity. The revolutionary Coal-Steel Community which is already in being, the Defense Community based on the same model, and the embryonic European Political Community that will provide the democratic scaffolding for these and other projects, all owe their origin largely to this unpretentious lawyer from Lorraine, who now sees as his main work the task of persuading others to accept his far-sighted view of Europe's destiny.

Like another but more controversial French statesman before him, M. de Talleyrand, the 20th century architect of European Unity is anxious not to be misunderstood chiefly because so much is at stake. The security of the West, the reconciliation of France and Germany, the utter crushing of Communism by a bold, unprecedented experiment in international building, the banishment of fear and hate from the hearts of nearly two hundred million people—these will be the fruits of his work if it is allowed to succeed.

Unlike Talleyrand, M. Schuman has no selfish motives; fame, personal fortune, the spur of political ambition mean nothing to this exemplary Christian statesman, whose optimism and soaring idealism are counterbalanced by a realistic appraisal of what is practical and useful. If, for the majority of Frenchmen, politics remains that narrow thing "the continuation of history" in a purely nationalist context, for him it has become "the art of the possible" in the international field.

I rediscovered this essential fact about M. Robert Schuman when he was gracious enough to let me put to him a number of pointed questions on the many obstacles that still imperil his "Grand Design" for reconstructing Western Europe. What follows is my version of his replies, along with the distinct impressions I received of his attitude to several interrelated problems. The quotation marks give the clue to his direct speech; where there was any doubt as to meaning or emphasis, I have in common fairness simply outlined the idea in my own words.

In the first place, M. Schuman left me in no doubt whatever that his temporary retirement from office will not lead to any compromising of his European policy. Was this because he had been succeeded by Georges Bidault, like himself a solid Catholic, a leading member of MRP, and a man who happened to share his own vision? I could not help recalling the ironic fact that in 1948 M. Schuman had been summoned to replace M. Bidault

ANDREW BOYLE is a well-known feature writer for the *Catholic Herald* of London. As a script writer for the B.B.C., his name is also familiar to English radio listeners.

Harris & Ewing

because the French Socialists, among others, maintained that the latter had pushed too far the new and seemingly ridiculous line of befriending defeated Germany.

The reply I was given showed that M. Schuman's confidence does not rest merely in the personal worth of the friend and collaborator who has succeeded him, nor in the support of like-minded men and women throughout Europe, but in the sound principles of the policy itself.

"There is no other plan that will work," he said with complete conviction. "Our policy is a thorough reversal of the old political conceptions and methods. It is not enough to be a Christian and proclaim forgiveness and the love of peace in the kind of world we're living in. Those aspirations must be translated into terms that ordinary people, as well as their leaders, can grasp. If you wonder why there must be consistency in pursuing such unusual ideas, let me remind you that no alternative ideas will end the age-old rivalries between European nations and lead to stability and peace.

"The Europe we are going to create will not be a bloc directed against any nation or any other bloc. It will have no aggressive intentions, no nationalist or imperialist outlook. And this Europe will remain open and accessible to neighboring states that wish to join her in time.

"There is one overwhelming reason, I repeat, for bringing the New Europe into existence: in no other way can lasting solidarity and co-operation be achieved in this part of the world. And since our policy is a great enterprise of peace, the central question is that of bringing to a definite stop the traditional antagonism dividing France and Germany. Every outstanding difference between these two countries—the complex Saar dispute is one of the gravest—must be solved amicably before we can make headway."

M. Schuman admitted that this, the very heart and soul of his European program, was a stumbling block to many Frenchmen. He implied that the mistrust and bitterness sown by the invasion of his country by the Germans three times in three quarters of a century, with all the suffering and destruction entailed, could hardly be eradicated at once. Yet nothing short of pulling out the roots of fear would do the trick. And as he took up and developed the theme, it seemed to be the Catholic from Lorraine, rather than the skilled politician from Paris, who was speaking: the man whose early upbringing in that annexed eastern province of France had given him a fierce love of his country and also a clear understanding of modern Germany.

I reflected that M. Schuman, who served in a crack regiment of the Kaiser's army before deserting to his own people in the first war, and who condensed his harsh experiences at the hands of the Vichy and Nazi authorities during the second in the single phrase, "concentration camps aren't arguments," was better qualified than any other top European statesman to see the best and the worst in the French and the Germans.

"Why have we sunk our memories to stretch out a hand to our enemies so soon after the horrors of occupation?" he asked. "Because we must on no account risk a repetition of those cruel experiences. Because to maintain the distinction between victors and vanquished would be to consolidate mutual hates and prevent the attainment of security and well-being. Because—and this is a fortunate fact—there are in the six nations already joined in these undertakings men who think as we do. They are pledged to inspire a minimum of that confidence on which our policy must be founded. And the confidence itself is growing all the time by contacts and closer understanding."

M. Schuman left it at that. He did not have to mention that Dr. Konrad Adenauer and Signor Alcide de Gasperi, the two fellow architects of European Unity, had independently groped through the storms and stresses of the first half of our century toward his own solution. It is by no means an accident that these three Western leaders were cradled in what has been called Europe's "middle kingdom," Adenauer in the Catholic Rhineland, de Gasperi in Trentino, Schuman in Lorraine. All three were taught at German-speaking Catholic universities. All three survived the ghastly break-up of the unreal Europe created at Versailles to head those new Christian-Democrat parties which have been the most hopeful postwar phenomenon of continental politics.

If Churchill, the Liberator, can take credit for first championing the cause of a United Europe, then Schuman, Adenauer, and de Gasperi needed only the opportunity to make that cause their own. The ugly, dark threat of Soviet aggression and Communist serfdom supplied it; and since 1948 the West has seen these three Catholic statesmen slowly clearing the ground for positive action. The precise formula for unification had to be worked out by France and, though still in the background, M. Schuman had already hit upon it. There could be no half-measures. If Europe was to survive as more than a geographical expression, the nations which formed her must sacrifice their sovereignty bit by bit. From that basic concept, the famous Schuman Plan was born.

It has taken just under three years to implement this far-reaching project for merging the coal and steel resources of France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, and Western Germany. Against vested economic interests and political opposition, the detailed blueprint had to be debated in each of the six national parliaments before it was ratified. Yet not one of the proposed member-states shirked the crucial test of membership: the transfer to a common supranational authority of all control over these essential war-making commodities which also furnish the sinews of industrial prosperity.

For M. Schuman, that is the important point to remember. The parallel scheme for pooling the armed forces of the same half-dozen states in the European Defense Community has stirred up much more controversy and run into many more obstacles, but exactly the same sacrifice of national sovereignty is demanded. No less, no more.

Unhappily, the heavy toll of the cold

ar and the prejudices of popular
inion and narrow politicians have
isoned the atmosphere in France.
he handing over of the *grande armée,*
e last bulwark of security, to a
range outside authority seems like a
oss betrayal, particularly at a time
nen the picked professional soldiers
France are barely holding the
mmunists at bay in Indo-China. The
ospect of a revived German army,
en in the guise of units bringing up
full strength the joint European
efense force, has returned as a polit-
al nightmare to make the flesh of
dinary Frenchmen creep.

M. Schuman is the last man to gloss
er this psychological difficulty which,
cidentally, cost him dear in popular-
y during the final weeks of the Pinay
overnment's term and probably cost
m his post as Foreign Minister. But
e insists that this is where Britain,
nd above all its Prime Minister, Mr.
hurchill, can and should redress the
sychological balance by accepting new
sponsibilities in Europe. The present
angerous delay in obtaining ratifica-
on of the Defense Treaty, while the
x signatories wrangle over the extra
feguards demanded by the French
overnment as a sop to French public
pinion, is mainly due to the extraor-
inary attitude of indifference dis-
layed by the British Government.

Those words are mine, not M.
chuman's. He is too much the states-
an to let feeling sharpen his thoughts.
ut I confess as a patriotic Briton that
am anything but proud of the
ajestic inertia of the Foreign Office,
ill less of a Prime Minister who once
arned the name of "Europe's first
itizen." Britain favors co-operation be-

French Embassy photo

tween equal governments and refuses to be drawn into a system controlled by a common, autonomous authority. M. Schuman believes the time has come when Britain must review her ideas, not only because the old method of international co-operation between equals is "congenitally impotent" but because freedom and peace in the West depend on the growth of the new international community he has patented.

"I am sure," he said, "that Britain's refusal to accept a supranational authority, as in the Coal-Steel and Defense Communities, is not explained by her Commonwealth ties. To my mind, membership in the British Commonwealth need not be a barrier to membership in the European system. France and Europe want Britain as a partner. We shall not feel easy in our minds until the British are working with us; we have come so far because we felt they weren't far behind.

"Now we have entered the most critical phase in the development of the New Europe, and it is now Britain must decide. If she makes it her policy to stay right outside, the successful completion of our task may be fatally undermined. It is not a question of Britain's accepting all or nothing. There are several compromise solutions possible. This is proved by the special associate membership of the Coal-Steel Community which is at present being worked out for Britain."

M. Schuman wants a fixed written treaty which will establish real ties with the six nations committed to the Joint-Community program. Such a contractual arrangement, he is certain, would dissolve the doubts and hesitations of France. It would also considerably reinforce Dr. Adenauer and Signor de Gasperi in their endless tactical battles against the opportunist enemies of their European policy, notably this year, when both leaders face general elections.

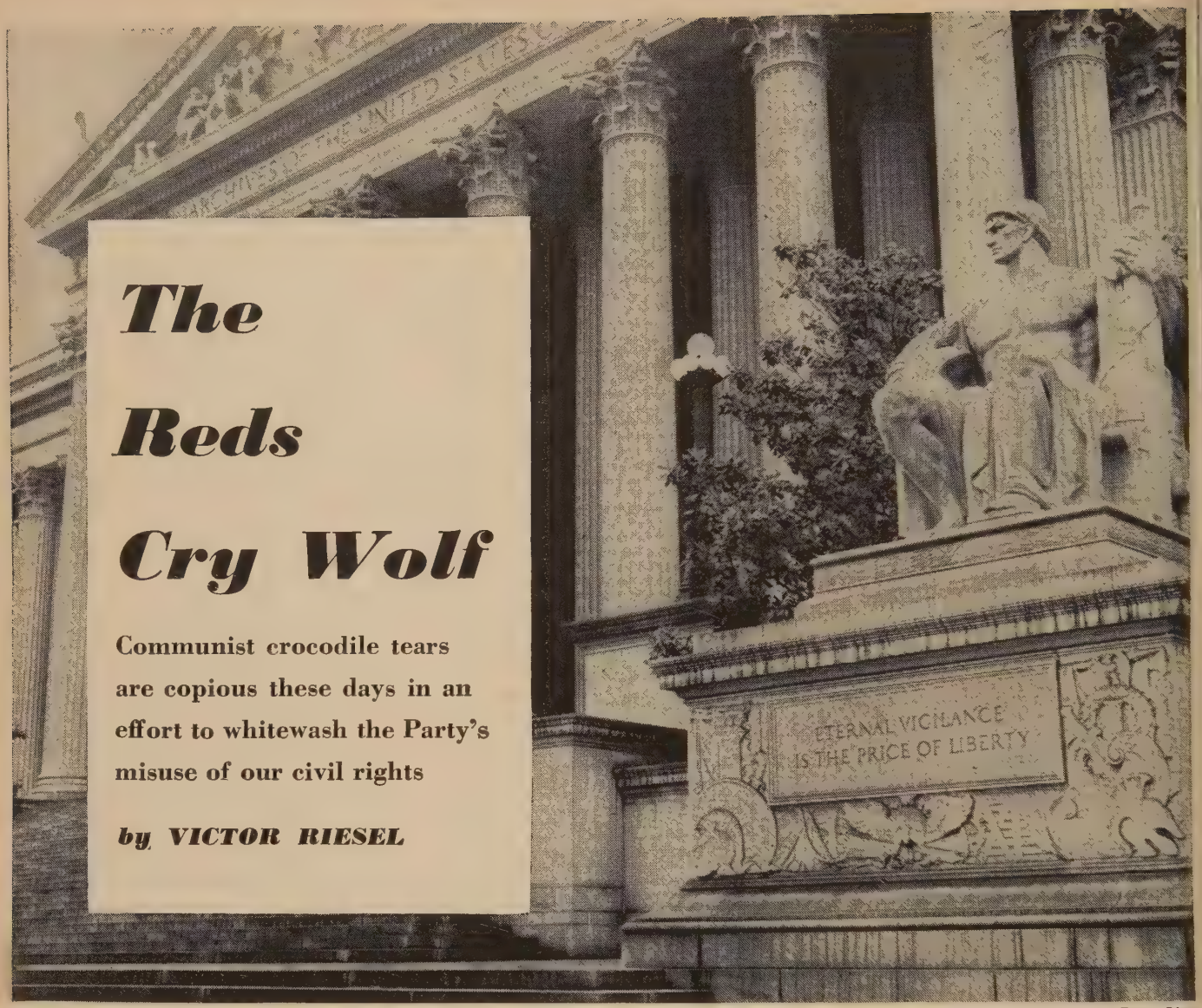
M. Schuman was more specific about the relations of British troops to EDC. Under the formal treaty defining what has been suitably described as Britain's "nonresident" membership in the New Europe, competent draftsmen could readily lay down "a form of organic interdependence" between the European Army and those British units earmarked for it. He is just as sure that Canadian and even American troops serving with NATO in the West could be integrated in similar fashion. For the Atlantic Alliance provides the framework in which such a novel peacetime attempt could be carried out with the necessary safeguards. I know that M. Schuman is not alone in thinking that too little attention has been paid to the potential development of the Atlantic Community, and that not enough generous support has been given to the six nations that are the nucleus of a federal European Union.

If Mr. Dulles and his advisers concentrated less on direct and often barren exchanges with interested governments, and more on the ready-made binding powers of NATO, the sudden miracles that have been expected in Western Europe might begin to happen. The machinery exists; it is waiting idly to be used. And that same machinery can be expanded, as M. Schuman suggests. The calculated encouragement of NATO, an increase in its responsibilities for diplomatic as well as military planning, and the resulting public faith in its constructive mission would speed the revolution begun by the former Foreign Minister of France. The climate of mutual confidence, without which no large-scale reorganization of life can succeed, would thus be restored.

M. Schuman does not mind whether the motives prompting Western leaders and peoples to follow this course are those of enlightened self-interest or something higher. Just as he stresses that there is no alternative to the New Europe, so he considers that statesmen in the free world must first come to terms with that sobering certainty. The necessity of European Union for the survival of all that is most precious in the Western, democratic way of life is a proposition which cannot be repeated too often. "Of course there will be hold-ups, precautions, setbacks, and progress in short stages," M. Schuman concluded. "But we have set the objective that must be reached, as we have fixed the road that must be followed. It is plain in what I have said that the ideals that animate us in our European policy are of Christian inspiration. There is no place in them for the concepts of materialism, totalitarianism, or extremist nationalism.

"Peace will be saved only by a return to the foundations of our Christian civilization. The providential encounter of men guided by that same conviction gives me grounds for hope in the eventual triumph of our policy."

Georges Bidault, a Catholic also, will continue Schuman's plans



Three Lions

The motto inscribed outside U. S. Archives Building was never more necessary than today

The Reds Cry Wolf

Communist crocodile tears are copious these days in an effort to whitewash the Party's misuse of our civil rights

***by* VICTOR RIESEL**

THERE was a day when, as a kid on the slum sidewalks of New York, I devised a way of escaping from the pushcart garbage, the Mafia hoods, the Black Hand kidnappings, and the rasping quarrels of moneyless neighbors who seemed always to pick the stairs instead of their cold water flats as battlegrounds. I would scurry from the magazine-stacked newsstand under the old First Avenue "L" to the bedroom on the noisy "skylight" alley with my special brand of pulp. Those were the days when magazine racks had front pages ridden by adventure—Nick Carter, Bulldog Drummond, Frank Merriwell, and Dick. And one more—*Amazing Stories,* may it rest in peace.

Through its pages one could get out in inter-stellar space. Or destroy evil with a light ray. Or shrink so small that he could explore life inside the atom. These were all superman weapons against evil—and some of the old crowd turned the superman legend into a mighty good living by creating a comic strip character. Those *Amazing Stories'* "fantastic weapons" were always about to be stolen by the enemy. And always the culprit was discovered and destroyed. He was so easily recognizable. Evil was evil and it had to be fought. As children we knew it.

In the naïve morality of childhood we would have taken our ray guns and died in our rocket ships in defense of, say, a test tube in the possession of our government, which could wipe out an island if exploded. But as adults we are being told this is wrong. This is witchhunting, red-baiting, and reactionary.

There are those who would have us outgrow our early morality as we have the outmoded *Amazing Stories,* a magazine which we have outgrown indeed, for who can be any longer amazed when the United Press can report, as it did January 30 at 10:56 A. M.:

"Philadelphia, (UP)—U. S. Sen. James H. Duff (R-Pa.) said last night that an explosion of a 'single test tube' wiped out a little island in the Pacific last Nov. 1st.

" 'This new explosive was a thousand times stronger than the atomic bombs which destroyed two of the great cities of Japan,' Duff told a testimonial dinner. 'The strength of this explosion was tantamount to 20,000,000 tons of ordinary explosives such as TNT.' "

Duff did not name the explosive specifically as the hydrogen bomb but said its power could be expanded terrifically if made into larger bombs. The date of the explosion corresponded to that of the recent hydrogen bomb test in the Pacific.

Yet there were thousands of good

ople who at the very moment Duff s talking in Philadelphia, were at-npting to pressure the President of e United States into granting clem-cy to two atomic spies who were con-cted and sentenced to electrocution r stealing the secrets of the trigger of at hydrogen bomb—and who are sus-cted by competent authorities of hav-g recruited unknown agents now in-trating our hydrogen bomb installa-ons.

What is being overlooked in all the rmoil is the uncomplicated fact at the condemned ones did serve a reign power which was and is sup-ying warplanes, cannon, generals, and illions of men as well as bases and ar factories to an enemy army slaugh-ring GI's, world peace, a small na-on's democracy, and whatever chance e United Nations had for survival.

In the Soviet Union, any decision by sef Stalin would have been followed the terse announcement that the isoners had been executed. Yet the llowers of Stalin in this country—and eir friends—are shouting that civil berties were being executed along ith the spies. In a wholé strata of e intellectual world, this then is the ntiment.

On Broadway, for example, a play de-ying witchhunting in New England as being toasted as the great crusade—id was being likened to the "hysteria day." Well, there are no witches. I n told. But if Soviet infiltration has eated a deadly type of psychological eapon, far more powerful than any mb, why is this being disdained?

It is a weapon which is very real to e 800,000,000 people in the 14,000,000

VICTOR RIESEL is a well-known syndicated columnist whose column, "Inside Labor," appears in many American newspapers. For years, he has specialized in labor problems.

square miles—one third of the earth—now controlled by the Soviets. There is no more validity in a witchhunting parable than there would be in a play which pivoted upon the illusion New Englanders had that bathing unwisely might induce a serious disease. The old statute books of Boston will show that at the time of the Revolution it was illegal for a Bostonian to bathe without securing the advice of a physician in advance. Any adventurer stepping into a tub was liable to arrest. What does it prove? They feared witches and bathtubs then. What has that to do with Soviet infiltration today?

Shall the symbol of ancient superstition—a witch or a tub—be conjured again to prevent us from defending ourselves against the most modern of weapons before which fourteen sovereign nations have fallen and which at one time captured high places in many of our cabinet departments? There is nothing wraithlike about infiltration.

Where are our civil liberties being crushed? Nowhere. I have followed the labor movement closely, for example, for many years. Never before has labor been as powerful, nor as respected, nor as wealthy. It has a peak membership of over 16,000,000. Some of its unions have treasuries running to $175,000,000. There are those who would say that labor, in fact, is the most powerful single bloc in the nation today.

And who will deny the existence of political action? The Communist Party, though daily propagandizing for our enemy, ran its candidates in many states. Its votes were tallied. Its friend, the Progressive Party, ran presidential candidates in 38 states. Where was the hysteria which allegedly frightens off all who oppose the so-called powers? It takes signatures and petitions to get on state ballots. In Massachusetts alone, 50,000 persons signed Progressive Party petitions—and any analysis of its platform will show a greater affinity for the U.S.S.R. than for the U.S.A.

Back in November a group in Hartford, Conn., decided to have Sovieteer Paul Robeson, friend of the Chinese Communist government, come into town for a speech and concert. There was, of course, the expected outcry from the citizenry. But the town fathers waved aside criticism. And do you know what they did? They spent over $4,000 of the city's tax money in overtime pay for 250 policemen who were called out to "protect" Comrade Robeson. Some 600 persons came. Robeson sang his head off, unfortunately only figuratively. And Police Chief Mike Godfrey came personally to see that there were no incidents. He could have stayed in bed. There wasn't even an andante boo.

This was but one of hundreds of such meetings. Yet the only hysteria there is, is the hysteria over anticipated hysteria which somehow never develops.

So we continue to narrow the field. Labor is free and powerful. There is free speech, even for champions of the Sovietized Chinese. No Communist, no fellow traveler, no Communist journal is suppressed. Speech is free. Press is

Redbird Paul Robeson loves Russia but sticks to U.S.A.

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The FBI and Mr. Hoover preserve liberties

Harris & Ewing

free. Where then shall we look for that hysteria which the left wingers say is rampant?

Ah, cry the left wing intellectuals, there is hysteria in the government. The loyalty investigation is ill-disguised witchhunting. Let's see: Last December, the most recent month for which there are figures available at this writing, exactly nine persons had been dismissed or denied employment by the government on loyalty grounds. This brought to 490 the number of persons who have been dropped from Federal jobs or whose applications have been rejected because of questionable loyalty since March 1947—when the great search for spies in the vast government woodwork began. How much more careful can a government be in an era of world tension, Soviet infiltration, and actual war when the slip of just one secret can cost millions of lives or just one life—the life of a democratic nation?

What other nation can boast such a sensitive regard for the rights, not only of the job holder, but of the man seeking Federal work?

Nor is this mere accident. There is an understanding of the difference between the club and the rapier in these investigations. The FBI's National Academy, under John Edgar Hoover, makes a strong point of the difference between law enforcement and persecution, between vigilance and vigilantism. The Academy's curriculum includes such texts in its course on civil liberties, as Ethics in Law Enforcement, Laws of Arrests, Searches and Seizures, Rules of Evidence, The Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

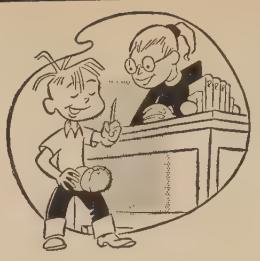
IN the Iowa Law Review of the winter of 1952, FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover wrote:

"Law enforcement is today, in mid-twentieth century America, dedicated to fulfilling its sacred obligations—preserving both national security and personal freedom.

"The path will be difficult—but we can fervently ask: To what greater work could we be called?"

At about the same time, the then Attorney General, Howard McGrath, had this to say:

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation is doing its best to prevent sabotage and subversion and to be informed of all the plots and plans of the Communists. The Department will prosecute wherever violations of our nation's laws are found. But Mr. Hoover and I are determined that we will engage in no Gestapo witchhunts or OGPU-type interrogations. The basic rights of the individual, as guaranteed by the fundamental law of the land, will be respected and protected. We Americans must be resolved that in fighting Communism we do not chip away and ourselves destroy individual rights and constitutional freedoms."



In Reserve

▶ New twins had come into little Johnny's family.

"When you tell your teacher about this," Johnny's father beamed, "I'm sure she will give you a holiday."

It worked. Johnny came home exulting with the news that he wouldn't have to go to school the next day.

"And was your teacher surprised when you told her about the twins?" the father asked.

"Oh," said Johnny, "I just told her I had a sister. I'm saving the other one for next week."

Mrs. Ernest Miller

Where's the hysteria? Where's the suppression? Are these the statements of dungeon-minded ogres? Obviously not.

So let's narrow the field again. Labor, politics, press, and the right of assembly have apparently not been touched.

But, say the leftists, there are the colleges. Academic freedom is being threatened. Congress has no right to probe the universities. And the leftists are backed by academicians. New England colleges are being urged to oppose such probes. A Minneapolis educator says there must be no "Red hunt" in the colleges. Why? Because the Congressional probers are supposedly seeking to tar all higher learning.

Yet there is Congressional evidence of at least 500 Communist college profs in New York City alone.

Despite this evidence, and despite the sneering at the supposed lack of congressional intellect, the probers approach to academic freedom is reflected by ex-FBI agent Harold Velde, now a member of Congress and chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. On February 9, in Philadelphia, he said that "ninety-nine and nine tenths of the professors and students in American colleges today are loyal . . ."

But none of this seems to make much of an impression on those who are determined to find witch burning. One of these, for example, is the controversial tweed and slacks lecturer, Merle Miller. He, more than any other single spokesman of the hysteria over hysteria crowd exemplifies the unfairness of the approach. Just follow him.

On April 1, 1947, he wrote in the bulletin of the American Veterans Committee that:

"Most of those of us in the AVC who think that there must not, cannot be, a war with Soviet Russia feel that President Truman's unilaterally anti-Communist foreign policy will, if unchanged, lead to conflict."

Here Miller was referring to our policy of aiding Greece and Turkey—a policy aimed at preserving control of the Dardenelles, loss of which would permit the Soviets to pour its might out into the Mediterranean and the Near Eastern littoral.

AT the same time, Miller wrote: "The real threat to veterans, to the United States, to the world is not from the left but from the right."

On February 16, 1950, Miller was again making life difficult—in that modern 23 skidoo style which his brand of intellectual has adopted. In a magazine he wrote:

"Alger Hiss, even to the name, was cast for the role of the hero. As he sat in Federal Court on trial for perjury no one could have denied he looked like a man of destiny."

Later in the piece Miller told how he (Miller) sat "listening to the sprawling, putty-faced Whittaker Chambers."

Here we have for a change, a physiological interpretation of history. Hiss looks innocent. Chambers looks guilty. So it went until the night I debated Miller on *Town Hall of the Air* and he questioned Hiss' guilt even after the conviction.

To me this proves that the Miller type of intellectual will always be screaming that an injustice is being done to the left. Step by step he and his typewriter brigades fight any effort to pin down the infiltratees. Labor may be free, politics may be free, speech and press may be free, the Ku Klux Klan may be dealt what the anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith calls a "smashing defeat," Negro and minority rights may be an all-time high—but the cry still is that civil liberties are being crushed.

And when the debate narrows down—it becomes clear that the Miller brand of "liberal" equates the attack, even in due process, on the pro-Communists, with an illusory attack on liberals and civil liberties.

It is they who thereby cauterize civil liberties, by sniping at the fighters against infiltration, the real threat to civil liberties, not alone in the U. S. but across the world as well.

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The Crucifixion

At high noon, in the religious capital of the ancient world, Christ died. It was an apt setting for One who was born to die and whose death was to mean so much to God and man

by JUDE MEAD, C. P.

Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

"Bowing His head, He gave up the ghost" (John 19:30)

THE Crucifixion is the focal point of all history. In the history of man, it is the longed-for act of redemption and restoration to grace. In the personal history of Jesus Christ, it is the day and the hour for which He was born and for which He came into the world. In the history of the Sacred Passion itself, the Crucifixion is the climax of the love of Jesus and of the hatred of His enemies.

Because of the tremendous significance of the Crucifixion, the medieval appreciation sent minds and men into a frenzy of effort to portray its deepest meaning. Great importance was attached to even the least details.

It was fitting, they taught, that Christ should be sacrificed at high noon, because the official Jewish sacrifices were in the morning and in the evening, and since Christ's sacrifice was to excel both, it was fitting the two should be brought together in time at noon. The teaching of St. Thomas on the becomingness of Jerusalem as the place for Christ's death was well received. His reasons were that it was the place chosen by God for sacrifice; that the crowds there for the feast would make His death more humiliating, and the spread of the knowledge of same would be rapid.

A pious pilgrim, by name Ralph, startled Christendom with the observation that Christ died in Jerusalem because it was the geographical center of the world. This, he insisted, could be proved scientifically by the fact that when at high noon he stuck his pilgrim's staff in the ground it cast no shadow. The gullible rejoiced at this new mystical discovery. Soon the theory was blasted when a few enterprising monks found that in many places a stick would cast no shadow at high noon.

Regardless of what we might advance and believe as the reasons for the time and place of the death of Jesus, the Gospel makes it clear that it was the hour and place of His own choosing.

"No man taketh My life away from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. And I have power to lay it down; and I have the power to take it up again." (John 10:18)

"Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people by His own blood, suffered without the gate." (Heb. 13:12)

When the doleful procession of the way of the cross reached Calvary, the last scene of the Passion was unfolded.

"And when they had come to the place which is called Calvary, they gave Him wine to drink mingled with myrrh, and when He had tasted He would not drink. And it was the third hour and they crucified Him." (Mark 15:22)

Here we see that the usual procedure in crucifixion was followed. The Victim had already been scourged, so He was offered a drug to reduce Him to a state of stupor on the cross. But Jesus, after tasting the bitter potion in order to increase His sufferings, would not consume the rest, as He wanted to suffer in the full possession of His senses.

There were two methods of crucifixion. In the first, the upright beam of the cross was permanent. The victim was nailed to the crossbar on the ground; then the victim and crossbeam were hoisted by ropes and fixed in place. Finally the feet were nailed to the cross. The second method, which Christian art seems to prefer, was the nailing of the victim to the full cross on the ground and setting it in place. Leaving to the experts the problem of which method was used, let us consider the torments Jesus Christ endured when nailed alive to the cross. The shock of spiking hands and feet to the rough wood of the cross sent strong men writhing in pain so that several assistants were needed to keep the victim in place. Jesus, however, is the victor even in

this hour, and submits with greatest restraint of natural impulses and infinite resignation to the violent pain. The first shock of being lifted up on the cross, with the dead weight of his body pulling every joint and socket, was enough in some cases to drive the crucified insane. Yet in this hour Jesus Christ thinks not of His own pain, but rather of its healing effects. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things unto Myself." (John 12:32)

In accordance with the custom of the time, the clothes of the victim belonged to the executioners. "The soldiers therefore, when they had crucified Him, took His garments, (and they made four parts, to every soldier a part) and also His coat. Now His coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

"They said therefore to one another: Let us not cut, but let us cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, saying: They have parted My garments among them, and upon My vesture they have cast lots. And the soldiers indeed did these things." (John 19:23, 24)

IN order to ruin the reputation of Jesus in the sight of the people, two miscreants were crucified with Him, one on His right and the other on His left. These wretches had been scourged as a preliminary to their crucifixion. Both blasphemed God and Christ, feeling, no doubt, that the condemnation of Jesus had precipitated their own deaths. One of them cried out, "If Thou be Christ save Thyself and us." (Luke 23:39) Then the grace of the Passion flowered into its first conversion, when the thief on the right raised the only voice on Calvary in defense of Jesus. "Neither dost thou fear God seeing thou art under the same condemnation?

"And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done no evil." (Luke 23:40)

And then the Good Thief made the classic understatement of all history. "He said to Jesus: Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." (Luke 23:42)

Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour. Every hour is His triumph but never more satisfying than in His answer to the penitent thief. "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." (Luke 23:43)

The chief priests and ancients, gloating over the Crucifixion, reviled Christ and invited Him to come down from the cross and they would be converted. Jesus saw their hypocrisy. If He had come down, they still would not have believed Him. If He had come down, He might have converted some five hundred souls on Calvary; then, for the rest of His life, people would say of Him, "There's the man who came down from the cross." So Jesus chose to stay. And now and forever He is adored and blessed because by His holy Cross He has redeemed the world.

The Jewish leaders, who never seem able to be satisfied by anything about Jesus, now complained about the title over the cross. The title, or sign board, giving the reason for the death of Jesus, simply read "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." (John 19:19) Pilate had earlier insulted the proud leaders by calling Christ their king in sarcasm. In truth, he has written the title. The simpering chief priests solicited him, saying, "Write not the King of the Jews. But that He said: I am the king of the Jews." (John 19:21) Pilate, seemingly fed up with their malevolence toward Jesus, although too late to help the Saviour, cut the whole business short by thundering, "What I have written, I have written." (John 19:22)

We cannot think of the Crucifixion of Jesus without considering the great anguish and sorrow of His holy Mother. As St. Paul of the Cross so beautifully said, "Wherever the Son is, there is the Mother also." The medieval artists and devotees of Mary called her station at the foot of the cross the Transfixion of the Virgin, alluding to the prophecy of Simeon that a sword would transfix her heart. So carried away were they with compassion for Mary that they read into her sufferings their own reactions. Thus we find two typical medieval devotions condemned by the Church: The Swooning of the Virgin and The Spasm of the Virgin. In the light of the Gospel, the idea of Mary's collapse, or a fit of uncontrollable anguish, seems altogether out of place. For St. John describes Mary as a tower of dignified sorrow and fortitude, saying: "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, Mary His Mother." (John 19:25) Jesus gave the custody of His Mother to His beloved disciple, St. John. He gave the custody of the whole human race to her in turn.

It is precisely the sufferings of Mary at the foot of the Cross that have earned for her in time and in eternity the appellation, "Queen of Martyrs." It is the common teaching of the Fathers of the Church that the sorrow of Mary at the foot of the Cross was so great that if God had not supported her, she would have died of grief. Thus, on the Feast of the Dolors of Mary, the Church makes bold to sing: "Blessed be the senses of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who without dying, merited the palm of martyrdom beneath the Cross of the Lord." And St. Antoninus writes, "The martyrs offered their own lives; but Mary's martyrdom consisted rather in offering the life of her divine Son to God, a life incomparably dearer than her own." The pious practice was to represent martyrs with the instrument of their pain. It was fitting, then, that the medieval concept of Mary, Queen of Martyrs, should represent her with the dead Jesus in her arms, since compassion for His tortures was the cause of her martyrdom.

• The art of living consists in keeping earthly step to heavenly music. ***—Panin***

WITH a piercing physical and mystical thirst, an unparalleled desolation of soul, our Jesus after three hours of Crucifixion prepared to die of His own will. To the last moment of His last hour still the conqueror, Jesus with a loud voice made an announcement that shook the foundations of earth and hell and swung open the portals of Heaven. "It is consummated. And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost." (John 19:30)

Thus, with a dramatic touch, the Man of the Hour dies on the Cross. From that hour to the present, the most noble treasure and most essential characteristic of the Church is the crucified Saviour on the wood of the Cross. The enemies of the Church know this. When they wish to insult Holy Church and mortify Christians, they take their revenge on the crucifix. The first step against the Church is always to tear down the crucifix. In their childlike fury and antipathy to the crucifix, they protest a great truth, that the one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic Church was born from the lance-pierced Heart of Jesus.

The lovers of Jesus also know the crucifix is the heart of Christianity. They wear it in life and bear it in death. St. Thomas tells us he obtained more wisdom from this book of the crucifix than any other book. This book of love, this forbidden book among the enemies of God, can be read at a glance by all. The prophet attests to this: "I will take a book and give to him that knows not numbers and say: Take up and read." (Is. 30:12)

In conclusion, every lover of the Crucified should be able to say with the dying St. Benitius, who called out for the crucifix, "Give me my book. Yes, this is my book, my dearest book. I have read it all my life long. With it I will bring my life to a close."

And so it is. In the beginning, now and forever, Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour, and every hour is His triumph.

Holy Week on Molokai

A modern missionary, counterpart of Father Damien's sacrificial zeal, relates the changing scene on the South Sea's most famous island

by BROTHER ENGELBERT, SS.CC.

THERE is a certain amount of heartbreak for any boy that loses a game. Even if the game be simply a game of darts, "pins for pictures," as it was called in prewar Belgium. I remember how I bit my lip before I got up enough courage to bargain, "I'll give you all the pins I have, if you'll give me that picture." That little paper print changed my whole life. I brought it home, not with the triumph of a winner, but with the bleak satisfaction of a consolation prize.

My brother was on vacation from college. He looked at the picture and asked me if I knew its story. The picture was of Damien De Veuster, a Missionary priest of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. At the age of 33, he voluntarily went to the then fatal island of Molokai.

Such a life stirred my very being. I became obsessed with one thought. I must go to Molokai. Following Father Damien as best I could, I joined the same Missionary Order that he had and became a lay brother. In time my heart's desire was granted.

I came to Molokai.

But what a change since Father Damien's arrival, when the place was a pest hole, filled with disease, squalor, and despair.

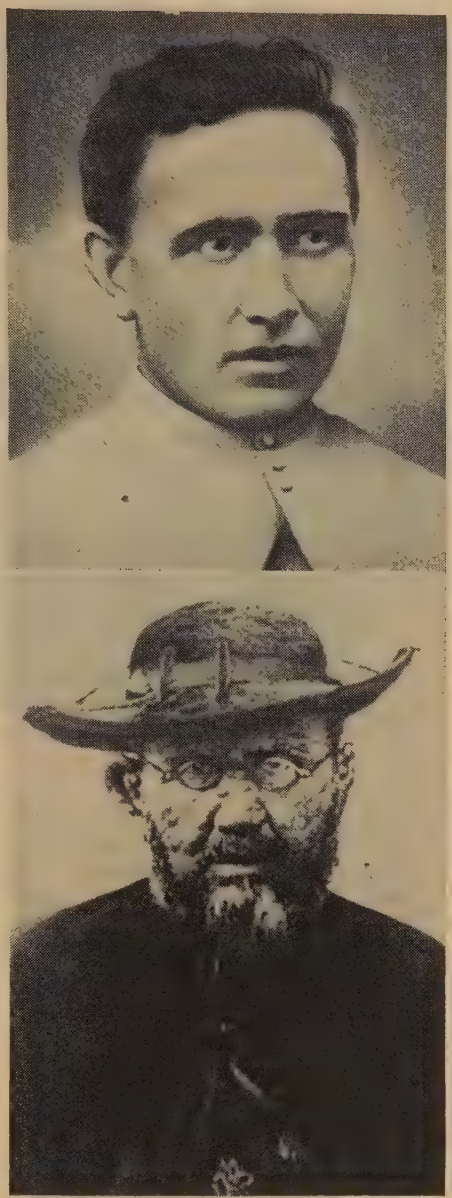
Kalawao, the proper name for Molokai's hospital settlement, is one of the most beautiful places in the world.

I was disappointed because my heart wanted a great sacrifice. Yet I found Molokai to be a town just like thousands of other towns. It has modern stores, postoffice, and library. I saw neat restaurants, small industries, movies, beauty parlors, and a little jail.

I had thought to find patients everywhere lamenting like the Jews at the Wailing-Wall of Jerusalem. Instead I found them playing baseball with a zest worthy of Brooklyn.

Another surprise for me, after five years on Molokai, is that this scene of Christian heroism and the conquest of grace is now dying out. Rapid and totally effective cures have been discovered for the dread disease now known simply as Hansen's Disease. The government has opened a new hospital on the mainland, and no more patients will come to Molokai.

Each year with the Lenten season I go back nostalgically to my beloved friends of Molokai. I can see forever the procession of palms about the church dripping in the heavy mist called "liquid sunshine" by the patients.



Father Damien as a missionary and later, as a victim of disease

The Passion Play on Molokai is something to be felt as well as seen. The casting director must be a diplomat. One actor will refuse to play the part of a Pharisee, protesting that he cannot act like a pharisee. He never was one, and he doesn't even want to pretend to be one. Another hasn't the time for acting. He's going to be married Easter and is painting his fiancee's jalopy. Another is very willing to act but will we have his plastic nose repainted for the occasion? Lady patients whip up the costumes with an art worthy of Hollywood. The men make excellent scenery. Rehearsals always are filled with surprises. In one corner a dispute, far more reaching than any biblical reference, has broken out between Christ and Peter. The little Franciscan Sister can only settle it by allowing wounded pride to resign altogether. Another Peter weeps sorrowful tears, but off stage. One little girl, chosen to be an angel, couldn't wait, and sings her own Alleluia in heaven.

Tuesday of Holy Week small planes keep arriving at the settlement airport, filled with visitors and friends, come to see the Passion Play. The curtain rises on Leonardo Da Vinci's Last Supper. Every enthused player is a patient. Better than any others on earth they love the Passion, and live the Passion, and know with Isaias how it is, "From the crown of His head to the sole of His foot, there is no soundness in Him." Yet amid flashes and spotlights you wouldn't detect any flaw in the gentle Magdalen, or the beautiful Madonna of Sorrows, with the touch of El Greco about her.

To this Passion Play came world-famous film stars. They saw the stage through unabashed tears.

HOLY Thursday, patients pray before the Repository banked with a mountain of native flowers.

Good Friday, I saw a patient kneel for hours before the big Crucifix, arms outstretched, his few remaining fingers spasmodically clenched as those of the Crucified.

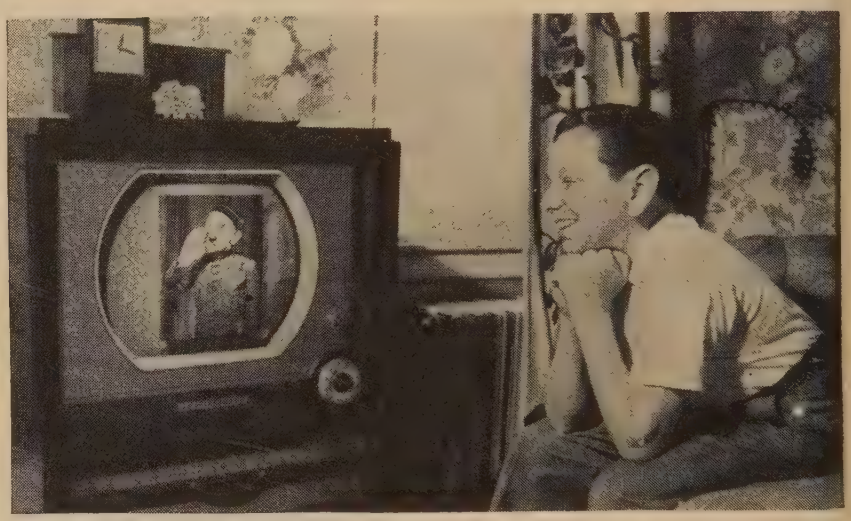
Easter happiness on Molokai is as gay as a fiesta. Aloha shirts that would make Mr. Truman look like a funeral director are flashed by the men. The ladies wear corsages of real lilies. Above the peace and contentment, there is always a sense of miracle—a miracle both of science and religion.

The patients told me I would be lonesome for Molokai.

At Easter, I am.

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by JOHN LESTER



Edgar Bergen, No. 1 man in his field, with Charlie and Mortimer. (Right) Johnny Roventini sees himself as others see him on TV.

Voice of America

The chances are you've heard of *The Voice Of America,* what with the congressional investigations as to its activities and expenditures and, especially, certain of its personnel.

The chances are you've never listened to it, however, since few Americans bother with short-wave radio.

Perhaps, then, you've wondered what it is and how it operates, or how it's supposed to operate?

Well, the best explanation is the simplest.

Voice Of America is a network—just like any of the commercial networks. NBC, ABC, CBS, etc., and is run very much the same way—under the direct control of the U. S. State Department. It is busy day and night monitoring or broadcasting in 24 languages, the idea being that its programs should blanket the earth "to promote a better understanding of the United States among the peoples of the world and to strengthen co-operative international relations."

It is claimed, however, that "The Voice" is not fulfilling this intent properly; hence the investigations.

America isn't the only country with an official radio voice to spread its governmental philosophy and good will around the world.

Sixty-seven other nations do the same thing night and day and Uncle Sam is only fourth on the list as far as size is concerned (the effectiveness of "The Voice" is also being questioned), the British, Russians, and Brazilians being one, two, three, in that order.

The Voice Of America has about 38 sending stations operating in the New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and San Francisco areas—the exact locations are supposed to be secret—with 18 relays in other countries. It also has a staff of about 600 persons and, normally, spends about $8,500,000 a year.

Just how many people "VOA" reaches is difficult to determine because of "jamming" by the Russians and other factors, but its audience is safely in the multimillion class, regardless of what anyone says. Whatever it is, though, it should be much greater.

Programming for this audience consists mostly of news, news commentaries, and assorted features. There's also music, American-type music, Eddie Condon's, Benny Goodman's, and Martin Block's *Make Believe Ballroom.* These and other artists, like Bing Crosby, Jack Smith, Elmer Davis, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Edward R. Murrow, are secured free or by special arrangement whereby "The Voice" is allowed to transcribe any program right off the air—for free.

It is supposed—and hoped—that many people behind the Iron Curtain listen to *Voice Of America,* since the propagandizing of that area should be one of its principal aims, but only one letter of the thousands received each month by "VOA" has come from the Soviet proper, and that was from the then-Chinese Ambassador to Russia who requested a schedule of future programs.

Not So Dummy

Technically, Edgar Bergen never was the world's greatest ventriloquist, and he's probably farther from that pinnacle today than ever.

The man is a veritable genius at characterization, however, and this genius, by and through which he has developed such highly individualistic "assistants" as "Charlie McCarthy" and

"Mortimer Snerd," among others, compensates for his lacks in other directions and makes him the No. 1 man in his field—not as a technician, but as an entertainer.

Bergen spends a great deal of time on each of his wooden characters—it took him about ten years to develop "Charlie"—practicing movements and speech mannerisms that coincide with their personalities, polishing, studying, polishing, studying.

When he is sufficiently satisfied under laboratory conditions, he brings his new characters to the attention of the public, slowly, easily, gradually, at first, then more often and for longer periods.

Greatest Living Trademark

Everybody seems to be getting older these days, even little Johny Roventini —Johnny Philip Morris.

Little Johnny has been stepping "out of store windows, etc.," for twenty years now, according to the calendar, which makes him something of an institution in radio and TV, as well as the world's greatest living trademark.

People have the idea that institutions are ageless, but this isn't so. At least it isn't so in Johny's case, and the cheerful little midget is ticking off the days, the months, and the years even as you and I. Johnny admits to being forty-three these days, although his discoverer, adman Milton Biow, has claimed on occasion that he's nearer fifty than forty. Be that as it may, the fact is Johny isn't standing still while the rest of us settle down to hobblin'.

If time is moving for Johnny, however, other things are unchanged. He's still pulling down the same $20,000-a-year, per the lifetime contract he signed twenty years ago. He's still 47 inches tall, 59 pounds in weight. He still wears a size two shoe, size eight shirts, size six-and-a-half hats, still has his suits made by Primo Carnera's tailor and still lives with his mother in Brooklyn.

He still has the same hobbies: his small boat, his car, and the sawed-off shotgun with which he likes to hunt. He still lisps in the same old way, through the same Brooklyn accent, neither of which is noticeable when he gives his familiar "Caaaawlll fooooooor Phillll——lip Mooooo——rrrissss."

He's still the same cheerful, humble, little guy he was when Biow discovered him in the Hotel New Yorker. There's no swagger, no ostentation where Johnny's concerned.

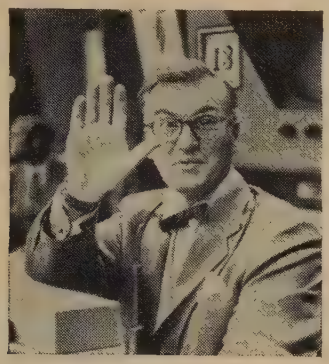
It has been said that Johnny is the nicest, the "most regular" performer in show business. I wouldn't know about that, but he's surely up there near the top, if not on it.

In Brief

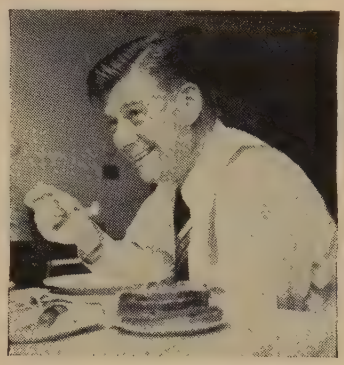
Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz may star in a Universal-International picture titled *Policewoman*. Lucille would play a flip lady-cop, Desi a precinct captain who can't stand the sight of her. Funny?. . . . Only New Hampshire, Vermont, and Wyoming, of all the forty-eight states, still do not have television. . . . Sen. Robert Taft and his family recently added a TV station to their Ohio radio holdings, indicating they plan an intrastate network. . . . Dick Powell, a singing star originally, may return to singing via a radio and/or TV show. . . . CBS-TV is quietly trying to find someone else to do the title role of "Luigi" on television. Jay Novello, the actor who did such a sensational job as Willie Sutton in the *Gangbusters* series, is being considered, as is Frank Sinatra! . . . Bob Hope says his last flight back to the coast was so rough that when he looked at his St. Christopher Medal "danged if St. Chris didn't have both hands over his eyes!"

When Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and golfer Ben Hogan reported to Father James Keller to make one of his *What One Person Can Do* TV shorts, there was no script. Explained Father Keller: "Who needs a script? We let the angels take care of that!" . . . A major TV web is negotiating for the rights to Cardinal Spellman's book, *The Foundling*, with the condition that all scripting, casting, and other production be approved by him. . . . An all-Negro TV station has been granted a permit to operate in Louisville, Ky., by the FCC. As far as is known, this is the first all-Negro TV outlet in the U. S.

TRAMP-CLOWN—Joe E. Brown, "Circus Hour" star, may telecast Yankee games this season.



PEACE!—Familiar sign-off of Dave Garroway on NBC-TV's revolutionary series, "Today."



ONE-MAN NETWORK—Godfrey earns $15,000,000 a year for CBS. Government job rumors have bosses worried.

REUNION—"Cowgirl" Laurie Anders rejoins Ken Murray on new CBS Sunday night series, "Time to Smile"

A good example is "Lars Larsen," the Swedish, snuff-chewing fisherman, who is Bergen's latest creation and who may have appeared on the air since this was prepared.

More than two years of hard work went into the fashioning of this newest Bergen dummy, who is patterned after a real-life Swedish fisherman the ventriloquist met during his 1949 visit to the Scandinavian countries. That fisherman's name was also Lars Larsen. Bergen made more than fifty chalk sketches of the real-life Larsen during the time the latter had the CBS radio and TV star on his fishing boat in Swedish waters.

Once back in Hollywood, Bergen went into long sessions with wood-carvers, makeup experts, and costumers to fashion his namesake. When the little Larsen's "body" was complete, work began on his personality. This is still going on, of course, but a few weeks ago Bergen felt confident enough to "introduce" little "Lars" to a small group of friends, and now "Lars" can be expected to appear more and more frequently with the Bergen gang, beginning soon.

the Pigeon from St. Bar

Easter was for the meek, the foolish, and the Magdalens. Mr. Somerset had more important matters to concern him as he headed for his rendezvous with destiny

by MYLES CONNOLLY

MR. SOMERSET stood at a window of his suite high in The Towers and looked out on the wide world. What he saw pleased him, and Mr. Somerset was not easy to please.

Spring had come to Manhattan. Mr. Somerset's window faced north, and beyond to the west he could see the Park, a woodland valleyed among massive cliffs of brick and stone, budding gray-green in its annual adolescence. He noted the warm blueness of the sky, the warm brightness of the sunlight, the gleaming slender silver of the Hudson in the distance, the darker, wider silver of the East River just below him. It was a beautiful world, he mused, a vast, clean, glowing, impersonal world.

At Fiftieth Street and Park Avenue, directly below, the pigeons from St. Bartholomew's steps suddenly swirled up into the air, fluttered indignantly over the church dome, and, after a moment, reluctantly settled on near-by roofs and ledges. There, Mr. Somerset knew, they would wait impatiently until the vulgarian who had disturbed their dignity went his inconsiderate way.

Mr. Somerset liked watching the pigeons, liked their fat, lazy grace. Once, in a time long past, he was wont to disdain as daft those poets who pined lyrically to be a bird, a flower, a cloud; but no longer. Now, in his graying years, he believed the poets saner than they knew or, perhaps, saner than he then knew. So Mr. Somerset, being Mr. Somerset, mused as he looked out from his lofty window on the wide world.

Charles, Mr. Somerset's valet, a solemn, shadowy little man, noiselessly entered the room carrying Mr. Somerset's Homburg, his ebony, silver-handled stick, and his gray gloves. He stopped at a discreet distance, watched the slender, tall silhouette of Mr. Somerset against the sunny window. After a moment, he coughed a small polite cough. Mr. Somerset turned.

"I imagined the Homburg, sir," Charles said, presenting the hat and gloves.

"Yes. Yes, Charles. Thank you." Mr. Somerset carefully put on the Homburg. "I shall go to the office as usual."

"You will not forget, sir, to stop at Mr. Legant's on your way out."

"What do you suppose Mr. Legant is doing up so early? He must not yet have gone to bed." Mr. Somerset began the slow ritual of putting on his gloves. "Did he seem sober when he called, Charles?"

"He seemed cheerful as he always does, sir."

"Well, cheerfulness is hardly heroic on his part, Charles. Mr. Legant is very rich."

Charles waited in deferential silence until the ritual of the gloves was finished. Then he said, "Would you mind, sir, if I left a little early today? It is Easter Sunday."

"So I saw in the papers, Charles." There was the least curl of irony in the corners of Mr. Somerset's thin-moustached mouth. "You are not thinking of going to church, are you?"

"Yes, sir." Charles was respectful.

"You, Charles?" Mr. Somerset moved his head from side to side slowly in mock despair. "On such a beautiful day, too?"

"I always go on Easter Sunday, sir." Charles passed him his stick.

On her way to church, M

"Yes, I seem to remember now. There're more candles lit today, isn't that it?" He moved toward the door. "More words from the pulpit. New hats. More tall hats, too. More flowers, particularly lilies. You have no idea, Charles, how I detest Easter lilies. They are so blandly artificial, so hypercritically pure. Well, go, Charles, as you wish. The show will be a good one, I'm sure."

Charles opened the door for him. "Thank you very much, sir."

Mr. Somerset passed Mr. Legant's suite on the way to the elevators. He had gone some steps beyond the door when he remembered. He returned, pressed the door button.

Mr. Legant, tall, fleshy, an oldish forty, formal in a well-cut gray morning coat and finely striped trousers,

olomew's

sed, but must stop to feed the pigeons

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

pened the door. "Good morning, rofessor," he buoyantly greeted Mr. omerset. "Come in and have a drink." Mr. Legant waved a long, pale hand o a small table at the window. The indow looked toward the east and he morning sunlight lavished its good pirits on the table, flowing over white inen, glistening in the glass of two lender-stemmed wine glasses, glowing n a silver bucket and its bottle of hampagne.

Mr. Somerset gave a slight shrug of nnoyance. Neither the idea of the ine nor the other's ebullience pleased im. "Thank you but it's a little early, on't you think, Freddy?"

Freddy laughed. "That's the idea. t's rash. It's imprudent, drinking in he morning. A gesture of reckless de-ance. It's revolutionary, sir. You have no idea the good it will do you."

Mr. Somerset coolly studied the alcoholic brightness in Freddy's eyes. "You are a toss-pot, Freddy."

"A drunkard," Freddy, smiling, corrected him. "An impetuous seeker of the Absolute, sir, a passionate lover of the Beautiful Now. You'd never understand, Professor."

Mr. Somerset's annoyance became more apparent. He lifted his stick toward the wine bucket. "Is that why you asked me in?"

"No. No, it isn't, sir." Freddy now spoke with a lofty solemnity. "I wanted to invite you to go to church with me."

"You, too? Is everybody drunk?"

"It's Easter, Professor." Freddy moved toward the wine bucket. "Beautiful Easter. I thought it'd be nice for us two sinners to go to church together."

"It's the alcohol, Freddy. *You* don't believe in Easter."

Freddy, about to pour himself a glass of wine, stopped, pondered gravely. "No, I guess I don't, Professor. I don't know much about Easter. I just had a feeling I—I ought to be grateful—make a gesture—you know . . ."

"Be grateful for what? Your preposterous wealth?"

"For the wine, sir." Freddy filled a glass. "For the beautiful wine." He sipped from the glass. "It *is* beautiful wine, Professor. And for all the rest of it"—he waved his glass vaguely toward the window—"for the beautiful view, the beautiful view including you, Professor."

"I can see, Freddy, I won't have to worry about your going to church." Mr. Somerset watched him in cynical amuse-

ment. "One lovely bottle will lead to another, as one always does."

Freddy stuck out his jaw in a defiance that was solemn and comic. "I'm going to church. You'll see." He indicated the gray coat and striped trousers with an almost childish gesture of hurt. "What do you suppose I put these clothes on for? I'm going to church, Professor. You'll see."

Mr. Somerset shrugged. "Yes. I'm sure. Well, I must be on my way." He pointed his stick out the window at the United Nations Building, rising against the East River at the foot of Forty-Second Street. *"That'll* be my church today."

FREDDY looked down at the glass-and-steel prism of the Secretarist glittering in the sunlight.

"A big committee meeting today, I'll bet. Special for Easter." His soft amiability returned to him. "Do something for me, will you, Professor? Tell your friends down there to turn off the lights when they go home at night. They leave them burning to all hours, all of them. It messes up my night view of the river."

"It could be my friends are working nights down there, Freddy, working for the good of the world—for you, Freddy."

Freddy drank from his glass, grinned. "You really think you're going to save the world by committees, don't you, Professor?"

Mr. Somerset smiled. "Well, somebody's got to save it, Freddy. Alcohol hasn't done it, not even in champagne bottles in silver buckets." He turned easily toward the door. "Nor have your churches done much to save it, Freddy. Not much that I've observed in any event."

Freddy chuckled, sipped his wine. "The churches have quite a problem, Professor, with people like me."

Mr. Somerset lightly tossed his stick, waving good-by. "Don't go to bed in those lovely clothes, Freddy," he said at the door. "It would be very unbecoming to a passionate lover of the Beautiful Now."

The door closed behind Mr. Somerset. Freddy, still chuckling, poured himself a second glass of wine.

Mr. Somerset stepped out into the sunlight of Fiftieth Street. Ordinarily he turned right and strolled east to the river and the Secretariat. But today the Easter promenade on Park Avenue, particularly the bobbing parade of women's gay hats, gave promise of game for his satiric eye. He strolled leisurely west, crossed to St. Bartholomew's.

The pigeons, down from their roofs and ledges, fluttered thick on the church's steps, swarmed around a tall, soft-faced woman in a new pink hat

Abruptly, she slapped his face

and new pink suit, feeding them cake from a cardboard cake box. Mr. Somerset stopped, looked on, meditatively tapping his stick on the sidewalk. A sickening pink.

On her way to church, Mr. Somerset mused, but must feed the poor birds. Bird lover. Kind soul. Yes, of course. Also such an easy way of attracting the eye. Attract the pigeons and you attract the eye. People were stopping on the sidewalk, especially women. They were stopping on the steps on their way into church. Especially women . . .

Mr. Somerset shrugged ever so slightly, turned away. Superstition, exhibitionism. And vulgarity. Worst of all, vulgarity. How were order and elegance ever to be brought to the world? Mr. Somerset waited for the traffic light to change to green and crossed the Avenue.

People. Men and women, with women more manifest. People going to church. People coming from church. People parading to be seen, with women more manifest. Fatuous, foolish. He thanked his genes, and the genes of his ancestors, for his sapience, his fastidiousness, for his self-sufficiency.

Now, this girl coming up the Avenue, this girl with the waxen face, the Easter-lily face, and the round, moist eyes. The blue hat was cheap and new, the blue coat was cheap and old, old and gawkily short and out of fashion. He knew that face, its ingratiating mouth, its waxen innocence. Of course. The cashier at his barber shop. So, she too was in the parade.

She came near. She would speak to him with her ingratiating mouth.

He would tip his hat, manage a small smile, and move on without pause, without breaking stride.

But no. She passed him. She did not speak. She did not see him. She continued up the Avenue.

He stopped at the corner, tapped his stick, watched her. He watched and he saw why she did not see him. A man. A chubby young man in a new gray felt hat and a new light-gray worsted suit. A good suit, though the cut of the shoulders, the narrow round cut, seemed an affection on him. It was spring, and an ardent air was over the Avenue. The young man followed the girl, his eyes never leaving the back of her neck. As if he were trying telepathy. As if he would drive his desire right into the back of her neck. It was a radiant spring day.

Mr. Somerset watched. The young man had no need of thought transference. Mr. Somerset could read the girl's mind in the movement of her body. She slowed down, stopped by a religious goods store. It was deftly done. He could see the girl show a sudden piousness interest in a statue of the Madonna and Child and a display of books: *Happiness Through The Conquest Of Desire.*

THE book hadn't sold very well. There must have been ten copies in the window. Strange. Those blue-sky books always sell, however inane. Especially religious blue-sky books. Nothing like religion, Mr. Somerset mused. How to be everything through religion. How to be brave, how to be healthy, how to have peace, how to live longer. Through religion.

Mr. Somerset tapped his stick, watched the girl's moist eyes grow more moist, as she studied the Madonna and Child and read the jacket of *Happiness Through The Conquest Of Desire.* The Easter-lily face went well with the religious goods store window, he thought. So did the faded blue of the cheap coat. The young man joined her at the window. He looked into the window. Quite a book, he said after a moment, quite a book. She gave him a cold stare. An instant's cold stare. Then she smiled . . .

Mr. Somerset shrugged. Woman: the dove who swallowed the serpent. He liked his definition. They would probably go to church together, the young man and the girl. They could very well sit by the woman in pink who fed the pigeons. Or by poor frightened Charles, shadow of a shadow. Or by drunken Freddy. It was all tawdry, vulgar. Vulgar as the cardboard cake box, or alcohol in the morning sunlight, or the gawky cheap blue coat.

The genii of the city streets were to be thanked for the pigeons.

Mr. Somerset continued his stroll west. He crossed Madison and moved along by St. Patrick's to Fifth Avenue. He stopped again. But this time he tapped his stick in considerable uneasiness. It was much more discon-

MYLES CONNOLLY, well known as a writer of fiction, has also written and produced many screen plays. This story (copyright 1953 by Myles Connolly) will appear in *The Reason For Ann,* a collection of his stories to be published by the McMullen Company.

erting here on Fifth. More people. More exhibitionism. More hats. More women more manifest. More people going into St. Patrick's.

There were pigeons here, too, a fluttering multitude of them. But there was no woman in pink here with a cake box. And people were thicker here. The Avenue before the church was hazed with them. The church steps dribbled black with them. There were more children here, too. The sidewalk, the steps were pimpled with them.

How much better the poor pigeons, the poor dispossessed pigeons. The good, simple, natural, nonsectarian pigeons. The liberal, tolerant, secular pigeons. Loving all churches, favoring none. The noble, cosmopolitan pigeons, citizens of a world society. Yes, St. Patrick's Easter was a bad day for them. Much worse even than St. Bartholomew's Easter.

Mr. Somerset, leisurely, relaxed, moved along the Avenue. A display of Maori weapons of war in the window of the British Empire Building drew him to it. Darts, spears, javelins. Beautifully drawn, beautifully made. A superior people, the Maoris. The family existed among the Maoris but was never recognized as a unit, never permitted to function as a separate household. A wise people, the Maoris . . .

A tall, thin young woman in a long black coat came to the window, stood beside him, stood very close beside him. Her black hair was pulled tight around her head by a black veil knotted at her chin. Her face, he could see in the window, was thin, was eccentrically thin with protruding, wide cheekbones and finely lean jaws. A sometimes patrician face. But the coat was wrong, a black, heavy winter coat.

Slowly the girl opened the coat, opened it wide, held it open. Mr. Somerset did not need to look. In the shiny window, he could see the whitish reflection of her body. Darts, spears, javelins and the whitish reflection of her body. Slowly the girl closed her coat.

Mr. Somerset's poise was shaken for an instant, but only for an instant. How crude, he said to himself, how shockingly crude.

"My baby's hungry." The young, trembling voice finally protested the silence.

"How inept," Mr. Somerset spoke with metallic grace, "how inexcusably inept to have a child one cannot feed."

"She's a beautiful child." The voice was low, pleading. "It's Easter. I want her to be happy on Easter."

He turned to her, saw her eyes were gray, fine, her mouth large, obvious. "*You* believe in Easter?" The smile was chill, sardonic.

She looked sharply away. "I—I know I'm wicked—but it isn't because I want to be." Her voice broke. "Yes. I believe in Easter. God help me."

"The Magdalen of Fifth Avenue?" The sardonic smile grew ever so slightly. "Well, I suppose this is one way to express your faith."

Her lips trembled. "You don't think I like what I'm doing, do you?"

"And you believe in Easter?" He shook his head slowly in mock solemnity. "The Magdalen of Fifth Avenue seeking her Christ."

Abruptly, she slapped his face, and just as abruptly she turned and fled. His stick fell from his hands. When he had retrieved it the girl was gone.

Mr. Somerset sought to see her but his vision blurred. The delicate wire of his being quivered. His cheek continued to sting from the slap. This was vulgarity, indeed, this harlot . . .

It was Easter, she said. And the beautiful baby, the beautiful hungry baby. A sales talk for Easter. The plea tender, the plea pathetic. A deceit, an insulting deceit. The beautiful baby, the beautiful hungry baby on Easter. Sobs from a harlot, tears from stone. The Easter story. . . .

The Fifth Avenue Magdalen seeking her Christ. His answer had been good, he thought. Pictorially worded, shrewd, restrained. With the touch of malice that makes the artist. A silver rapier. A ruby-jewelled silver rapier. And her rebuttal, a slap. The dialectic of woman. The primitive logic of the harlot.

Mr. Somerset's vision cleared. The Easter parade went on as before. The gay hats bobbed, the canes gesticulated. A young policeman, face pink, shoes ashine, buttons glowing, came up the Avenue. For a moment, Mr. Somerset was tempted. He had faith in policemen. The instruments of authority, the agents of truth. What is truth? "The majority vote of the nation that can lick all the other nations." That was the answer that Holmes, the American jurist, had given Pilate. Mr. Somerset liked that answer.

But Mr. Somerset withstood the temptation. When you play with mud, you get covered with mud. He turned into the Channel, into the fountained, flowered stone courtway sloping down from Fifth Avenue. He took a deep breath of gratitude and moved on toward the Lower Plaza. Yes, those poets who pined to be bird and cloud and flower were wise indeed. He had not felt so completely pleased since earlier that morning when he looked far out over the wide inanimate world from his window in the Towers and found it good.

Waiters were setting out tables un-

A wing feather brushed a lily leaf. The lily pot tumbled

der red and white parasols on the floor of the Lower Plaza. The United Nations flags tossed happily from a score and more of slender staffs on the ramparts above. And into the blue of the sky, cleaving it, piercing it for seventy stories the towering RCA building, the dominating building of the Plaza.

MR. Somerset's gaze swept up the lines of the mighty building, up to the top reaches of the many-windowed monolith, up to its summit piercing the blue satin of the sky. Mr. Somerset's being was swept up with his gaze. Utilitarian, he mused, functional, but majestic, more inspiring than minaret or obelisk or Gothic spire. None of the vapidities of superstition here. No tortured arches. No curlicued aspirations. No praying stone. No symbolism. Size, power, mass. Man's own mighty monument, not to the gods or to the Muses, but to himself. A magnificent marker on his long road to self-sufficiency. . . . Self-sufficiency, the fulfillment of mankind's being, the perfection of mankind on earth.

Mr. Somerset happily swung his stick. It was an exhilarating idea. Total self-sufficiency, the perfection of mankind on earth. Exactly the inspiration for his paper before his Committee. He would go to work on it at the office that very day. Mr. Somerset turned back to Fifth Avenue. He was as jaunty as he, being Mr. Somerset, could be.

People still blotched the Avenue. The parade, it seemed to Mr. Somerset, was thicker now, more garish. He crossed at Fiftieth Street and was suddenly caught up in a human stream that swept toward the great open doors of St. Patrick's.

Mr. Somerset, more tolerant now in the warmth of his new inspiration, coursed along with the crowd. The great entrances to the Cathedral fascinated him. The tall, arched apertures, flanked by their open bronze doors, were like sluice gates draining the human flood from the Avenue, drawing in the crowd with some deep, adductive power, some vast suction of their own. Mr. Somerset found himself on the steps. He found himself in the Cathedral. He found himself in a press of bodies against the last pew.

Far down the lofty, vaulted Gothic cavern of the Cathedral, down through the shadowy gray dusk, a dusk dimly glass-stained red, blue, green, Mr. Somerset could see beyond and above the massed kneeling thousands the gleaming, candle-starred altar, canopied by its golden ciborium, filigreed and slender-pillared, a jewel glowing in a distant dark. He could see the celebrant in his white vestments, another Abraham, another Ambrose, at the altar of sacrifice. It was quite good, Mr. Somerset mused, an imaginative New York reproduction of an antique, a recaptured moment of a distant and discarded past.

He became aware of the Easter lilies that banked the sanctuary. The flower of bland artificiality, of hypercritical purity. Immediately, the charm of the scene dissolved for him.

A priest, in black cassock and white surplice, came forward from the sacristy, crossed the sanctuary, mounted the steps to the pulpit. The congregation cleared its throat for the priest. He wished everyone a happy Easter, a very happy Easter. He read routine announcements. He named the newly dead of the parish and led prayers for them. Mr. Somerset's cynicism glinted in his bluish eyes. Death on Resurrection Day. Never let up. Death was their business. Death on Resurrection Day. Very good, indeed. . . .

The priest began to read the gospel for the day, "At that time, Mary Magdalen and Mary the Mother of James, and Salome brought sweet spices that

● The hand of the poor is the purse of God. ***—Du Vair***

coming they might anoint Jesus. . . ."

An undistinguishable woman in a rear pew began to sob.

"And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulcher. . . ."

The woman's sobbing grew. It was painful, piteous sobbing. An usher, cutaway-coated, stripe-trousered, glided to the pew. He stood at the pew, looked down in concern.

Mr. Somerset saw the woman now. He recognized the black hair, the eccentrically thin, wide cheekboned face, the black winter coat. The Magdalen of Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Somerset shuddered. The Magdalen of Fifth Avenue. The sobbing ebbed.

". . . . Go, tell His disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee. There you shall see Him as He told you."

The priest finished the gospel. The sobbing ceased.

Mr. Somerset was chilled. This was tawdry drama. Even for a church. Raw, immature. The usher should get an Easter lily for her, put it tenderly in her hand. He backed away, made for the vestibule, for the door, for the glittering Avenue.

Outside, quickly now, with purposeful step, he strode east toward the river and the Secretariat.

He crossed Madison. He crossed Park. As he crossed Park, services [illegible] St. Bartholomew's were letting out an[illegible] the first scattered members of the co[illegible] gregation were emerging into the sunn[illegible] spaciousness of the church steps. Bu[illegible] Mr. Somerset, still deep in purpose, w[illegible] unaware of the world around hi[illegible] Thus, he did not see Freddy in h[illegible] bowler ease out of the church. He di[illegible] not see him stop on the steps, slip [illegible] cigarette from a silver case that flashe[illegible] in the sun, light the cigarette, inhale [illegible] deeply, and start leisurely back to Th[illegible] Towers. And he was well beyond th[illegible] church and out of view when Fredd[illegible] was suddenly swarmed over by a grea[illegible] swoop of pigeons, an innocent enoug[illegible] happening but a happening that le[illegible] to what many world statesmen consid[illegible] ered a very great disaster.

FREDDY had not seen the touris[illegible] with a camera toss the popcorn onto the sidewalk at his feet. His eyes unused to morning, were squinted against the streaming sunlight. Hi[illegible] nerves were taut, tensely impatient fo[illegible] a return to the sedative champagne. I[illegible] is easy thus to understand why he wa[illegible] so thoroughly shocked by the swirling onslaught of the pigeons. Add to thi[illegible] that Freddy had no use for pigeons[illegible] that he considered them gross and dirty[illegible] and there is no reason to seek further[illegible] cause for his immediate panic, for his[illegible] rushing about like a madman, flailing[illegible] his arms at the pigeons, kicking, shout[illegible] ing at them.

Never had the pigeons at St. Bartholomew's seen anything so vulgar, never had they been so affronted. They stampeded into the air in frenzied, noisy flight, wildly seeking sanctuary far from their usual retreats. Gone was their lazy presumption, gone their fat, easy grace. They were for the moment every bit as inelegant as the panic-stricken Freddy.

One pigeon, a grayish blue pigeon of lighter hue than the others, seemed particularly shocked. This pigeon was longer-necked and not so fat as the rest, and not nearly so well-favored, and might well have been a newcomer, might well have come down from St. Patrick's. He took off like a frightened swallow and sped down the chasm of Fiftieth Street.

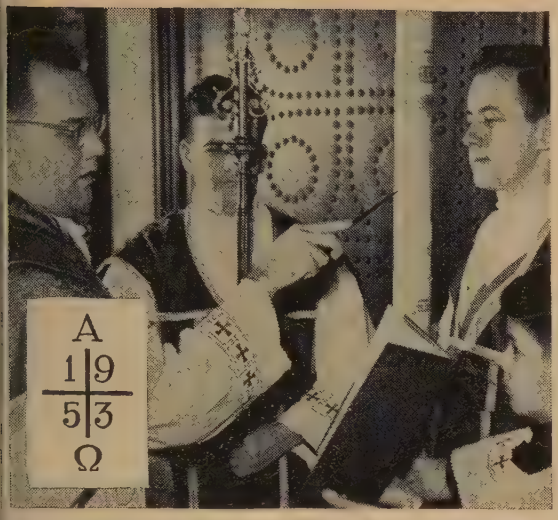
Louisa had just come home from church. Her mistress had just gone out to church. Louisa thought it an expedient time to tidy up the living room before going to the kitchen to begin the Sunday dinner. She dusted a little here, vacuumed a little there. Then she noticed the Easter lily on the piano.

"You look a little peaked, poor thing," she said to the lily. "I'll just put you out in the Lord's good sun

(*Continued on page 75*)

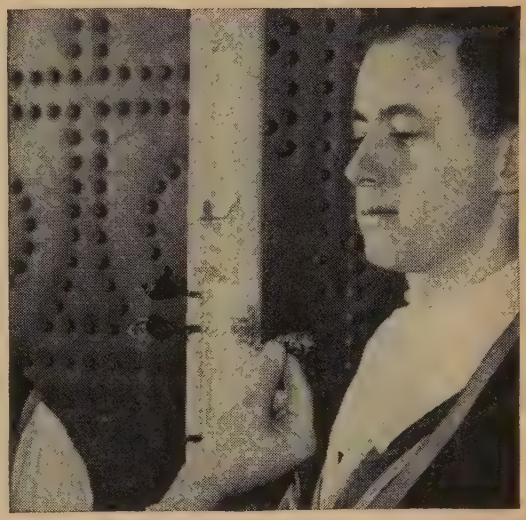
◀ *1. The altar which has been denuded for three days is covered with linen cloths before the service. The missal is also borne to its place.*

2. The 1st procession halts at the porch of the church. The new fire previously struck from flint by a lay Brother is now blessed by the priest. ▶



◀ *3. A new feature is the inscribing of the figure shown in left-hand box. Celebrant uses a stiletto for this ceremony. Deacon supports candle.*

4. Grains of incense in red wax nails are placed in the form of a cross. Their color and number remind us of the glorious Five Wounds of Christ. ▶



◀ *5. After blessing of the Paschal Candle, all proceed to altar. 3-branch candle is no longer used. Priest lights a candle, then clergy, next all laity.*

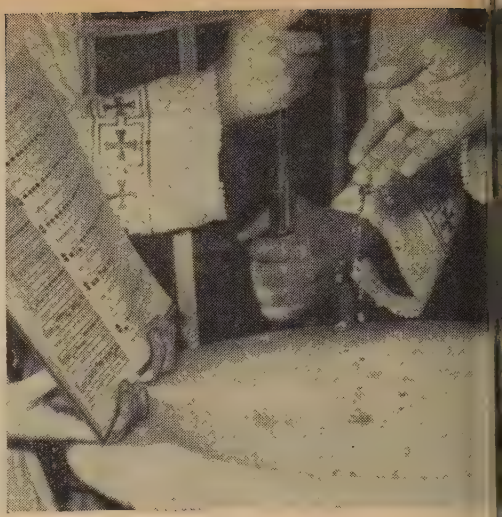
6. The chanting of Exultet, *the Easter song. Deacon vested in white dalmatic is officiant. All hold lighted candles during singing of hymn.* ▶

Photos by Dan Coleman

The New Easter Vigil

The ancient liturgical Easter nightwatch has been restored by Pope Pius XII. "The mother of all holy vigils," as St. Augustine calls it, has once more come into its own in 90 per cent of U. S. dioceses

◀ *7. Resuming violet vestments, ministers return to altar for reading of prophecies reduced to only four. Folded chasubles are worn by assistants.*



8. All proceed now ▶ *to baptistry for solemn blessing of font. Here priest sprinkles water to 4 points of the compass. All men must be saved.*

◀ *9. Before mixing in chrism and oil with water, the Paschal Candle is thrice dipped in font and the Holy Ghost is invoked to bless font.*

10. Baptismal ▶ *water having been prepared, a convert is baptized. Sponsors touch her shoulder. In baptism we are all buried in Christ our Saviour.*

◀ *11. The priest, now vested in white cope, leads congregation in renewal of their baptismal vows. Dead to sin, they live again in the Risen Christ.*

12. Having attended to "saints" ▶ *on earth, cantors invoke intercession of saints in heaven. Ministers leave sanctuary to vest for Mass.*

THE ceremonies of Holy Saturday are the most impressive and instructive in the Roman Rite. It was, then, with great joy that the decree of Pope Pius XII was received by the Christian world in Lent of 1951. The Holy Father, in answer to requests from all classes of Christians from every corner of the globe, granted permission for the services of the Easter Vigil to be celebrated at midnight of Holy Saturday to Easter Sunday. The preparatory ceremonies to begin at ten or ten-thirty, so the Mass would be at midnight. However, even in the decree, the Bishops were given the faculty of anticipating the rites at eight o'clock in the evening. This right was given by way of experiment. In 1952, it was reissued with certain corrections incorporated into this picture story.

Notable changes have been made from the procedure in the Roman Missal. The Paschal Candle is now blessed at the door of the church instead of in the sanctuary. The celebrant does this, instead of the deacon. The grains of incense are likewise inserted at the door. A charming innovation is the inscription on the candle of the Sign of the Cross, the symbols Alpha and Omega, and the date of the calendar year. Past also is the triple candle, so much a part of the Holy Saturday service in our day. Instead at each "Lumen Christi" in turn, first the celebrant light

◀ *13. During the singing of litany while clergy vest, the altar is decorated and prepared for Mass as on great festivals. A real Easter parade.*

14. Emotional climax of the Easter Vigil is the Gloria, when the organ resumes and silenced bells peal out again. A world must be told the news. ▶

◀ *15. Christ our Pasch is sacrificed anew on our altar. Christ in the Eucharist is once more present with His Church. He is risen indeed. Alleluia!*

16. The joy of reunion with Christ is nowhere more real to Christian souls than in the Easter Communion. Behold the Lamb of God! ▶

◀ *17. Because the Mass of the Vigil ends on Easter day, the Office of Lauds is included. The Choir is incensed while the Benedictus is sung.*

18. "Go, the Mass is ended. Alleluia, Alleluia!" The Deacon dismisses the people. The most wonderful night of the year is past. Easter dawns. ▶

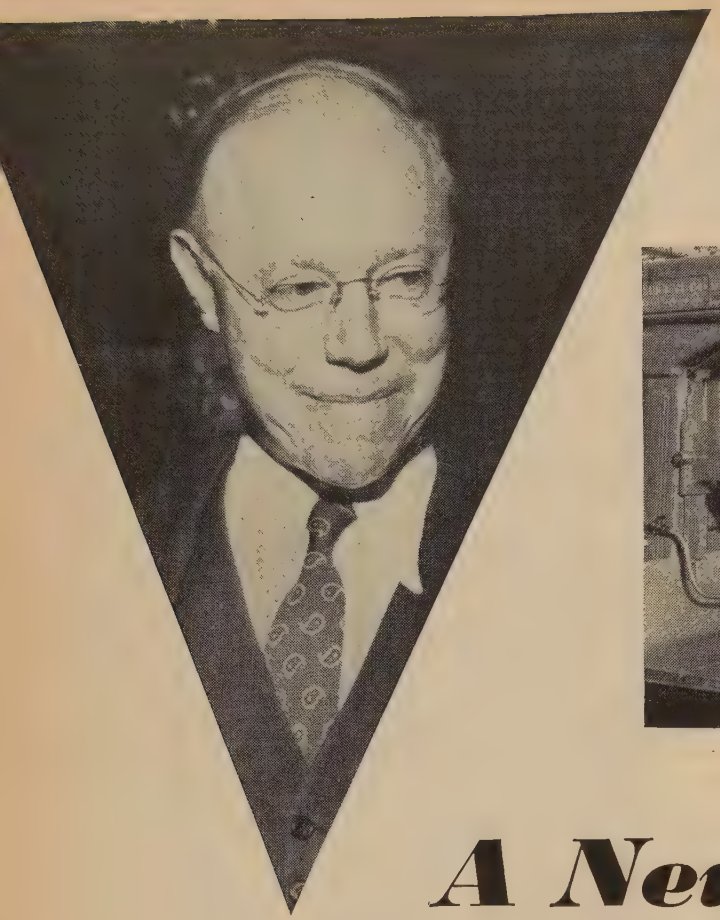
hand candle, then the clergy in the procession at the econd invocation light their candles, and finally at the hird invocation the congregation light their candles from he Paschal Candle.

As a matter of fact, the participation of the laity in he restored rite has an increased proportion of great sigiificance. After the blessing of the font and the baptism f converts, the entire congregation renew their bapismal promises in the vernacular, with lighted candles, and ed by the celebrant. No doubt this will delight the hearts f many who have been fostering such active and vernacular interests. The reduction of the number of preparatory prophecies to four in number is another feature of the reinstated former vigil rites.

The general outline remains the same for the whole ceremony, however. Blessing the Fire, the *Exultet,* the Prophecies, the Blessing of the Font, the Litany, the Mass, and the included Office. THE SIGN rejoices to present this preview to its readers.

A SIGN

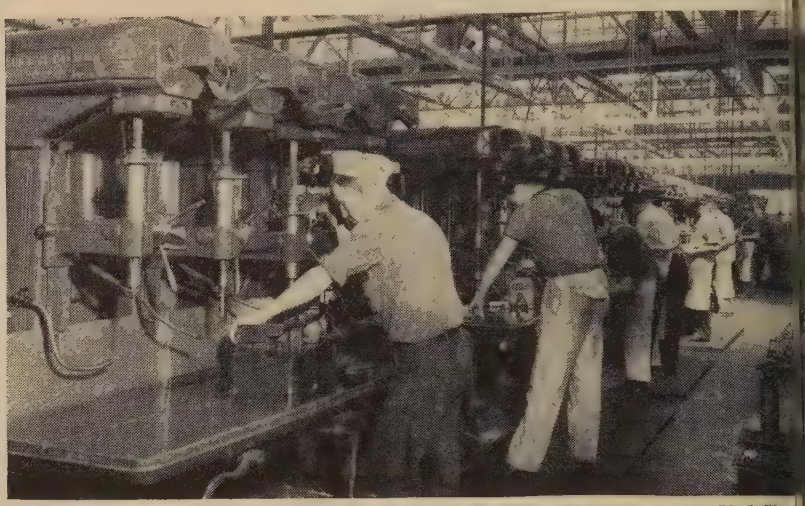
PICTURE STORY



Harris & Ewing

◀ *Republican Senator Robert A. Taft, who sponsored nation's most complex labor law*

▼ *Labor has legitimate objections to present legislation; Republicans will need labor support in future elections*



Black Star

A New Labor Law

ONE of the most critical tasks facing the new Congress involves rewriting the Taft-Hartley Act. Shrewd Republican leaders know the need for winning labor support in future elections. If the new Administration can prove its fairness to workers, it will gain important political support. To do this it must meet labor's legitimate objections to our present basic labor law. Then it must administer a revised law impartially.

It is clear that the Taft-Hartley Act will be changed, but not totally rewritten. The only realistic issues are: How will this be done? What revisions are best for the nation as a whole? Where does the present Act hamper labor unions in an unfair manner?

It is not easy to answer these questions. The Act is one of the most complex pieces of legislation in modern American history. A detailed study of its provisions would involve a highly technical analysis.

On the other hand, the complete omission of details would defeat the purpose of the present article. Broad suggestions for improvement would be almost meaningless. Labor's complaints center about precise and often technical points. We shall try to single out the most important of these issues.

Before discussing details, however, we might well consider the objectives of a proposed new law. Here are five points which are essential to a good labor law:

1) It would be based on the acceptance of free collective bargaining between unions and employers. Hence it would not strive to weaken unions or subject them to unnecessary harassment. Nor would it encourage either the administrative agencies or the courts to intervene freely in these relationships.

2) Such a law would be written, so far as possible, by the two groups most directly concerned: labor and management. To be sure that the public interest is also protected, expert mediators and arbitrators should also be consulted. Lawyers would be used mainly for a clear framing of the law, after policy has been determined.

3) Regulation of abuses would be direct and clear-cut. The rules would affect the abuses themselves. Historic patterns of collective bargaining would not be altered because of occasional misuse.

4) The law would favor mediation and voluntary arbitration as the primary means for settling industrial disputes. Neither unions nor employers would be encouraged to seek presidential intervention as a means for settling strikes.

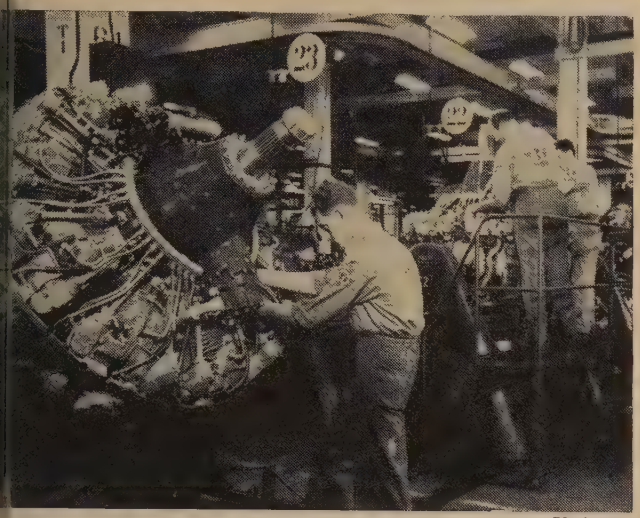
5) Finally, the law should be written in simple and clear language. The wording of the act should not encourage resistance, evasion, delays, or unnecessary lawsuits.

To get such a new law, the first step should be a well-prepared labor management conference on the problem. Such a meeting was tried in 1945. It failed at that time, but the atmosphere is different today. Present union attitudes are likely to be more conciliatory than in 1945. Unions are in the position of having to prove the case for a change. They are less likely to bring up issues which would provoke strong employer opposition.

Employers likewise should be ready for a fresh look at labor management relations. They know that unions are here to stay. It is important for them to live at peace with their workers. Moreover, they believe that the present Administration will administer a new law in an impartial manner. They can accept a more flexible law, instead of the rigid provisions often found in the present law.

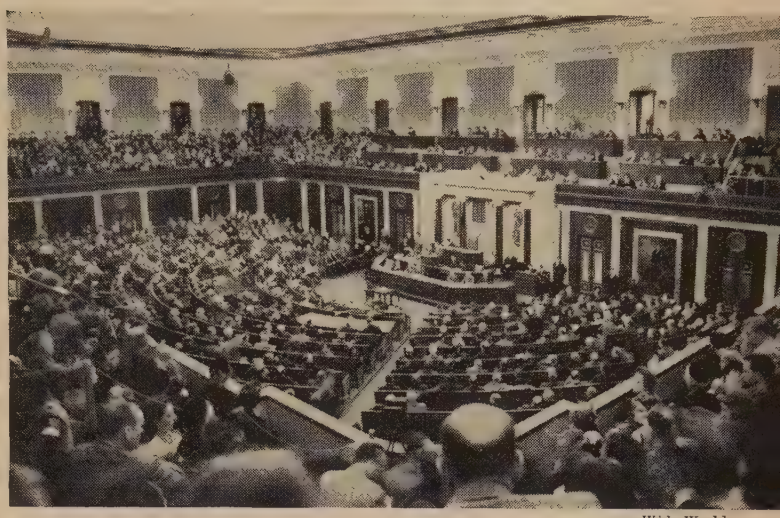
The conference should go over the entire Taft-Hartley Act, in the effort to

otect union members, the Taft-Hartley Act out-he closed shop. A more direct approach is needed



Black Star

The new Congress is faced with a most critical task. The knotty problem: revision of the Taft-Hartley Act



Wide World

A positive five-point proposal for revising the Taft-Hartley Act to safeguard both labor and management

by JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

work out substantial improvements. The present law aimed to protect the public, union members, and employers from certain abuses on the part of unions. Another aim was to bring about better administration of the law. These objectives are basically sound. But there may be better ways to attain them. We list here some possible improvements under each of these headings.

In protecting the public, the most noted feature is the cooling-off period in national-emergency strikes. A strike may be postponed up to eighty days by court injunction, while a fact-finding board examines the situation. Unions have bitterly opposed this provision, as forcing men to work against their will. Employers, moreover, have not always been happy over the results of this clause. They felt that fact-finding boards have leaned toward the side of labor. Although these boards do not issue recommendations, they can present "facts" in such a fashion as to justify the claims of one side to the dispute.

Even worse, from the viewpoint of industry, is the habit of by-passing the law and appointing special boards to recommend a settlement. When the pressure of presidential authority is added to the proposals, industry considers that it has been put on the spot.

Any new approach must accept one basic principle: it should not interfere with free collective bargaining. Too often in the last decade contract negotiations were a mere formality. One party went through the motions, waiting for its chance to go to government for a better settlement. To avoid such evils in the future, certain definite positions must be clear.

First, both the President and the law should make it evident that intervention will be a last resort. Only when a strike would be a national disaster would it be headed off in advance. Otherwise, the usual steps must be followed. There should be negotiation and mediation. Should these fail, a strike would be permitted up to the point where disaster impends. Then only would the Administration act.

At this stage it might be possible to enjoin the strike and appoint a fact-finding board. Both law and Administration policy should insure the genuine competence and neutrality of this board. It would be permitted to give recommendations as well as findings of fact.

After the board has given its recommendations, there should be another period of negotiations for thirty days, with the injunction still in effect. At the conclusion of this period, if no settlement is reached, the matter would be referred to the President. He would be given a report on the final orders of both sides.

At this stage the President should have power to affect a settlement by one of several means. After reviewing the negotiations, he might offer to mediate the dispute, in the light of board recommendations. He would make clear that he would offer no substantial changes in board recommendations. Or he might decide which party in the dispute was blocking a reasonable solution. If the employer is judged to be at fault, the President would have the right to seize the firm and impose the terms of the fact-finding board. Should the union be blamed for the deadlock, the injunction would be continued until a settlement was reached.

THIS method would discourage running to government for settlement of industrial disputes. By permitting strikes up to the point of disaster, it would head off most occasions for intervention. Advance notice that the President intends to back his fact-finding boards would give them great authority. Only in rarest cases would seizure or indefinite injunctions be necessary.

JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S., Ph.D., Assistant Director of the Dept. of Social Action, N.C.W.C. is the author of many standard works on economic subjects. *Catholic Social Principles,* published by Bruce, is his most recent book.

A second public protection in the Taft-Hartley Act is the anti-Communist affidavit. Unions want this extended to employers. For psychological reasons this should be done. More important, however, is the need to put real teeth into the clause. The definition of a Communist should be broadened, so as to prevent evasion through nominal resignation from the Party. Furthermore, the Department of Justice should regularly examine such affidavits for evidence of perjury.

TO protect union members against alleged and real abuses by unions, Taft-Hartley outlaws the closed shop. It permits a union shop, but denies unions the power to expel members and thus cause their discharge, unless the member has failed to pay his dues. There are regulations against excessive iniation fees and assessments. Unions must file financial and other reports.

Instead of such indirect protections, the new law should face directly the problem of union security and its abuse. It should permit the negotiation of a closed shop, union shop, or any other form of protection for the union. Unions should be permitted to enforce discipline and to expel undesirable members, even at the cost of their jobs.

At the same time, the law should lay down standards to protect union members. These would include a reasonable chance to join a union; fair fees and assessments; regular, fair, and secret elections; full financial statements to members; and an honest appeals process for a union member subjected to discipline. If an individual felt that he was not given these rights, he would be allowed to appeal to special courts at a nominal cost. In case the entire membership is being mistreated, as happens when there are no really free elections or full financial reports, a petition signed by 10 per cent of the unit involved could bring the case to a special court. This court could enforce procedures needed to guarantee workers' rights in the particular situation.

As a protection to employers, Taft-Hartley has included many regulations. Among these are: reaffirmation of the free speech guarantee; injunctions against secondary strikes and boycotts; safeguards against jurisdictional strikes, feather-bedding, and organization of foremen; participation in welfare funds; and the right to sue unions for damages caused by violations of the Act.

Economic strikers who have been replaced in their jobs may not vote in Labor Board elections. Many detailed rules about these elections have made organizing more difficult. These parts of the law also present problems because of unclear language. They cause many of the delays which have worked hardship on those who sought protection under the law.

Improvements under these headings could be numerous. Much could be gained by clarity of language alone. For example, the prohibition against featherbedding is now before the Supreme Court. As the Act now reads, it is arguable that "stand-by" and unwanted services can be forced on the employer. This is clearly against the spirit of the clause, but it may not be against the letter of the law.

The restrictions against secondary strikes and boycotts are too severe. It is unfair to ask union workers to act as strikebreakers by handling goods diverted from a struck plant. If workers have a legitimate, though indirect, interest in a strike, they should be free to take sympathetic action.

Provisions for mandatory injunctions and priority for employer complaints under these headings are other examples of rigidity in the present law. The National Labor Relations Board should be allowed to use discretion in these cases. It is now forced to ask for injunctions, even when other and better methods are at hand.

• Convictions are what an employee has after he knows what the boss thinks.

There are many obstacles to union organization in the present law. Thus, the six months' limitation for filing charges of unfair labor practices is unrealistic and contrary to general legal practice. Situations of this nature often take time to unfold and even to be recognized. A union is now confronted with a choice between two evils. It may act on hunches or suspicions and flood the Board with complaints. Or it may wait for proof, only to find that it is barred by the time limit from making a charge.

UNIONS were hurt when the Board lost power to order representation elections before formal hearings on the union's claim. An organizing campaign is a delicate process, calling for careful timing. If elections to decide on union representation can be postponed, pending prolonged hearings and a final Board decision, much of the union's efforts will be nullified. The Board should have the right to order elections, even without the employer's consent, before formal hearings are held.

Both workers and employers injured by unfair labor practices lose by the time lag needed to enforce Board decisions. Often a delay of one to three years is imposed by this system. Board orders should be self-enforcing, with right of appeal to the courts. There is ample precedent for this approach. For example, Federal Trade Commission orders are self-enforcing. As the present law reads, labor must often wait years to correct an evil, whereas employers often have the advantage of priority and mandatory injunctions to correct abuses.

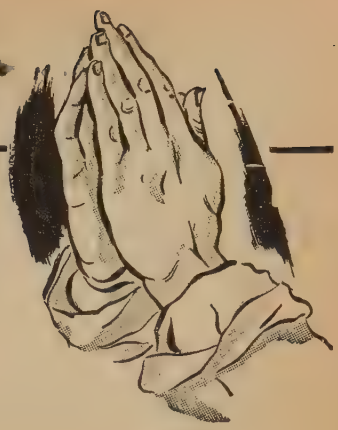
While the present Act retains protections for labor's right to organize, the fact is that organizing campaigns have bogged down in the face of employer resistance. Before 1947, similar campaigns were succeeding against even stronger pressures. Possibly workers' attitudes toward unions have changed. But it is more probable that the changes induced by Taft-Hartley were the deciding factors.

A final point in the present law involves administrative changes in the National Labor Relations Board. Congress was dissatisfied with the partisan approach of the old Board. It tried to separate investigative, enforcement, and judicial functions of the N.L.R.B. This was a sound idea, but it is capable of improvement.

IT is recommended that a seven-man, bipartisan Board be created, to act as a judicial body alone. Investigation and enforcement would come under a separate authority. The Board's work would be lightened by removing from its jurisdiction minor cases not really affecting interstate commerce. There is no need for a national body to deal with drug stores and funeral parlors.

Likewise it is suggested that a labor judiciary be created, to be headed by a labor court of appeals similar to the present Tax Court. On the lower level, these judges would handle disputes concerning the rights of union members, as suggested earlier in this article. The higher court would handle appeals both from the lower courts and from the Board. Labor problems would be better considered by a specialized judiciary rather than by our overburdened general courts.

These are the main points which confront the new Congress in its efforts to improve our labor law. We feel that the changes suggested above would be fair to unions, employers, and the public. They would prevent abuses by unions, without weakening the union movement. They would protect employers, but give no comfort to union-busters. Finally, they would safeguard the public from crippling strikes, but would not injure collective bargaining by indiscriminate government intrusion. We can ask no more, and no less, from our basic labor law.



The Finding of the Child in the Temple

by GERALD VANN, O.P.

THERE is in the story of the loss and finding of the Child a note of hardness, even of harshness, which is very striking. "My Son, why hast Thou treated us so? Think, what anguish of mind Thy father and I have endured, searching for Thee." And His only reply is to ask them why they should search for Him. Did they not know that He must be with His Father, busied about His Father's concerns?

What does it all mean? We must not read into the minds of Mary and Joseph at this stage an exact and comprehensive understanding of the nature and mission of the Child. They had been astonished at the words of Simeon; here too, the words He spoke were beyond their understanding; that full understanding was to come only gradually, as Mary "kept in her heart the memory of all this." What, then, was the lesson they were to learn?

The incident remains obscure, but one thing stands out very clearly: the Child's use of the word Father in direct contrast with Mary's use of it in her immediately preceding question. St. Luke tells us that thereafter He went back with them to Nazareth and was subject to them, but they would come gradually to see that His first loyalty must be not to His human home but to the will of His Father, to His universal vocation. The sorrow of this early separation foreshadows and prepares for the greater sorrow of His leaving home for His ministry, and His death.

It is a thing that we in our turn have to think about, this possibility of tension, perhaps of conflict, between different levels of love and loyalty. Later on, Our Lord was to use extremely harsh-sounding words when He said that unless a man "hated" those nearest to him he could not be His disciple. He was not abrogating the Fourth Commandment; He was not contradicting His own law of love; He was not, of course, speaking of harboring feelings of hatred for anything or anybody. He was simply telling His audience that nothing—not even the most precious things in life—must be allowed to lead us away from God or to rebellion against Him.

There are many things which it is our right and duty to love: parents, home and family, friends; nature, art, all created things; but if we are selfish or possessive about them, if we refuse to accept God's ruling about them, if we let our love of them oust our love of God, then it is a false love which must be killed—in order that we may begin to love them really and truly, and be able to become true disciples. This is the lesson of poverty of spirit: that we should learn to love things and people, not for what we can get out of them, but for what they are in themselves; and it is a hard lesson to learn.

The mother who wants to cling to her children and keep them by her when they should be going off to make their own lives and fulfill their own vocations; the wife who wants to absorb all her husband's love and attention and keep him from his work, his career; the friend who wants to dominate and mold his friend's personality; the art-lover who will sacrifice everything and everybody for his own aesthetic enjoyment, or the gourmet whose supreme aim in life is the pleasures of the table: all these are people whose love is in fact a false love, a form of self-worship; and in the end they destroy not only others, but themselves.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom. All things are theirs to enjoy because they neither clutch nor cling; they are not self-centered and possessive. They love to watch a bird on the wing, without wanting to put it in a cage; they love the beauties of art, without wanting to lock them up in their own houses, exclusively for themselves. They know that these things praise God, and they want to join in the praise; they know that these things belong to God and not to them, and if God chooses to take them from them, they will be sad but they will not rebel.

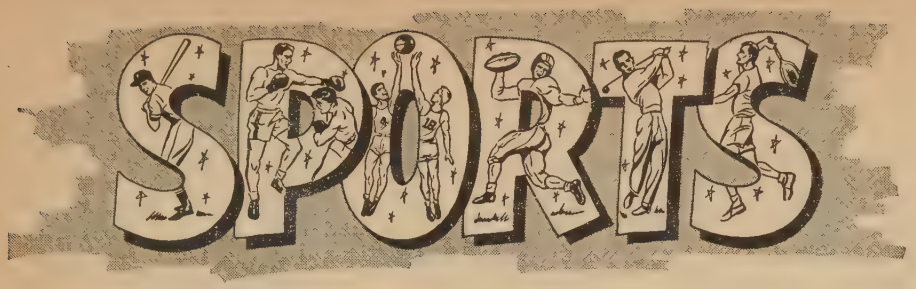
And if God gives them other human beings, to love them and be loved by them, they will regard this deep joy as at the same time a heavy responsibility, for it will be their duty to lead them not away from God but to Him.

There are many forms which the conflict of loyalties can take, quite apart from the question of personal relationships. We cannot say, "My country right or wrong;" we cannot say, "This will pay, this is economically advantageous and that is all that matters." We have first of all to ask whether it is morally good, whether it can be part of the love and worship of God.

The State has authority, and human laws have validity, only within the framework of God's authority and the eternal law. Society has claims upon us, but not in defiance of conscience and morality. We are right to want to be happy; but not if we set natural happiness against our eternal destiny.

WE must expect to see clearly and immediately the rightness of God's ruling; if we are wise we shall expect that at first sight many things will astonish us, as these events astonished Mary; many things will be beyond our understanding, as these events were beyond hers. If we are wise, we shall do as she did, and keep the events of life, and the words of God, in our hearts and ponder over them. For only so can we hope in the end to arrive at understanding and to see things and events and values in their true light, *quasi oculo Dei*, as God sees them.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the sixth of a series on the mysteries of the Rosary.



by ***DON DUNPHY***

BASEBALL is definitely in the air, which means that it is time for our annual look at the rookie prospects for the coming year. This season more than in the past few years, a newcomer here and there could very well decide the league races. So let's look at some of them. We'll start with the American League.

New York Yankees

The world champions annually come up with great rookies, and this year should be no exception. Getting plenty of attention at the Yankee training camp is infielder Donald Raymond Bollweg, who is receiving a second look and comes up this time bearing the most valuable player award from the American Association. Of German descent and a native of Wheaton, Ill., the home of Red Grange, Don hit .325 last year, with 27 doubles, 14 triples, and 23 homers. The left-handed hitting husky was the second-best fielding first baseman. Among his accomplishments this past season was a stretch of 27 games in which he hit safely and one game in which he received 5 walks.

Maybe he won't make it this year, but tab for the future the name of Arthur W. Schult, who of course has been nicknamed "Dutch." He's back after a two-year stretch in the service, having last played with the Yank farm team at Binghamton in the Eastern League. For that team in 1950, he batted .303, with 30 doubles, 8 triples, and 24 home runs, showing his long ball-hitting ability. A young giant, 6′ 3″ and 210 pounds, Dutch played for White Plains, N. Y. high school, then for Georgetown University, being signed by Paul Krichell and sent to Norfolk, Va. in 1948. A resident of Scarsdale, N. Y., he bats and throws right-handed.

Cleveland Indians

The Tribe foresees future stardom for outfielder David Pope, a 27-year-old prospect with a three-year minor-league record. A native of Alabama, Dave started playing softball in the coal town of Library, Pa., and he entered pro ball in 1950 with Wilkes-Barre, of the Eastern League. Ultimately moved up to the Indians' farm team at Indianapolis, Dave had a great season. Playing in 126 games, he won the Association batting crown with a .352 average, a notable achievement for a boy finishing only three seasons in organized ball. Cleveland purchased his contract July 1st, last year, and he got into 12 games, batting .294.

Another fine Tribe prospect is Dave Hoskins, a 27-year-old native of Greenwood, Miss., who learned his baseball at Flint, Mich., high school. This lanky right-handed twirler played with Dallas of the Texas League last year and had a terrific record. He appeared in 35 games, completing 26, while winning 22 and losing 10. He has great control and walked only 70 batters in 280 innings last year.

Chicago White Sox

Pitcher Bob Keegan, who may make it with the Pale Hose this year, was acquired last October from Syracuse, of the International. He did all right with the Chiefs, for his twenty wins were high for the league, as were his seven shutouts. He was "most" in innings pitched, 273, starting games, 35, and complete games, 27. A native of Rochester, N. Y., Bob went from Buck nell into service. He has a fine future

Philadelphia Athletics

On paper, the A's don't seem to hav much to offer in the way of rookie tal ent but the best is probably Marion John Joseph Fricano, with Ottawa o the International last season. "Frick got into 30 games, winning 17 and los ing 8. Of Italian descent and a nativ of Brant, N. Y., he is a graduate o Cortland State Teachers College, and of all things is studying for a Master' Degree with plans to teach. He hopes t educate his curve ball enough to earr him a chair in fast company.

The Washington Senators

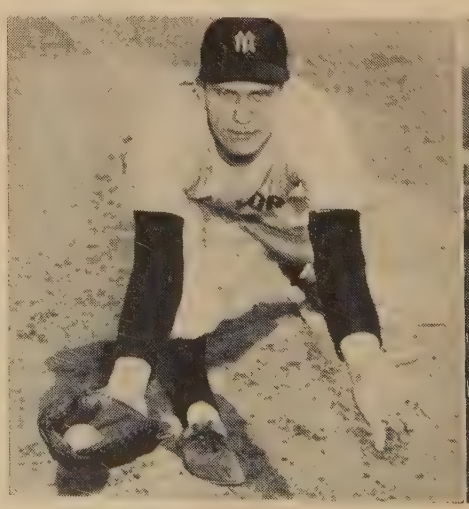
An opportunity to become the regula backstop of the Senators awaits Leslie Earl Peden, who was obtained from Lo Angeles in the draft last December The big receiver is an improving ball player. He hit .249 for the Angels in 1951 and boosted his mark to .279 last summer, cracking out 18 homers and driving in 71 runs. Of English-Dutch ancestry, he was born at Azle, Texas and graduated from Texas A and M

The Boston Red Sox

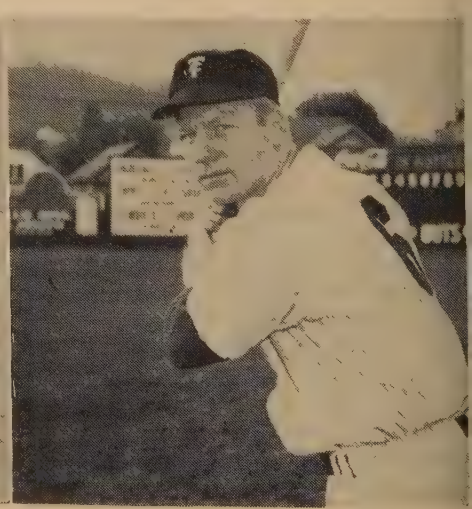
The Red Sox have hopes for pitcher Stanley Collins McWilliams, a 25-year old Irishman who starred for the Col lege of the Pacific, where he was spotted and signed in 1949. Alternating be tween Scranton and San Jose, he won 23 and lost 10 for the latter in 1951, to top all pitchers in that loop. Last year with Albany, he won 6 and lost 7.

The St. Louis Browns

Most valuable player in the Texas League last season is the recommenda tion that Gordon William Hunter, a slick fielding shortstop, brings to the



DON BOLLWEG
Rookie infielder for Yankees



ART SCHULT
Back after two years in service

owns' training camp. He is a native Punxsutawney (didn't think I could ell it, did you?), Pa. A six-foot, 180-under, Texas scribes say he goes to right better than Chico Carrasquel hen the latter was with Fort Worth. st year he hit .284 in 161 games and ove in 75 runs. May be the Browns gular shortstop.

The Detroit Tigers

Finishing last for the first time in story, the Bengals have to come up th something and it might well be tfielder Rufus Crawford, a rangy issourian whose long ball record in e minors rates him close inspection. awford, who only three years ago was carpenter around Washington, D. C., uld loom large in Detroit's rebuilding ans. Last year with Scranton he tted .288, had 27 homers, and drove 93 runs. He is a fine fielder.

The Brooklyn Dodgers

A FORMIDABLE candidate for third base job on the National League ampions is Don Hoak, who has come through the Dodger chain and is la-led by no less an authority than Frank aughnessy as the "finest International ague third baseman in the past 10 ars." Last year with Montreal, he hit 93, scored 109 runs, and led the league triples with 15. Defensive plays and eed are his great assets.

An outfield candidate for the Brooks Gino Cimoli, a 23-year-old who had fine season with St. Paul where he hit 19 and drove in 70 runs. Incidentally hit his wife with a foul ball the st time she saw him play pro ball. e apparently has recovered from a nee injury which hampered him dur-g 1950.

The New York Giants

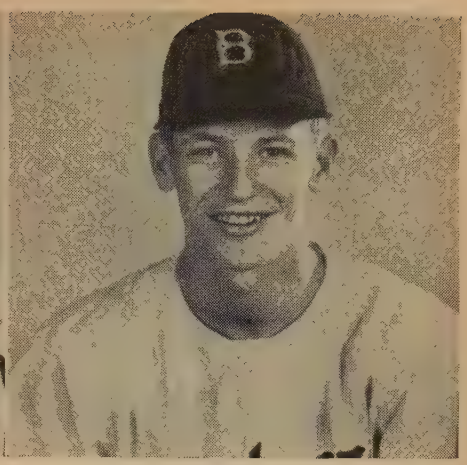
A fine chance to stay with the New orkers is accorded Ranch Pless, who ith Nashville last year won the South-rn Association batting title with a ark of .364 and was the all-star third cker of the loop. He began as an out-elder but started to make good when nverted to third base.

Darryl Spencer, the American Associ-tion's 1952 all star shortfielder, is put-ng up quite a battle for a regular spot ith the Giants. He has been hailed by any as the top prospect of all '52 inor league products. He hit .294 ith Minneapolis and banged 27 hom-rs. He is a draftsman with an air-raft company during the off season.

The St. Louis Cardinals

Perhaps the best the Cards have to ffer in the rookie line is Ray Jablonski, third baseman who was voted the In-

BOB BOYD
One of the White Sox hopefuls



DON HOAK
Candidate for third-base job

ternational League's rookie of the year in 1952. With Rochester, he hit .299, blasting 18 homers, 12 triples, and 24 doubles, while driving in 103 runs. He has played all four infield positions but is best at the hot corner.

The Philadelphia Phillies

Paul Stuffel is back for another try with the Phillies, after winning 11 and losing 10 for Baltimore last season. He is quite a strikeout artist, retiring 116 in the International, in 1952. He has recorded 1127 strikeouts in six seasons of pro ball, exclusive of playoffs. Paul credits much of his success to a freak accident in his sandlot days. He came up with a stiff neck the morning of a "big" game and had to rely on curves and knucklers, though a fast ball is his forte. First time his wife saw him pitch, he hurled a no-hitter against Elmira, in June of '51, and fanned 20.

The Chicago Cubs

Leon Brinkopf, a slugging ex-Marine, returns to the Cub fold after slamming 27 home runs for Los Angeles. His pro career was interrupted by Marine service 1945-47. Originally in the Browns organization, the third baseman had a low average (.233) but his long ball hitting ability intrigues the Bruin front office.

Pitcher Cal Howe, a lefty, has been tabbed by Cub farm director, Harrison Wickel, as one of the few pitchers in baseball who can throw the ball past the hitters. He comes up from Macon, where he compiled a creditable 2.28 earned run average mark and struck out 79 in 67 innings. He is the largest player on the Cub roster, standing 6′ 4″ and weighing 220. He comes from a family of 17, six of whom have played professional ball.

The Cincinnati Reds

The Reds hope to bolster their outfield with Bob Marquis, a left-handed hitting outfielder who was obtained from Kansas City in the deal which sent Ewell Blackwell to the Yankees. He hit .278, in 1951, and .250, last year. Of French-Irish descent, he attended Texas University and Texas Tech.

The Boston Braves

Jim Solt, a catcher, has enjoyed a brilliant minor-league career, advancing to the point where he will be tough to keep off the Braves roster. Last year with Atlanta, he hit Southern Association hurling for .310. A good receiver as well as a dangerous and consistent hitter, the fact that he keeps improving all the time is what attracts the Tribe's management to him.

Another prospect up from Atlanta is Chuck Tanner, who banged away last year at a .352 clip. An outfielder, he has hit over .300 in six of his seven pro seasons. In 1951, at Atlanta, he hit safely in twenty-nine straight games.

The Pittsburgh Pirates

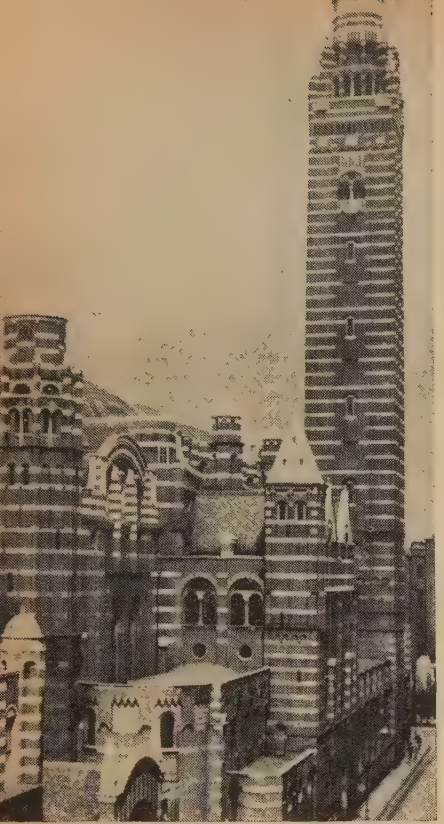
The Pirates need help, and it might come from Carlos Bernier, who was voted the Pacific Coast League's rookie of the year in '52. With Hollywood he hit .301 and led the loop in scoring runs, with 105. Also he rewrote the Hollywood stolen base record book by pilfering 65 sacks, 22 more than the old mark set by Tony Lupien in 1946. He has stolen 323 bases in a five-year pro career. He attended grade and high school in Puerto Rico.

Keep your eye on Vic Janowicz, a catcher, who was the first bonus player signed by Branch Rickey after the new bonus legislation last year. While playing service ball, this fine all-round athlete from Ohio State University hit .356 in 61 games. Although classed as an outfielder, he may be moved to the infield or the outfield, either of which he can play.

English Catholics on the March

They need another half century to develop public social impact. Time will heal the split-mindedness between their Faith and its translation into acts of civil leadership

by **EDMUND CAMPION**



Wide World

A STONE'S throw away from the dingy glass and steel caverns of London's Victoria Railway Station stands Westminster Cathedral, the biggest Catholic place of worship in the British Isles. Next door, on the site of a prison that has long since vanished, is the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, chairman of the bench of eighteen Bishops in whose hands lie the spiritual welfare and leadership of some four million English and Welsh Catholics.

There is something quite symbolic about Westminster Cathedral and its precincts. It wears a modern, almost functional look—in marked contrast to the classical lines of the Gothic gem of Westminster Abbey less than a mile away, where the second Queen Elizabeth will swear loyalty to the "Protestant Faith" on her Coronation Day in June. Westminster Cathedral, indeed, belongs to our own troubled era, reflecting the new role and status of the Church and subtley symbolizing in its striking architecture and unobtrusive position—tucked out of sight behind the commercial façade of Victoria Street—the strength and weakness of the modern Catholic body in this land.

Since the English Hierarchy was formally restored in 1850, six Cardinal-Archbishops have reigned at Westminster. Under them, and with them, the Bishops throughout the land have striven in the face of severe financial and administrative difficulties to consolidate and extend the Church. We may broadly judge their success in considering that in the past 102 years the number of English Catholics has multiplied nearly seven times, the number of churches and schools has increased more or less in proportion, and the public attitude both to the Church and to its members has radically altered.

Formal utterances of Catholic Bishops do not arouse public attention, unless they happen to touch on topical themes of nationwide interest. The most memorable examples of brilliant initiative in this sense were the successful personal intervention of Cardinal Manning in the London Dock Strike of 1890 and the positively spiritual impetus given to Britain's wartime struggle by Cardinal Hinsley through the famous "Sword of the Spirit" Movement. Of more recent date was the bold exposure by Bishop John C. Heenan of Leeds, shortly before the General Election in 1951, of the neo-Marxist tendencies of Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his henchmen. As a general rule, however, the voices of the Bishops seldom go further than their people.

The problem of the Catholic Press in England is still the material one of winning new readers so as to increase advertising revenue and secure financial stability. It is doubtful if at present more than one Catholic in every three

Wide World

Above. *Magnificent Westminster Cathedral. Near London's Victoria Station*

Right. *Labor's Bevan with left-wing supporters. Majority of English Catholics are Laborites of Attlee persuasion*

Center, *English convert clergyman, Monsignor Ronald Knox. Theologian, mystery writer, all-round scholar*

Far right. *Britain's great war cardinal, Hinsley, officiates at a service for the continent's Nazi-occupied territories*

ays one of their four "national" weekly ournals, all of which are edited and affed by laymen. This apathy keeps own the technical standards of pro- uction and deters many Catholic pro- ssional journalists from choosing areers on papers which offer smaller ages and poorer prospects than the cular journals. It restricts the general nge of influence of the Catholic press, ving it a narrow, even unprofessional ura, and reducing the impact of in- rmed Catholic opinion on the minds non-Catholics.

There are three quite distinct streams Catholics in England, which can be aced back to the days when the hier- rchy was restored: an English-born roup whose forebears had clung to ne Old Faith during the black penal ears when the Church was a pro- ribed, "underground" institution; the uch larger flow of immigrants from eland to the new cotton, railway-build- g, wool, and coal-mining industries at made Britain "the workshop of the orld" in the nineteenth century; and steady trickle of often well-born or herwise influential converts. In 1851 here were approximately 250,000 "Old atholics" who had weathered the umbing winter of persecution, and robably three times that number of ewcomers from Ireland.

Setting aside the continuing flow of ew conversions at the average rate of 0,000 a year, and the continued seclu- on of the titled and "society" Catho- cs, the lower-and-middle class Irish and nglish elements have harmoniously ased into one. The thickening network f parishes built with the pennies of he poor in the densely populated in- ustrial belts of England's North West, orth East, Midlands, and London, ave absorbed the vast majority of work- ng class Irish and English Catholics. And most of their natural prejudices have been rubbed away in the process.

Britain has been well described as a "tight little island." Nearly fifty million people are crammed together in an area the size of Illinois, and all but five million of them are concentrated in England and Wales. Yet relatively wide areas, notably in the south and west, are thinly inhabited. It is in these mainly rural counties that Catholics are very sparsely scattered. And these were the very districts which had to absorb the bulk of the country's Catholic mothers and children when the industrial centers were evacuated at the start of World War II.

The strain on the Church's rural organization of that huge social upheaval was graver than any other single event since the influx of destitute Irish families after the disastrous Famine nearly a century before.

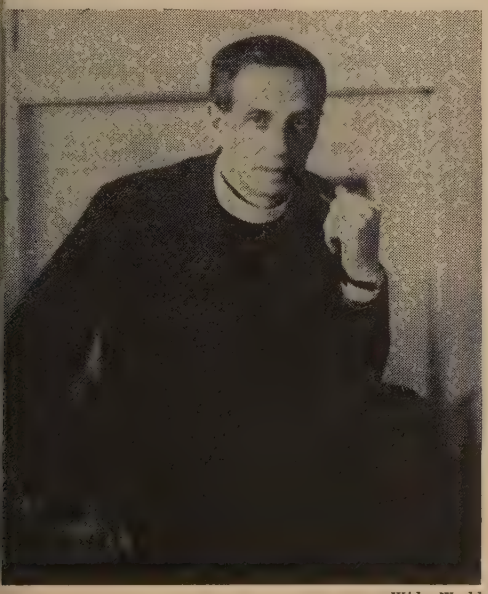
NOBODY yet knows exactly how many evacuees lapsed from the Faith. Certainly the figure must be accepted as much higher than the average yearly "leakage" which might be put very roughly at six thousand Catholics. Mobilization of the nation's manpower for war industries and the fighting services, in addition to the transfer of munitions plants from cities vulnerable to air attack, aggravated the pastoral difficulties. The diocesan machinery did not break down; but it was too overladen to cope with the unprecedented problems.

If the cities and suburbs of England are the physical stronghold of the Church, and the majority of known Catholics do practice their religion, there is sometimes a cleavage between the secular and spiritual outlook of many of them. The reason usually lies in accidental factors: for example, the distances that have to be traveled from home to work, or the "pull" of leisure interests away from the Catholic parish center to the secular political club, public house, or local theater.

Far more Catholics are materially better-off today than their fathers or grandfathers were, but the proportion of "cradle" Catholics who benefit from high school, and still less university, education is depressingly small. As a result they lack the mental—as opposed to the spiritual equipment to confront as Catholic citizens the inextricably complex array of social, industrial, and political dilemmas of the hour. This "split-mindedness" also affects middle-class Catholics who have had higher education.

Only on a clear-cut social or political issue, and after a direct lead has been given by the Bishops, can there be any practical certainty of nation-wide action by the Catholics of England and Wales. The unsettled question of persuading the British Government to amend Education Acts which discriminate unfairly against parents sending their children to Catholic schools is a case in point. Into the same category falls the current campaign, more spontaneous than any in the past, against the forthcoming visit to London, as a Government guest, of Marshal Tito.

Though the secrets of the ballot-box in any democracy are inviolate, it is a reasonable estimate that at least 70 per cent of all English Catholic voters support the Labour Party. This fact often puzzles Catholics in other countries, and yet it is easier to understand against the historical and psychological background outlined above. When the Irish Problem was still a burning political issue, and a small but formidable group of Irish Nationalists took their seats in the British Parliament, the Catholic voice in politics was as firmly positive as the Catholic vote. But ever since



Wide World

United Press

the First World War, which saw the gradual decline of the Liberals (with whom the Irish MP's usually allied themselves) and the emergence of the Labour Party, most English Catholics have given their backing to the latter. At no time have the Bishops discouraged them from so doing. Only the British Communist Party comes under the Church's ban.

But if the predominately Catholic working class community preferred the Labour Party's program of social and economic reforms, with its promise of better living standards and social justice for the poor, it is remarkable how little influence Catholic social thought has had in the shaping of policy. This has been due partly to the lack (until recently at any rate) of prominent Catholics in the labor movement, and partly to the reluctance of rank-and-file Catholics to pull their weight in the trade unions and local party branches. British Socialism, which owes more to Methodism than Marxism, owes little—alas—to Catholicism.

THERE are over twenty Catholic MP's at Westminster, and all but four of them are Labourites. Their views on specific questions of "conscience" are respected, but as a rule they are expected—and can be relied on—to toe the official party line. Only two Catholic Labour men have won national names as Ministers: Richard Stokes, as Lord Privy Seal in the last Attlee Administration; and Lord Pakenham, a convert, as First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Pakenham's undoubted gifts as a scholar, debater, and tactician single him out as a potential Catholic leader on an equal footing with the best of his non-Catholic colleagues. On the other hand, he is member of the Upper House—a fact which cramps his political effectiveness.

The bitter feud in the Labour Party since Mr. Aneurin Bevan broke away to form his own "splinter group" of extremist Left-Wing Socialists is still a source of embarrassment to Catholic Labour MP's. The majority remained loyal to Mr. Attlee, but one is an open Bevanite and at least two more are suspect. When Bishop Heenan warned his people against class-hatred and other dangerous trends implicit in the Bevanite line, a common view among these Catholic parliamentarians was that the Bishop had gone too far. In the doubtful cause of preserving an outward semblance of party unity, some of them even felt that Bishop Heenan and those Catholic journalists who had reached the same independent conclusions were doing a public disservice in painting Bevan as an off-Red bogeyman.

However, there is an increasingly important minority of middle-class Catholics now exerting a negatively useful influence at elections. They belong to the "floating vote" which decides the fate of parties in these days of political deadlock in Britain, and their detached judgment on the underlying principles of party platforms is a valuable insurance against the possible triumph of left or right political extremism.

A complete outsider would probably be amazed at the astonishing variety of Catholic talent in the field of English letters. Novelists like Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, Bruce Marshall, and Compton Mackenzie are already known throughout the English-speaking world and in Western Europe. All four are converts. Their writings have caused thousands of cultured "good pagans" to reflect; and in this era of disintegrating social and moral values their books and occasional writings have a far more forceful impact on the modern mind than the subtlest formal sermon from a pulpit.

Wide World

Lord Pakenham, convert, high in the councils of the Labour Party

Writers of the caliber of Christopher Dawson, Dom David Knowles, E. I. Watkins, and Barbara Ward—to name but a few Catholic experts in the field of history, philosophy, and political theory—are equally esteemed.

The BBC, which enjoys the complete monopoly of sound and vision broadcasting, also has its useful leavening of Catholics at all levels. The Corporation's unique standards of vigorous impartiality—"giving the least offense to the greatest number"—restrict the apostolic opportunities of staff broadcasters who are Catholics except in the Religious Department of the BBC. Yet the indirect effect they can have is at times considerable. A convert such as Wilfred Pickles, a latter-day English version of Bob Hope and Will Rogers rolled into one, is a household name in the land for irresistible wit and humanity; so is a television quiz-master like Eamonn Andrews; and more obscure executive figures like Cecil McGivern, the Director of BBC Television, and Harman Grisewood, Director of the "Spoken Word," are Catholics wielding much power and responsibility.

In similar measure, Fleet Street and the world of secular journalism has a strategic quota of Catholics. It must not be imagined that since the immortal G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc vanished from the "Street of adventure" none have come forward to take their place, though such giants are strictly rationed. Conditions, too, have changed since the "Chesterbelloc" heyday. Yet there is still room for outstanding Catholic scholar-journalists and humorists like J. B. Morton and D. B. Wyndham Lewis, whose shafts of wisdom and wit give pause to untold millions every day. A Douglas Hyde, a Colm Brogan, or anonymous characters like Arthur Morison of *The Times* may be less well known outside Britain; but here they provide part of the impressive Christian counterweight to the dead values and abysmal tone of so much contemporary English journalism.

TOO few Catholics got the chance to attend great public schools: Stonyhurst, Ampleforth, and Beaumont and others. Too many lack the educational training and inclination to become anything but rank-and-file followers in the trade unions, political parties, and local government.

In spite of that, the modern university-trained non-Catholic Englishman is rediscovering that such a thing as the Faith and an all-embracing Christian way of life exists. It took the atom bomb over Nagasaki to make up the mind of a young wartime air hero like Group-Captain Cheshire, VC; it took the contradictions of Cominform policy in Eastern Europe to direct that militant Communist, Douglas Hyde, toward the Church. Grace is plainly slipping through the cracks of an increasing number of minds no longer embittered by the old anti-Catholic bias; and a larger group of instructed Catholic lay men than has been seen since the Reformation is learning how to co-operate with "good pagans" tired of living by reason and instinct alone.

In the second half of this twentieth century, when more English Catholics have mastered the difficult, divine art of living their Faith in public and private, without shame, fear, or human respect, then we may look for one of those cyclic changes that renew the spirit and heart of a nation.

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

uthor of Nature

I am an astronomer and would like to find the hymn "Alma Creator Siderum."—L. R., BALTIMORE, MD.

is a tonic to know of a scientist who couples his knowledge nature with a recognition of the Author of Nature, for nen are vain in whom there is not the knowledge of God: id who . . . by attending to the works, have (not) acknowlged who was the Workman." (Wisdom 13:1)

The hymn *Creator Alme Siderum* is to be found in the inter section of the Roman Breviary or Divine Office ook, which consists of the official prayers of the Church, re- ted daily by every priest. It is the vesper hymn for the ason of Advent. This salutation to the "Kind Creator of e Heavens" is too long to embody here. We suggest you nsult a Catholic library for a copy of *The Liturgical Year*, Gueranger, O.S.B., (Advent Volume), published by The ewman Press, Westminister, Md.

lorality of Risk

Please comment, from a moral viewpoint, on enclosed clipping.—J. A., ARLINGTON VILLAGE, VA.

he nub of your problem, as you find it in an AP report, the quotation from Chairman Velde of The House Unmerican Activities Committee: "It's a lot better to wrongly ccuse one person of being a Communist than to allow so any to get away."

Neither Congressman Velde nor any other sane and horal person could mean that it is morally all right to do hat is wrong deliberately, in order to accomplish good. Ve think it safe to say that the precise meaning of his ords is along this line—it is a lot better to make an nintentional mistake than to allow so many evildoers a ree hand.

Our Supreme Court is no more infallible than an umpire, ut as long as we can rely on their intelligence and honesty, e lessen the risk of unintentional mistakes. If we had to liminate all possibilitiy of doing the wrong thing unintenionally, a surgeon would not dare to operate, nor a jury o vote, nor a priest to administer the Sacraments.

Virgin Birth

A co-worker, daughter of a minister, maintains publicly and persistently that Mary was not a virgin and that Jesus was not her only child. She considers unsatisfactory the Catholic explanation that Bible references to Jesus' brothers and sisters should be understood of cousins.—E. K., PITTSBURGH, PA.

In the course of any reasonably conducted argument, the one who makes an assertion shoulders "the burden of proof." The only so-called Christians who would agree with your co-worker are those who have fallen headlong for the diluted Christianity to be found in certain historical novels. It is a human mystery that people can be so easily taken in. Experts in the interpretation of Holy Scripture—both Catholic and non-Catholic alike—are agreed as to the virginal, miraculous birth of Christ, and that He is the only-begotten Son of Mary as well as of His Eternal Father.

Recently, considerable shock was expressed in non-Catholic circles over the newfangled reference, in their latest translation of the Bible, to the Mother of Christ as a "young woman," instead of "a virgin." All and any such problems of interpretation and translation, in the case of the Bible, involve not only sound piety but reliable, "know-how" ability. St. Peter warned against tampering with the scriptures, by recourse to the private interpretation of individuals: "The unlearned and unstable wrest the scriptures to their own destruction." (2 Peter 3:16)

Regardless of the churches they belong to, experts assure us that, according to the speech in vogue at that time, references to Our Lord's brothers and sisters bespeak cousins; so too, an only child was spoken of as the "firstborn," but that expression did not imply that there were later children. Be confident that the minister's daughter is mistaken—sadly so, for the tendency to water down the miraculous in the case of Mary the Mother is prompted, usually, by a hope of explaining away the divinity of Christ the Son.

Date of Easter

Every year, Easter Sunday falls on a different date. What determines the date?—V. H., BUFFALO, N. Y.

According to St. Bede, the word "Easter" referred originally to a long-forgotten goddess of the dawn. Nowadays, the only worthwhile significance of Easter is discarded by the faddists of this country who have revived the pagan salute to the dawn goddess on Easter morning. We learn more of the Christian meaning of the Easter season from the reference to it, popular in most all languages except English, as the Paschal season. The word "Pasch" used to refer exclusively to the Jewish Passover. The Paschal season which we begin on Resurrection Sunday is the Christian Passover, keynoted in the preface of the Easter Mass: "On this day was sacrificed for us Christ our pasch . . . the true Lamb who hath taken away the sins of the world; who by dying Himself, hath destroyed our death; and by rising again, hath bestowed on us a new life."

The date for the observance of the Christian Passover was set by the Council of Nice, in the year 325. Some authorities think that the original Resurrection Sunday occurred on April 9. Be that as it may, Easter is observed on the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs after

the vernal equinox. The vernal or springtime equinox is the time, about March 21, when all over the earth, day and night are of equal length. According to that reckoning, Easter occurs some time between March 22 and April 25. If the paschal full moon should rise on a Sunday, Easter would be observed on the following Sunday. It is said that a reason for determining the date according to the fullness of the moon was the need of moonlight for the pilgrims en route to and from Holy Week shrines. In 1928, an attempt was made by the British Parliament to so regulate the date of Easter as to confine the variation within a few days. Any such new arrangement would have to have international approval.

Forbidden Societies

How does the Church stand as regards universal Masonry? American Masonry?—O. M., PRINCETON, N. J. *Is it permissible for a Catholic to join the Odd Fellows?*—J. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

According to Church law, it is praiseworthy for the faithful to become members of societies established or at least recommended by the Church; but they should beware of societies that are classified as secret, seditious, or suspect, or such as strive to withdraw themselves from the vigilance of the Church. (Canon 684)

Secret societies are disapproved *at least* because of the oath of secrecy imposed on members—an oath binding them to ignore even lawful Church superiors, and binding members to blind obedience to society leaders. Condemned societies are those which have been singled out by name and expressly forbidden, such as the Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Good Templars, and counterpart, auxiliary societies of women. Condemned also are any societies that foster cremation, and any organization that is Communistic. A seditious society is one that aims at the overthrow of legitimate authority, or family or property rights. A society classified as suspected is one that is dangerous for Catholics in a subtle way, for while "going overboard" along the lines of so-called philanthropy, it fosters indifference toward religion in general and above all indifference toward Catholicity. In this connection, bishops and pastors have been alerted by the Holy Office against the YM, the YW, and their youth organizations, the Hi-Y. The Holy Office is the special bureau at Vatican City, presided over by the Vicar of Christ and devoted to the protection of Catholic faith and morals.

Out of Order

Is it sinful to state publicly: "I don't believe in divorce for myself, but I do believe in it for other Catholics?"—V. K., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is a serious sin to air such an opinion. The self-styled "devout Catholic" whom you quote is taking it upon herself to decide what can be decided solely by God and His Church—namely, the morality or immorality of divorce. Other half-baked Catholics are only too likely to be poisoned by her encouragement.

Church or Chapel?

Do I fulfill my obligation, if I hear Mass on a Sunday or holyday of obligation, in a convent chapel?—L. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

As you describe it, the chapel is what is known as a "semi-public" chapel—in between a church, which is intended for the accommodation of everyone, and a private chapel intended for an individual, his guests and servants.

Good order dictates that, under ordinary circumstanc we should attend Mass on a Sunday or holyday in a pari church, usually in our own. The parish church is the cent of Catholic life, from cradle to grave. It is the parish pric who have the obligation to serve the faithful by the preac ing of God's Word and by the administration of the Sac ments. In turn, the good standing of the parishioners, the score of fidelity to Mass and the Sacraments, should known both to the parish priests and to their fellow p rishioners. Furthermore, parishioners have the obligati to support their parish financially. Hence, it is not su prising that diocesan or parochial authorities discoura or even forbid those who desert their own parish church favor of a chapel where their individual fancy beckons.

However, in exceptional cases, parishioners would justified in attending Sunday or holyday Mass at a conve chapel which is open to the public. The distance to parish church has to be considered, particularly in the ca of those who are elderly or ill and who lack transportatio especially in a very hilly place. It is important and urge that they sanctify the Lord's Day properly, by attending t Eucharistic continuance of Calvary—if need be, in a no parochial chapel. Otherwise, by their surrender to circu stances, they deprive the Almighty of their ideal tribute worship, they deprive themselves of special graces, and pe haps weaken the fidelity of relatives and neighbors.

Even though a person lack a respectable reason for a tending a Mass of obligation in such a chapel, he doe nonetheless, fulfill his obligation based on the First Precep of the Church. That disputed point was settled by the Ho See during the reign of Pope Leo XIII.

What to Do?

Because of urgent circumstances, I had to choose a phys cian "out of a hat." When I returned to his office for postnatal check-up, the nurse inquired as to my religion, take soundings as to whether I wanted contraceptive a vice. Should I report to the Catholic hospital that a sta doctor volunteers such information?—S. D., PHILA., PA.

Regardless of his membership in this or that church or i no church at all, and even though not tied up with t Planned Parenthood Association, a physician on the staff a Catholic hospital is obliged to conform to the medica moral code approved for such hospitals, at least in the cas of hospital patients. Whether contraceptive information an encouragement be volunteered or given on request neither here nor there—it is against the law of nature an in open conflict with the law of God. Hence, the stand the Catholic Church and the code of Catholic hospitals. Ho pital authorities are entitled to know of any serious an certain violation of that code.

We add the following quotations for the enlightenment physician and patient, Catholic and non-Catholic. I *Medico-Moral Problems,* published by The Catholic Ho pital Association of the United States & Canada, the Re Gerald Kelly, S. J., an outstanding authority, writes in pa as follows: "Why should we have a code at all? One answe is suggested in *The Linacre Quarterly* (April, 1939): 'Catl olic physicians do not sufficiently appreciate the wonderfu guidance they receive from the Church on the ethical ma ters of our profession. It is pointed out to us in clear reaso and high morals and not in mawkish sentimentality, wha our proper attitude must be in the many controversie raised by our less favored confreres.' (J. A. Dillon, M.D.)

". . . The first reason for having a definite medico-mora code in our hospitals—to give clear guidance in a world confusion. Many (of our medical personnel) never had course in medical ethics; even those who have are prone t

'rusty.'" By way of reassurance, Father Kelly quotes from Code: "This Code prohibits only those procedures which, ording to present knowledge of the facts, seem *certainly* ong."

n reference to compliance with the Code, he states: he Code makes no mention of penalties for nonobservance. e compilers hoped that the sheer reasonableness of the proach and the 'tone' of the Code would make penalties gely unnecessary. Obviously, of course, physicians and ers who cannot appreciate this reasonableness and who not bring themselves to comply with the prescriptions he code should sever their connections with the hospital."

ar vs. Cross

My husband maintains that a six-pointed star is the symbol of the Jewish religion and therefore of anti-Christianity and should not be used on a Catholic calendar. Right or wrong?—C. M., SMITHTOWN, N. Y.

ght and wrong. The six-pointed star is as much the sym- of Judaism as the cross is the symbol of Christianity. It often called the Star of David and, sometimes, the Seal of omon. Some claim that this symbol—formed by placing e triangle over another—represents the signature of King vid of the Old Testament.

ust as the Old Testament prepared the way for the w Testament, so too, Judaism prepared the way for ristianity. And we must remember that the Messias, the under of Christianity, is of "the house and family of vid" and is often identified as "Son of David." Although daism is no longer the true religion, there was a time en it was the only religion divinely approved. Christ clared: "Do not think that I am come to destroy the law d the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfill." att. 5:17) Hence, it is not improper that the six-pointed r be used by Christians.

When a coat of arms calls for a star, it is only the six-inter that is recognized as a star. The five-pointer is led a mullet, or star-fish. The eminent convert from daism to Christianity, David Goldstein, gives Catholics a nd reason for favoring the six-pointed star, inasmuch as e mullet, with its five points, has become the "star" of e enemy of the Messias, who is symbolized by the Old stament star and the New Testament cross. "Article 143 the New Constitution of the USSR declares that 'above e emblem (of the USSR) is the five-pointed star.' I have authority to speak for others, but for myself I may say at the six-pointed star will continue to mean religion; and e five-pointed star, Marxian irreligion." In your next eside chat with your husband, you might pose the more ficult question: Why is it that most non-Catholic Chris- n churches have suppressed the cross atop the belfry, favor of a meaningless bulb, a lightning rod, or a weather ne? And why, within such churches, is the cross bereft of e image of the Crucified?

hism-Heresy

In connection with THE SIGN *article of last February, "Listen to an Incredible Story," am puzzled over the difference between schism and heresy. Which is the greater evil?*—M. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.

hism is a sin of disobedience, while heresy is a sin against e Christian or the Catholic Faith. It is easy to see that eresy is the greater evil. For example, it is bad enough at a child refuse to obey his parents to a serious extent. ut it is far worse if the child defy his parents to the extent challenging parental authority—questioning or denying e parents' *right* to exact obedience. Along the same line, a Christian is guilty of schism who refuses to obey his bishop or the Holy Father. He is guilty of heresy if he denies the very right of the bishop or Pope to teach or rule or sanctify him.

A schism is the more sinful in ratio to the seriousness of the command which is disobeyed, and the rank of the authority who is defied, and the amount of scandal that is caused. In other words, some laws are much more serious and urgent than others; it is worse to defy the Vicar of Christ than any other successor to the Apostles; a schism is rarely, if ever, the sin of an individual—the sin is "contagious" and spreads to many others who gang up against authority, who decide to "go their own way" and refuse to associate with those who are loyal.

It is very important to explain that there is a tremendous difference between wrongdoing that is blameworthy and wrongdoing that is not blameworthy. In the case of either schism or heresy, it makes all the difference between being guilty and not guilty. Our Lord was alert to that when He warned His followers: "They will put you out of the synagogues: yea, the hour cometh when whoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God. And these things they will do to you because they have not known the Father nor Me." (John 16: 2,3) Hence, it is emphasized in the Church's Code of Canon Law that schism and heresy, in the blameworthy sense, suppose a realization of wrongdoing and a stubborn attitude of ill will. (Canon 1325) Who would venture to question the good faith of Saul of Tarsus? And yet, who—prior to conversion—was more anti-Christian? In all probability, the majority of non-Catholic Christians, although separated from the Church by either schism or heresy, do not share the guilt of those who originated the mutiny or the scuttling of the Faith. "But the fact of their good faith in their inherited errors does not relieve them of the obligation to examine the claims of the Catholic Church when brought to their notice." (Attwater: *A Catholic Dictionary.* Also: *The Dissident Eastern Churches*)

"Straddling The Fence"

A Catholic, married outside the Church, claims that she will never change her religion and that she has been remarried within the Church. Neither she nor her children attend the Catholic Church although they attend non-Catholic services. She has been godmother to two Catholic nieces. Is that a sacrilege? Some members of the family claim it was as permissible as it is for non-Catholics to act as official witnesses at a Catholic wedding.—A. O., NEWTON, MASS.

It is anything but permissible that non-Catholics be official witnesses at a Catholic wedding. It is practically as out of order that the lady under consideration function as godmother for her Catholic nieces. If the picture you have sketched be not overdrawn, then she has exemplified her unfitness as a sponsor. A sponsor is more than a mere witness—he or she assumes a grave responsibility in conscience to be answerable for the Catholic education of an infant. The relationship of fond uncle or doting aunt is, in itself, no qualification. In this connection, the choice of sponsors as well as of baptismal names only too often borders on travesty. "Sacrilege" is strong language. However, sacrilege is defined as the unbecoming treatment of a sacred person, place, or thing inasmuch as consecrated to God. It seems reasonable to say that, in this case, sacrilege was not intended. But it also is reasonable to say that this so-called Catholic mother is so habituated to "straddling the fence" that she realizes neither the impropriety of her function as sponsor nor her dereliction of duty toward her own children. Tragic to say—cases of this kind affect not one individual only, but generations of souls who become renegade to the Church and to God.

In Buffalo, and in many other metropolitan areas, the Polish people carry on their beautiful religious customs that are centuries old

Two girls kneel before the replica of the Holy Sepulcher, adorned with Easter lilies and tulips.

Easter in "Little Poland" Buffalo

• Though Communist oppression has robbed the Poles of many of their beautiful religious customs, especially those of Holy Week, the Polish people in the United States carry on these traditions with the same fervor as their forebears.

"Little Poland" on the East Side of Buffalo, New York, contains about one fifth of that city's population and is one of the largest Polish communities in the United States. Here, Polish as well as American signs can be seen above shops and stores, and Polish papers are read on the streetcars and busses.

Though the American-born Polish are adopting more and more of the American customs, they still maintain in all their vigor the sacred religious traditions handed down from their ancestors. This is especially evident in their Holy Week ceremonies.

The priest comes to the home and blesses the Paschal food, including eggs and the inevitable Polish ham.

This little girl carries a basket of food, including the Paschal lamb, to be blessed before use at Easter.

In the Holy Saturday procession, the crucifix is half covered with a stole, symbolizing Christ's burial.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

On Good Friday a solemn procession makes its way around the church, as the priest carries the Blessed Sacrament.

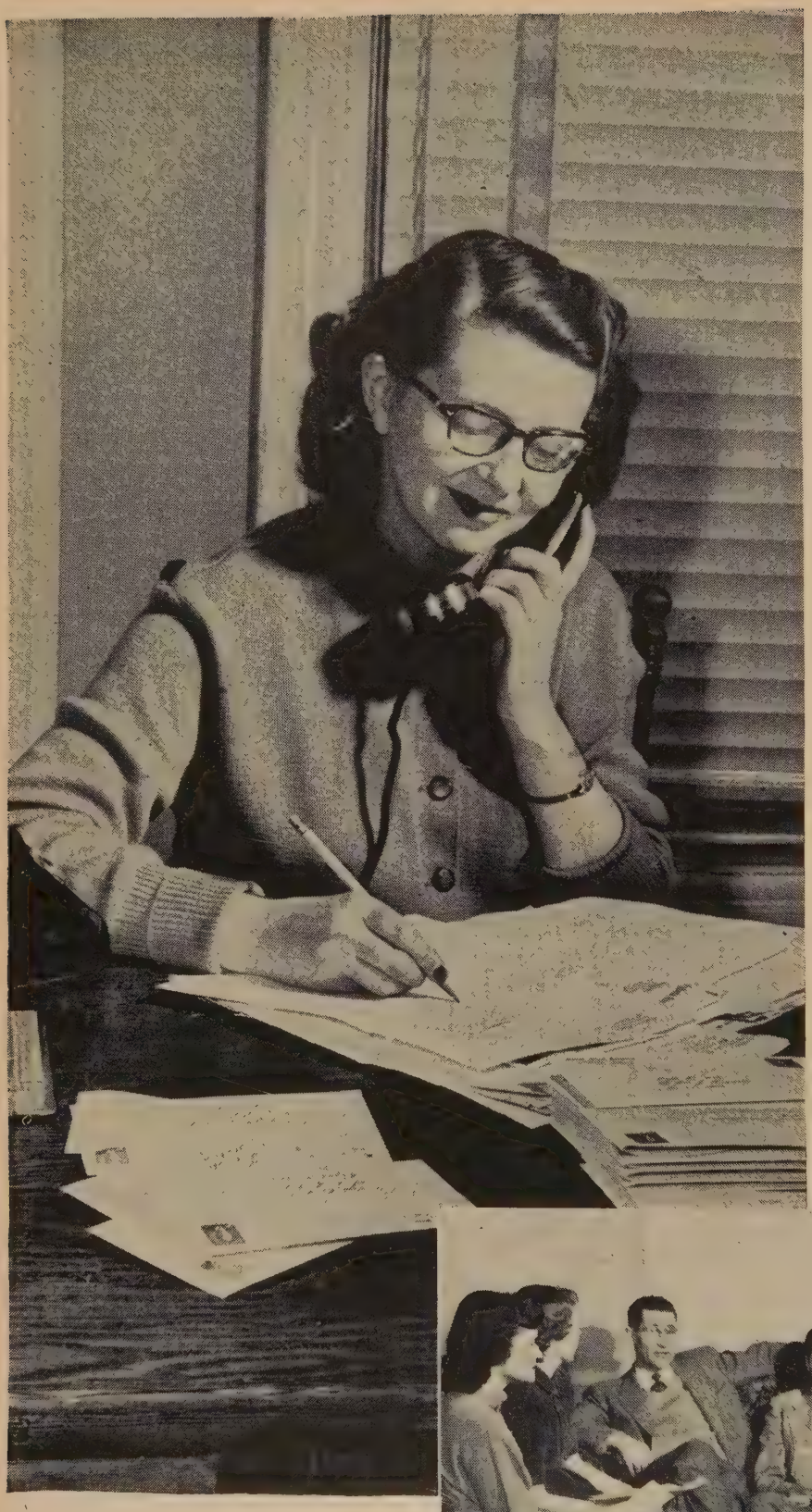
The ceremonies are over and these Polish people will go home and prepare the food blessed by the priest.

People

• Pretty **Kay Hunter** of Edmonton Canada, was once a busy model. She went to modeling school in New York and later worked for the larger stores in Montreal. Her ambition was to become a United States citizen and pursue her chosen career in New York. While working in Montreal and waiting long months for an appointment with the Consulate, she became interested in the Church. She joined the Young Catholic Workers and her life and ambitions began to change radically.

She was no longer interested in her career to the exclusion of everything else, but became more and more devoted to the cause of Catholic youth. After a few short years, she is now the dynamic co-ordinator of the activities of over five thousand Edmonton youths. Working out of the Social Action Center her organizing ability is evidenced in the flourishing state of the Young Catholic Workers, the Young Christian Farmers, Christian Students, and in the Marriage Preparation and Labor Discussion schools.

Before she began this work, Miss Hunter said that she was afraid it wouldn't be possible to have all the things she wanted if religion was so close to her. But like many others, she found that Christ is not outdone in generosity. She has supreme happiness and more true and devoted friends than she ever dreamed of.



Above: Kay arranges one of the many meetings. **Right:** She conducts the premarriage discussions.

Above: Dedication of Washington Shrine. **Right:** Joe with small shrine.

•**Joseph J. Ellicott,** of Chicago, is described as a short, stocky, cigar-chewing American of Irish extraction. Joe is Assistant Superintendent of Water in the Windy City and was happily married for thirty years. When his wife, Gladys, died in 1946, he decided to build a shrine to the Sacred Heart in her memory. He approached Father Francis Larkin, SS.CC., National Director of Enthronement in Washington, D. C., and they agreed on a suitable place in the nation's capital. They built only a wayside shrine, but many dignitaries, including the Apostolic Delegate, were present at the dedication. Since then, Joe has persuaded others to build shrines to the Sacred Heart along highways and main streets. He also had a small shrine made that is suitable for every Catholic home. By pushing door bells and working every spare moment, Joe has succeeded in placing the shrine in thousands of homes. There are one hundred and three Catholic schools in Chicago that have his shrine in every classroom. Joe sells his shrines at cost, as he says he's interested in promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, and not in business. His aim is to put the shrine in every Catholic home. If anyone can do it, Joe can. He managed a private audience with the Pope when all said it was impossible, and then to the dismay of the monsignors, obtained consent from the Holy Father to snap his picture.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Hazards of Organization

I HAD AWAKENED early, and from my window I watched the dawn coming. At first there was grayness and a cold light, and then a hint of warmth, a spreading of rose and cream over the eastern sky. Warmer and warmer grew the colors, until at last the sun flared over the rim and absorbed them in its vivid gold.

I thought of the first Easter in the garden at Jerusalem, a sunrise like this that flooded a world that had been dark with grief and fear and broken love. And I thought how the slow coming of the sun, its final warmth and brightness, is like faith in man's heart, like the spiritual Easter that rises for us all at least once in life.

Over Russia today spreads a dark night of the soul, and in many lands there is the same darkness of the spirit. The night has been long and to some it must seem endless. It has been many years since Russians met each other on Easter morning with the joyous greeting, "Christ is risen," and were answered with a happy, "He is risen indeed." But the heart, which knows its own bitterness, also keeps its secret joy and knows that dawn will follow dark.

We could so easily feel despondent today, almost despairing. In large ways and small, in nations and individuals, we meet with hate and selfishness. Perhaps it is true that these have always been there and it is only that communication today is so improved that we hear of misfortunes more quickly. But somehow it is more than that: hate is organized today, and that is something new and terrifying.

Last year I bought a short history of the Catholic Church, thinking in this way to get a panoramic view of the centuries of the Faith. When I finished the book I was heartsick. It was all there, no doubt, the history of the Church, but chiefly I had read an account of centuries of intrigue, of pacts with civil powers, of wars and peace and more wars. The Church loomed as so intricate an institution, so wrapped in material matters that I found it hard to keep in mind that it is basically a spiritual structure. Who built the Church? Was it really those kings and high dignitaries, lay and cleric, who argued and fought through these pages? Or was it Saint Peter and Saint Paul and Saint Athanasius, who kept the Creed intact and went to exile and death for the sake of a syllable in that Creed? Or the Benedictines who taught the old world to rebuild its broken cities, or the Franciscans and Jesuits who did that in the new world?

I am not so foolish as not to realize that organization is necessary. I have read about and written about enough lives of the founders of religious congregations not to know that. But not once have I found one who worked through intrigue or guile but always from reliance in God and love for His people.

The Heart Widens

ALMOST EACH MONTH I have brought to my attention some congregation of women of whom I have never even heard before. And yet there they have been, working for years; I read of their many houses, their work with orphans or the poor, their busy summers when other people are on vacation and they are busy with vacation schoo their instruction of children and grownups, their work hospitals, their life of prayer and works.

The little criticisms, whether deserved or not, which con often to our ears, look very small indeed when one co siders the vast work of our religious, their love and chari their selflessness. Only last week I learned of a congreg tion new to me, the Daughters of Our Lady of Mercy. C their foundress, who died in 1880 and was canonized a fe years ago, I read one lovely story. Père Olivier, who spe much of his busy missionary life among the Negroes Africa, sometimes brought home with him Negro childre whom he had bought out of slavery. To Mother Josep Rossulo in Italy he brought ten. She had no room for the and no money to feed them. But she decided to take on in honor of the Holy Family: they would certainly help h care for the child. Next day she took five more in hono of the Five Wounds. Eventually she had them all. For th heart widens to make room for as many as need help.

Once she said to a priest who was downhearted, "Fathe have courage. I know the battle which the world and th devil wage is hard, but no one can take God out of you heart."

I have strayed from my first paragraph, I am afraid, bu it is an easy return to the subject of Easter, for after all have been talking of love right along, and Easter shows u the greatest example of love of them all, a sacrificing lov "that thinketh not itself to please but builds a heaven i hell's despite."

Love Can't Lose

THE BEST ADVICE in this troubled time of ours is tha given to the discouraged priest: nothing is lost when on has love in one's heart. We see that proved again an again; we can watch it functioning in the members of th Church, from the Holy Father to the least important nu with her class of first graders. We see it overseas, in th patient love with which in Hong Kong and the Near Eas and China they work—and sometimes die. But of cours death is not the important thing; what matters is that the have given an example of love and when they die it i still in their hearts—and has also been put in other heart

There is many a man and woman in the lands of th East who perhaps have for the first time realized, in thi time of exile and prison and pain, what Christianity an Christian charity are, what "in Christ" actually mean "For His love," said Cardinal Newman, "is a secret gif which, unseen by the world, makes them live and sympa thize with one another."

So on this Easter morning, when we kneel in a churc where no bomb has been dropped, where a joyous "Chris is risen" may be freely sung, when we see our childre safe around us, let us be with those faraway religious wh steadily, doggedly, day by weary day, carry on God's work Let us, the safe, the sheltered in a land that, despite it faults, does live under God, remember that the final victor against hate and evil will be won by such as these, wh know that no one can take God from their hearts.

Books

RINCE OF PLAYERS: DWIN BOOTH

By Eleanor Ruggles. *401 pages.*
W. W. Norton. *$4.50*

E. Ruggles

he author of this enetrating and exustive study has capred, to a very great gree, the moods, the iumphs, and the ep despairs of the an called the finest tor the American eater has produced. dwin Booth lived and won his theatril triumphs in an era when this coun- was exploding into maturity and uring a period when the classic style acting was in full flower.

He fitted the mood of the country, r he traveled its length and breadth, om the swaggering San Francisco of 9 to the elegance of the prewar South nd the intellectuality of Boston. His orid style of acting harmonized with e flamboyant pattern as well as it satfied the Brahmin audience or the percritical New York set. His imact on his fellow players was as great on his audience. There was a magic elancholy in his playing, and in his ivate life too.

Edwin Booth was one of nine chilren, born out of wedlock to Junius rutus Booth and Mary Ann Holmes, flower girl from Covent Garden. unius emigrated to America, partly conquer new worlds, and partly to cape from his legal wife and child. e succeeded in doing both. He beme the first of America's footlight ols and the squire of a Maryland farm here the second Booth family grew up rrounded by the props and costumes the theater.

Young Edwin traveled as unofficial uardian for his father, who appreciated pplause and liquor with equal enusiasm. Later, when his own star one brighter than his father's, Edwin lso drank deep of success and of wine. is life was a succession of public trimphs and private tragedies, of an inenseness that verged on madness, and devotion to the theater and his first ife and their daughter—in that order. Miss Ruggles has mastered a very ifficult assignment, for she has carried er readers along through the lonely iumph of a great career. It is a fascialing book, as unique in its way as an afternoon spent among the treasured theatrical mementos of Booth's own Players Club, where he breathed his last surrounded by the gaudy paraphernalia of his profession.

JERRY COTTER.

KISS ME AGAIN, STRANGER

By Daphne du Maurier. *319 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.50*

D. du Maurier

A busman's holiday into the macabre, the sordid, the neurotic, and the twilight realm of "other worldness" is ticketed in this collection of eight long and short stories. Each is strongly impressionistic—much in the way modern paintings are peculiarly themselves and nothing else—but executed with fluctuating effectiveness.

At least two overreach even the haunting du Maurier keep-'em-guessing policy—"Monte Verita," the weird tale of a young girl's search for a personal spartan rule of truth, and "The Birds," an elemental study of man versus relentless creatures of the air, banded to destroy him. Their question mark endings are a source of irritation and mental revolt.

A bored Marquise, a pathetic peasant lover, and a brutal murder add up to the prospect of blackmail in a commonplace number, "The Little Photographer." The suffocatingly persistent influence of a dead wife, in life a dejected, clinging woman, is represented with repugnant physical force by "The Apple Tree." Here, through a medium of distortion and aberration, the ordinary swells to the powerfully grotesque and overflows in bizarre tragedy.

On the remaining bill of fare, "No Motive," which backtracks to the psychological impetus for an unexplainable suicide, and "The Old Man," a simple yarn with an O. Henry climax, stay closer within the confines of the old school short story form than anything else in the book. Neither depends on a set of stagy atmospheric gimmicks —predominant in the title thriller—or taxes the reader for interpretation, as does "The Split Second." Regardless of these bright spots, however, the general result is still rather like listening to discordant music or peering through glasses that are faintly out of focus.

LOIS SLADE.

SIGNS AND WONDERS

By Leo Brady. *253 pages.*
Dutton. *$3.00*

Leo Brady

Andrew Carnahan, hero of Leo Brady's new novel, is a real, live, whited-sepulchre of a twentieth-century pharisee, whose unattained dream is to be generally recognized for what his son calls a P.C.L. — a Prominent Catholic Layman. This thwarted ambition makes himself, his family, and his daughter's beaux miserable, right up through the last chapter when he is saved. It brings on misunderstandings and quarreling; burdens him with defeats and humiliation.

Mr. Brady, however, despite his proved writing gifts, seems in this novel unable to make us care. Perhaps because hardly a speck of humor relieves the story; because his people are mostly flat symbols of Lust, Vulgarity, Prejudice. Conceivably, the author's own lack of compassion for the lace-curtain limitations of his characters is the book's chief handicap.

Not that the technical ability that made *Edge of Doom* so intriguing a piece of craftsmanship is lacking here. The dialogue is easy and believable. The descriptions take us from Communion Breakfast to Holy Year Pilgrimage, missing hardly a detail of the external trappings of American Catholic life.

Finally *Signs and Wonders* outmoons *Moon Gaffney* as a caustic picture of well-off Irish Americans. The Friendly Sons probably won't get out and picket Mr. Brady for this unflattering example of tribal portraiture; but after reading his book they could hardly be blamed for wanting to.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

SHAME AND GLORY OF THE INTELLECTUALS

By Peter Viereck. *320 pages.*
Beacon Press. *$4.00*

This hodge-podge of scribbling on every topic under the sun has little, if anything, to recommend it. Mr. Viereck's chosen theme is that American "intellectuals" are not vigorous enough in condemning Soviet-directed Communism. "I define intellectuals," he says,

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"as all who are full-time servants of the Word or of the word." It is difficult to accept some of our prominent word-merchants as intellectuals.

The subtitle of this volume reads, "Babbitt, Jr. vs. the Rediscovery of Values." Gaylord Babbitt, as Mr. Viereck names him, is not the substantial and realistic figure that his "father" was in Sinclair Lewis' famous novel. He is a somewhat shaky embodiment of the principle that "anything goes."

The author seems to be a pleasant and well-intentioned liberal, but his mass of trivia certainly does not make a book. He is friendly toward Catholics, and yet he can write—with reference to the anti-Communist crusade—such nonsense as the following: "As an eclectic sympathizer with many Catholic teachings, (Mr. Blanshard classifies me as a sinister "fellow traveller of the Vatican"), I venture to hint that the purpose of this great crusade, being spiritual, is not exclusively to enable Cardinal Spellman to march victoriously up the steps of the Kremlin, solemnly dedicating the former meeting-hall of the Politburo to Bingo-Games-Every-Sunday."

The whole book is not characterized by such a scatterbrained attitude, but it lacks any real unity or basic content. Mr. Viereck wants to tell us about "The New Conservatism." He might well emulate the more solid features of the old conservatism. HASTINGS BLAKE.

MY HOST THE WORLD

By George Santayana. 149 pages. Scribner's. $3.00

G. Santayana

The venerable George Santayana—formerly a colleague of William James and Bertrand Russell—lived just long enough to complete his autobiography, of which *My Host the World* is the last installment. Santayana was Spanish by birth, American by adoption, English by readoption, and Roman by final choice. He lived a solitary life of culture and contemplation and taught a unique philosophy, poetic yet strangely lucid, critical of society yet devoid of militancy, Catholic in spirit yet without faith.

He tells his story well, with much acute observation. The book, however, is chiefly interesting as the revelation of a mind. One is made aware of a dignified and gracious presence well worth encountering. But one is also left in doubt whether Santayana was really a philosopher after all.

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ted positive principles. He urged ople to practice the "life of reason" h clearly realized aims, yet he shied ay from any coherent statement of ns. He denounced proletarian de-adation, yet he would not plainly dorse either material progress or any eme of social reform. He valued the at religions, yet he did not believe any of them, or admit that they are at they are precisely because people ve believed in them.

Santayana was a wise man and a good an. But with smaller minds, such etical idea-building as his would turn her too easily into a sort of game—d a pretty irresponsible game at that.

GEOFFREY ASHE.

HE FAIR BRIDE

By Bruce Marshall. *274 pages.*
Houghton Mifflin. *$3.50*

ithin as many onths, Bruce Mar-all has published o books on a sim-r theme: the strug-e of the individual ainst the hideous essures of life in a talitarian country. is first, *The White bbit,* was superlative. *The Fair Bride,* novel, falters. Its hero, Don Arturo, a disillusioned Spanish priest; so crit-l of the Spanish church and church-en that when he is captured by the oyalists they have little trouble in rning him into an apostle of Com-unism. In his shadow stands Soledad, e chippy with the heart of gold. The ok has a plethora of fruity characters: canons and earthy peasants, dim-tted British leftists, and sharp-tongued anish ones.

Bruce Marshall

The novel is abrim with color and thusiasm, complicated motivation d moral asides. There are pages of scriptions of the tortures inflicted by both Communists and Nationalists on the helpless; scenes of religious devotion and superstition; dragged-out political argumentation and hairbreadth escapes.

Marshall's novel stumbles not because of what he has tried to write into it, but *how* he has written. Too much has been crammed into the story. The dialogue fluctuates from the glib to the wordy. The genre seems to change from chapter to chapter, the whole losing simplicity and conviction. In parts, *The Fair Bride* echoes *The White Rabbit* but is no match for it. The latter had the force of truthfulness, while *The Fair Bride* results in a pretty contrived mixture: pain, bewilderment, and preaching, and disillusionment, still, in the end.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

FAR FROM THE CUSTOMARY SKIES

By Warren Eyster. *372 pages.*
Random House. *$3.75*

W. Eyster

To readers who applauded such well-paced World War II sea tales as *The Cruel Sea* and *The Caine Mutiny,* Warren Eyster offers his *Far From The Customary Skies,* a powerfully written novel about some of the exploits of Destroyer Squadron Twenty-three.

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the molding of a green crew into an efficient fighting unit. This is the most lengthy of the divisions; yet, it is the most rapidly paced and contains some startling battle passages.

Part three is called Going Stale, perhaps the most misleading of all chapter division headings, for within this unit is described one of the most harrowing sea storms in World War II sea fiction. The brief climax, called The Quietus, mixes bawdy humor with stark sea tragedy.

When Mr. Eyster describes the moods of the sea, of a setting sun, or a storm on the horizon, one reads prose that is lucid and effective. This he does best. However, oftentimes he substitutes journalism for creative genius, vulgarity for realism. Despite these weaknesses, *Far From the Customary Skies* is a gripping novel and deserves a place with the better World War II sea tales.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

TO THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH

By Pamela Frankau. *370 pages.*
Harper. *$3.50*

P. Frankau

To the Moment of Triumph is a sophisticated story of an English family in which all of the children, as well as some of their friends, are trying to escape the domination of their father. Although the characterization is brilliant, the story is not. One gets the impression that the characters are being manipulated from behind the scenes. The characters state and re-state their situation, but as their grasp of it is purely verbal, the story hardly seems to move at all. They speak their lines with animated brilliance, because that is the way they have been directed, but only rarely do they give the illusion of reality. It is exhausting to listen to people who, at whatever cost, must be brilliant and amusing. One needs a rest now and then.

The family tensions are well described, however. As each character tries to break away, he is caught up sharply; the tether which holds him is shortened. Toby is killed in a plane accident just at the moment of escape, and though his father hadn't liked him, he sees to it that the boy is turned into a legend. Celia, the most sympathetic character, sees that for her there is no safe harbor. Sometimes the interpretation becomes ridiculous, as with Liz, who gives herself to her lover on the night before his return to America; then next morning runs back to the man her father had selected for her and gives herself to him.

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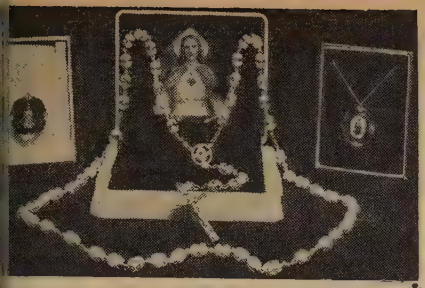

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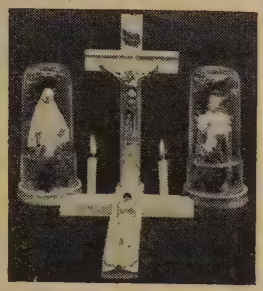

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N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE

By Frank Swinnerton. *349 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.75*

F. Swinnerton

The most recognizable connection between the theme of this novel and its title lies in the need for love and sympathy on the part of its hero, James Probity. As he works himself up from the ground floor of a reputable London newspaper, he becomes involved with two women. One is Lady Tender, the wife of the publisher, who coddles and supports him to alleviate the frustrations of her marriage to an older man. But, for marriage, he chooses Olga, a childhood friend, who proves to be a far more mature and balanced person than Probity.

His parents died early, leaving him in the care of his aunt who operates a lodging house in a poor section. Here the other children she cares for tease him unmercifully for his sissified ways, yet envy his good manners. Probity assuages his need for affection by idealizing the memory of his father, a well-known labor leader, only to discover in later years that the idol had the usual feet of clay. Like his father, he preaches peace and loving kindness as a cure for the world's ills, but he has not the remotest idea that these have a vital connection with personal morality. It is inevitable that friends as well as enemies soon see through his sham sincerity.

Mr. Swinnerton explores Probity with a microscope so that he emerges as a sort of Babbitt of journalism. When the analysis is over, neither the writing itself nor Probity's priggish and egotistical character leave very much for the reader to admire.

PAULA BOWES.

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are present in a tale of mounting suspense, you have something really special. *The Intruder* is such a book. This remarkable novel by a brilliant Australian woman was an instant success in her homeland. Americans who pride themselves on knowing a good thing when they see it should make this book a best seller.

Mrs. Fowler's central character, Paul Quentin, is a war veteran suffering from a mental disorder resulting from his trials as a prisoner of the Japanese. Driven by a strange compulsion, he visits the home of his dead war comrade, Adrian Carmichael. During an eventful weekend, his presence profoundly affects the lives of everyone he meets.

In the compass of this short book, the reader becomes familiar with Adrian's parents, widow, two sisters, a housekeeper, and several friends and neighbors. All of these characters are vividly portrayed and they are as fascinating a gallery as you are likely to meet in a long time. Mrs. Fowler has the true novelist's acute power of observation and the great gift of describing a character or depicting a scene with amazing economy of words.

A less gifted writer might have told this story as a mere melodrama, but Mrs. Fowler is always completely in control of her subject. The quiet and deceptively simple style is charged with poetic insight and the haunting tension that sustains the suspense never falters. This is a novel you will not forget readily.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE WRECK OF THE RUNNING GALE

By Garland Roark. Doubleday. *310 pages. $3.50*

G. Roark

If you enjoyed reading *The Wake of the Red Witch,* or sat comfortably through the relatively successful Hollywood version of the book, you might possibly be interested in Garland Roark's latest novel.

Told by young Owen Ibison, junior partner in a successful post-Civil War shipping firm, this tale revolves about the theft of his company's vessel, the "Running Gale." Ibison's attempt to recover the ship, which held "one hundred thousand American dollars, each a round minted piece of silver," brings him into conflict with a mysterious Captain Raikes, the ship's master, and the equally mysterious Monsieur Janvier, the man responsible for the theft and eventual wreck of the "Running Gale."

Uncovering several obvious clues leads

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son and Raikes on a mad chase after stolen ship. They finally locate the unning Gale" in a lagoon off Jan-r's island, a tropical paradise some-ere in the South Pacific. Here an cient feud between Captain Raikes d Monsieur Janvier is revealed, ange pagan rites win out over a culiar brand of Christianity, the story es a new twist and comes to its cli-ix.

The author has mixed well his in-edients of intrigue, action, and sus-nse. Yet in spite of a rather well-lanced plot, capable character de-lopment, and fast-moving dialogue, *e Wreck of the Running Gale* is not especially good novel. Unfortunately still amounts to practically the same d South Sea Island adventure story—adable but read before.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

X WEEKS IN MARCH

By Constance Robertson. 312 pages. Random House. $3.00

C. Robertson

x Weeks in March literally, just about month too long. ompressed into a ovelette form, the ay of elements gainst human tem-erament may have een honed to a biting dge of suspense. But it stands here, the plot is too rigged, e dialogue too repetitious to sustain terest throughout a full-length book.

Early in March, Elijah Lamb's elve children had come back home say a farewell to their father. With e ragged remnants of winter isolating em from the outside world, 32 people 24 adults and their eight offspring—ere forced to camp in the rambling ew York State farmhouse, marking me while the old man lay dying. A eep-seated avarice crowded out any obler feelings, as the family waited npatiently to divide their inheritance. was Adam, the strong eldest son, and uth, who had loved him but had arried the favorite brother, Matt, who rmed a protective brace against the eedy clan bent on disturbing Elijah's st moments. Mounting tension threat-ned violence while the relentless wind d snow continued to keep the restless oup imprisoned under the same roof.

Still regal in her bearing, but mentally apricious and uncomprehending of the arring factions about her, Meg Lamb, lijah's wife, added further fire to the tuation. Matt's death at Appomattox, h hour before the battle ended, had apped her control, and for nearly a ear she had been a mad captive of her wn grief. Now on some whim, and urmuring of a long-standing debt to

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On Aug. 17, 1952, two pages of signatures accompanied a letter to *The Sign*, which read: "We have just completed your Tour of the West, and wish to express our appreciation for the wonderful tour we have enjoyed. We do hope there will be similar trips in the future."

Responding to this, and other requests, another congenial party will be assembled in August 1953. As a reader of *The Sign*, you are invited to enroll for this particular vacation tour, if the following advantages appeal to you: (1) Time, just 2 weeks in August. (2) Destinations—3 national parks, Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Mt. Rainier. 12 states and Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and the cool, evergreen Pacific Northwest. (3) Careful plans made for everything in advance. (4) Carefree travel for you, as experienced escort looks after your comfort, handles your luggage, demands and gets good service for the party. (5) You travel with friends—a happy group with like interests and Faith. (6) You know exact cost of complete trip in advance. (7) No waiting, no difficulty in arranging for your vacation—write your questions. Receive dependable answers, and all tickets by mail. Solve "where to go" for a wonderful 1953 Summer vacation by joining our congenial party.

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be paid, she had invited a wild band of Gypsies to take shelter in the hop kiln until the weather cleared.

Meg's insanity has a forced, phony ring, and to the reader her secret link with the Gypsies is obvious. The whole story is permeated by a kind of twilight gray somberness, robbing it of color and qualifying it as an effort that didn't quite make the grade.

LOIS SLADE.

THE BUFFALO WALLOW

By Charles T. Jackson. 253 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.00

The rolling, endless plains of central Nebraska were far different eighty years ago from what they are today. Take it from Mr. Jackson, whose happy memories of his boyhood are cheerfully recalled in this book. There was nothing like living in a sod house, running in the fields, playing soldier, getting a little schooling, helping with the farm work, taking a hand in local romances, dreaming dreams of the unknown world beyond the prairies.

Mr. Jackson lived with his cousin Ellis and his aunt and uncle, Effie and Lige. The household, according to present-day standards, was poor; the mortgage was a constant concern; there were few "advantages" for growing boys. But there was a wholesome family life, and freedom of a sort that a boy couldn't find today anywhere. Then there was the Wallow, a depression in the plains rounded out by thousands of buffalo as they rubbed their itchy backs into the undersand. It was the boys' playground, a hiding place for their treasures, the theater where they acted out their wars and their Indian fights and their make-believe. For Mr. Jackson, the Wallow is a symbol of a lost land, but not a forgotten one.

As a book of reminiscence, this is hard to beat. Perhaps everything didn't really happen as it is set down here, but who would exchange literal accuracy for such delightful memories of a time when boys made their own boyhood unhampered by the folderol of modern times?

ALDEN WHITMAN.

SHORT NOTICES

WE AND THE HOLY SPIRIT. By Léonce De Grandmaison, S. J. 222 pages. Fides. $3.75. Pere Grandmaison is the noted French theologian and historian of the Life of Christ. A profoundly spiritual and priestly man, he founded the Association of St. Francis Xavier, a small lay society dedicated to the apostolic conquest of souls. This volume outlines Pere Grandmaison's concept of a spiritual system suitable to the ideal of the Association. This is strong spiritual meat, not tea-and-marmalade for ladies who want to club together for the pleasant feeling of social destiny which builds up when many people meet regularly and talk about the mission which nobody is more than half interested in. This doctrine is a program for the making of real saints. It is for the lay person who wants to use his lay life as religious use the convent—to squeeze the ultimate of grace and apostleship out of one's years on earth.

WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS. By Catherine de Hueck Doherty. 110 pages. Bruce. $2.25. *Now* is not only the acceptable time—it is the urgent time for the laity to assume the responsibility of restoring the world to Christ. Even the popes have designated this as the cen-

Too Much to Ask

▶Construction was underway on the big city's new subway line. A slightly inebriated citizen fought his way through the group of sidewalk superintendents. Leaning over the edge of the embankment, he called out:

"Hey, fellers, what are you building?"

"A subway," one of the workmen shouted amiably.

"When will you have it finished?" the questioner continued.

"In two years," was the reply.

"Two years, heck!" said the other as he went on his way. "I'll take a taxi!"

—*W. D. Robertson*

y of the lay apostolate, the era of undless opportunity to practice that ceful Catholic action for which the rth hungers.

These concise, meaty meditations on e Ten Commandments, the eight atitudes, and the three counsels which e ex-Russian Baroness and founder of iendship House has gathered "over a riod of twenty years," form a call to ttle and a scrupulous examination of nscience on the question "Quo vadis?" nly if man answers "Where God is," ll he find eternal salvation.

HE HIDDEN STREAM. By Ronald Knox. Sheed & Ward. 248 pages. .00. *The Hidden Stream* consists of series of lectures delivered by Mon-gnor Knox at Oxford University. How-er, it has none of the dryness or dginess usually associated with uni-rsity lectures. Writing in his usual cid, and at times humorous prose, e author treats of twenty-three topics. nong those listed are: "What Is Re-gion," "The Messianic Hope," "The arks of the Church," "The Sacra-ents," and the "Resurrection of the dy." This latest work from the pen this gifted English writer is a wel-me addition to modern apologetic erature.

F SACRAMENTS AND SACRIFICE. Rev. Clifford Howell, S.J. 171 pages. he Liturgical Press. $2.50. Mr. verage Man would drop a book as if were red hot if he read on the inside ver that it dealt with Theopneustic chology, says the author of this book. t he tells us that this is exactly hat he intends to write about, the urgical apostolate, and of sacraments d sacrifice. The volume is a reprint of e of the most popular series ever ritten on the Sacraments. Each chapter a mine of information, in clear, ncise, and effective language. A dis-ssion club outline at the end focuses tention on the main themes of each ction. Jane Sampson's line drawings ld to the general atmosphere of odernity and precision. The simplicity f approach and the honesty with which roblems are faced will make this book andard equipment for liturgy lovers.

MAN APPROVED. By Leo Trese. heed & Ward. 152 pages. $2.25. In his little volume, the author of *Vessel f Clay* presents a series of conferences or the busy priest. Aside from the In-roduction entitled, "My Vocation," which is more humorous than edifying, ather Trese presents some practical piritual reflection on the obligations of he priest. The Mass, the Divine Of-ice, Mental Prayer, the Holy Hours, reaching, and Devotion to Our Lady re all treated in turn. Father Trese has the gift of writing on spiritual subjects in a light, facile way that both entertains and instructs.

MARY LINCOLN. By Ruth Painter Randall. 555 pages. Little, Brown. $5.75. Presidents' wives, like presidents, suffered a good deal from the abuse of their contemporaries. Mary Todd Lincoln while alive experienced more than her share of this maliciousness. She had the additional misfortune of incurring the dislike of Lincoln's law-partner, Herndon, who left the picture of an unpleasant, shrewish woman for future generations to behold.

Mrs. Randall has succeeded admirably in destroying this myth and in presenting an attractive and understandable Mary Lincoln. She has done so in a book which is scholarly and careful, but readable and intensely human. The domestic and personal lives of the Lincolns have probably never before been so fully and sympathetically examined.

THE AMERICAN MARTYRS. By John A. O'Brien. 310 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. Since the canonization of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, interest in their harrowing but heroic story has increased yearly, with the parent Society providing rich source material all the way from the *Relations* to the histories by Father Wynne and more recently Father Talbot. But innumerable readers must be ready to welcome this graphic new group-biography of the six priests and two laymen who offered their lives to the stupendous dream of winning "for Christianity and for civilization the whole Indian population of New France and ultimately of North America." Dr. O'Brien's work was needed and he has done it superbly, condensing the epic story without sacrificing the vivid background and touchingly diverse personalities of his intrepid missionaries.

CHRIST: THE IDEAL OF THE PRIEST. By Abbot Marmion, O.S.B. 352 pages. Herder. $4.50. Abbot Marmion, one of the great spiritual writers of the century, needs no introduction to readers of spiritual books. However, since Abbot Marmion has been dead for thirty years, the question of its authenticity might arise in many minds. It must be borne in mind that the Abbot never really wrote a book. His conferences were written down by others. He merely supervised the revision before publication. Save for the revision by the author, this book is as authentic as his other masterpieces. In this case the revision was done by an old disciple of the Abbot, Dom Ryelandt. To all who have read and studied Dom Marmion, this work on the priesthood will be received like a gift from heaven.

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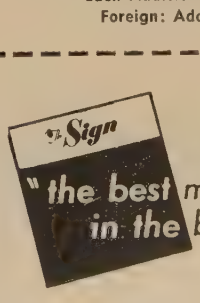

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LILACS ARE BETTER

(Continued from page 27)

"My mother is sorry, teacher. She couldn't come. She's gotta work today."

Teacher was looking at him strangely. Not mad—but funny. "Johnnie," she said, "your mother is here. At the meeting."

"She came?" He felt his eyes nearly popping out. "But she said . . ."

"The office called her at work when you ran away. It's a serious matter, Johnnie, to run away from school."

He looked down, tracing the pencil groove in a desk with his finger. He had never thought of it like that—running away.

"We talked a little," teacher was saying. "You have a lovely mother, Johnnie. She didn't quite understand about the meeting. She was worried about you but I told her I was sure you would be back. One of the other ladies took her down to the meeting to wait. When I heard you come in I went down and told her. She's having a wonderful time talking to the other mothers and Richard's mother gave her the recipe for her cake."

Johnnie let out his breath. All of a sudden the world was rightside up. He couldn't say a word, just pushed the lilac branches deeper into the water, moving them a little more into the sun.

There was another knock. This time the PTA mother came back with cake and coffee. "As long as you can't come down," she said, "and your room had such a fine record of mothers present, I brought you a bite of lunch."

Johnnie saw it was chocolate cake and one cup of coffee.

Teacher waited till the mother was out of hearing; then she said, "This is for you and me."

"I don't want none," Johnnie said.

Teacher pulled out some clean white paper and wrapped up the cake. "The coffee is for me," she said. "The cake is for you and your mother. Take it home with you." She put it into his hand and added, "Goodnight, Johnnie," in a soft voice.

When Johnnie got outside he saw that the sky was very blue with white clouds sailing and birds flying. He felt good and happy. At the far door, he saw his mother in a group of other mothers, shaking hands and saying goodby to each other. He felt proud, seeing her in her best coat and hat, nodding and smiling so friendly.

He hung back till the others had left. Then he ran to her, holding the cake carefully, so as not to break the frosting. He reached her, all out of breath, and flung one arm about her.

"Ma. I got some PTA cake for just you and me!"

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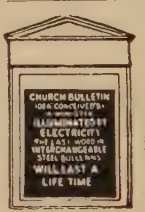

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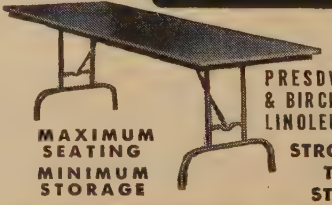

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THE PIGEON FROM ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

(*Continued from page 44*)

he for a while and you'll be yourself no time."

Louisa opened the window and put lily out on the ledge in the clear light ten stories above the sidewalk. was a large lily in a large pot. The ge was narrow and slightly sloped. e lily's place was precarious.

"You just hold tight there a minute," uisa told the lily, "and I'll get a piece string and tie you in safe and snug."

Louisa left the window.

n the sky above the window, the ish gray pigeon, the long-necked, n pigeon, circled, seeking a place to ht.

On the sidewalk ten stories below window, Mr. Somerset, walking to music of his bright, new faith in f-sufficiency, strode almost vibrantly ward the river and the Secretariat.

The white-flowered lily attracted the geon's eye to the ledge. He fluttered the ledge, alighted beside the lily. A ng feather brushed a lily leaf.

The lily pot tipped, tumbled.

Louisa, returning with the string, saw e lily tumble, saw the pigeon flee. e ran to the window, looked out, bked down the ten stories to the street. Louisa screamed, jumped back into e room, her hands pressed violently her eyes.

MR. Somerset was buried from St. Bartholomew's on Easter Wednesy morning.

Mr. Somerset's widow made the fi-ral arrangements by transatlantic tele-one from Paris. She was attending a rld conference on the Future of Mar-ge and was unable to be present. one the less, it was a solemn and im-sing occasion. The front pews of the iddle aisle were well filled with repre-ntatives of the nations of the world. any members of the diplomatic corps d come down from Washington to tend. The President had sent a mem-r of the Cabinet as his own special presentative. It was a solemn and emorable occasion.

Freddy, in formal morning attire, sat one in an empty pew half way down e church. His eyes were misty with ne and tears.

Charles, Mr. Somerset's valet, sat in a adowy pew in the last row with three d ladies. The little man sat in dis-ess rather than in sorrow, for he uld not take his gaze from the white aster lilies that adorned the chancel.

Outside, on the sunlit steps on Park venue, a soft-faced woman in a pink at fed the pigeons from a card-board ke box. One pigeon, blue-gray, long-ecked, thinner than the others, made f with the largest piece of cake.

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LETTERS

"*Only Through This Door*"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

There is great rejoicing among worke for church unity because of your excelle picture article on the Eastern Rites in t January issue. The pictures spoke fi themselves, and the printed matter to in a few words what others have take hundreds of pages to relate.

There is equal cause for rejoicing b cause of the fine story on the return Holy Mother Church of a dissident Orth dox priest with his entire parish. There one point in this article with which disagree, however. In referring to the s lection of a name for his new parish F Berzinec is reported to have recalled th "Orthodox priests were not as impresse with Our Lady as the Roman Church This is quite contrary to the general opi ion held by those in contact with bot the clerics and laity of our dissident breth ren.

WILLIAM B. FITZGERALD
MATTAPAN, MASS.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was indeed a great pleasure to se the picture article concerning the Byzan tine Rite which was featured in the Janu ary issue of your splendid magazine.

Would that others do the same. A greater understanding of our Easter brethren would thus be obtained. Th title of the article was very apropos; fo it is only through this Rite that we ca ever hope to win back the Orthodox.

FRATER R. TOBOLSKI, M. S. C.
SACRED HEART SEMINARY
SHELBY, OHIO

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on your fine articles con cerning the Eastern Rites. I enjoyed reading: "Only Through This Door" which appeared in your January issue.

PETER CHOPKA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"*Incredible Story*"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After receiving your magazine of Feb ruary, 1953, I read one article severa times and got so much out of it, I wonde if everyone did. The people I talked t about it all enjoyed it and my copy i practically worn out. The article I am writing about is the "Listen To An In credible Story." This is so wonderful. My friends have asked me to write and find out if it is at all possible to have a fol low-up article.

Chaplains and missionaries appreciate gift subscriptions to THE SIGN

his all seems so wonderful. We are dering if he went back to be pastor of congregation and how it was possible all people to be converted and in- ted at once.

MISS HELEN LOHMAN
CY, ILL.

ORS OF THE SIGN:
read the article in a recent issue of SIGN telling of the conversion of a sian (?) Orthodox priest and his ily. The author called it an incredible y.

do not think it is an incredible story, a sad one, even unpleasant. But over above all this it is the story of the rn of the Prodigal Son, which is always yful story.

this case it is an "innocent prodigal" rning to the True Fold from which never departed knowingly.

he fact of the man's true priesthood, nderstand, is something that cannot be ced, as is the fact of his marriage. The rch has received with joy this sincere ily of four into the One True Fold. holics rejoice with them that they have y found their way into the Church of Virgin Christ and His virgin mother ry.

think the story could have been told h more apparent reverence for the ffable delicacy and wisdom of the in- ible Church that underlies its discipline. d with less bouncing affection for the uliar circumstances wherein a Catholic est prepares for Mass with the aid of rusty wife.

ANNA B. BRENNAN
NCOUVER ISLAND, B. C., CANADA

TORS OF THE SIGN:
t was a real pleasure to page through February issue of THE SIGN and to find h Bishop's account of the conversion of a ole Orthodox parish to Catholic Unity the story "Listen to an Incredible Story." is event in Akron, Ohio, made headlines Catholic newspapers throughout the ntry, but I thought that Jim Bishop and E SIGN gave it a character all its own in turing it in picture and in print, with its historical causes and antecedents. ough somewhat melodramatic in tone, extraordinary event was given full cov- ge. To me the story seemed even more ely insofar as the Editors of THE SIGN tured it in the wake of the Chair of ity Octave activities.

JOHN R. MARTIN
TTSBURGH, PA.

Eastern Church

ITORS OF THE SIGN:
Many thanks for the two excellent arti- s on the Eastern Church in your January d February issues of THE SIGN. It would wonderful if more national Catholic agazines carried similar articles.

There is altogether too much indiffer- ce, ignorance, and misunderstanding on e part of Latin Catholics, both laymen d clergy, on this subject.

Articles such as those you have published ll do a great deal to dispel some of this.

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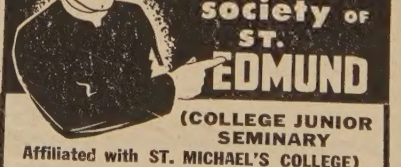

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"Music in White House"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In response to the article, "Music in White House," which appeared in the F ruary issue of THE SIGN, I received one p ticularly pleasant piece of correspondenc I think THE SIGN should have a verba account.

PAUL HUM

WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Enclosure)

Kansas City, Misso

DEAR MR. HUME:

The article which you wrote on my c tribution to the music lovers of the nat has just been called to my attention. appreciate it very highly.

My interest in music has been the int est of an amateur who is really fond good music. I hope I helped some mu lovers to have a better appreciation of great composers.

I wish we had a music hall in Washi ton where concerts could be put on in proper manner. Some day maybe we v get it.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) HARRY S. TRUMAN

Editorial

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I cannot refrain from telling you h *extremely wise* it was on the part of t Reverend Father Gorman to have writt that fine page on "Democracy for Whom I believe that many Americans make t basic mistake of thinking that democra can be made to fit *any* country at *any* ti and under *any* circumstances, regardl of the national spirit of the different cou tries. I still believe that democracy wi all its obvious shortcomings is still t most acceptable political regime thoug up by the very imperfect and fallib human mind, but it has no absolute valu Let us not look upon it as some kind religious dogma.

AUGUSTE MOESLINGER

VOSGES, FRANCE

Adore Images?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Reference: your February 1953 issu page 4, letter captioned "No Apology What, precisely, is meant by "strict liturg cal sense"? I have always believed that th terms "adoration" and "veneration" a not synonymous. Crucifixes, images of th Christ Child, and of the saints are right respected as such but certainly not adore or venerated. *We adore or venerate wh these images represent.* I believe this what you mean by the strict liturgic sense. Please confirm, or, if I am in erro elucidate more fully.

CHARLES F. CANTY

DEVON MILFORD, CONN.

Editor's Note: This is a simple question o terminology. The word "adore" has tw senses. One is restricted absolutely t that worship which is rendered to Go alone. The other sense is relative. I general it means any act of honor or re spect. This then is the "strict liturgica sense." To end discussion we quote th second Ecumenical Council of Nicea i 787 A. D. "Honor these images by givin

n adoration, but not true *latria* which ording to Faith is something for the ine Nature alone . . . he who adores image adores the person of the one icted." (*D. B. Enchiridion n.* 302)

Zionism

TORS OF THE SIGN:

can not tell you the satisfaction I had reading your editorial about Zionism. ong my fellow Americans I find very who understand the Middle Eastern- tel situation and fewer still among those o pretend to understand who have a orable attitude toward the Arabs.

'ropaganda spread in this country by een forces and propaganda picked up many and spread without the carriers owing where the propaganda came from l why they were spreading it, has edu- ed (or I should say conditioned) the erican public to have a certain decided itude before they even so much as ow the geographical location of the untries involved. It is because of this t I find such delight when I see a few erican publications that have not fol- ved the trend of the multitude of print- presses that have spread seeds different m the label on the package.

ANTHONY HARP

RHAM, N. H.

Sign Quiz

ITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am a Catholic but go to the Public gh School. My girl friend has been get- g the magazine regularly. I like it a because it has exciting stories, and e latest comments about what is happen- g in the world today. My girl friends e also interested in THE SIGN and we like take the test just out of curiosity.

CAROLYN CARAZZA

HICAGO, ILL.

litor's Note: THE SIGN Quiz is published onthly from October through June. It's ailable to groups or individuals. Mini- um order: 10 Quiz Blanks and free An- er Sheet—10¢. Additional copies: 1¢ each.

Alcoholism

DITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am personally acquainted with Mr. racy and have, for a short time, been quainted with his wonderful work.

I think an article, such as this one in our magazine, should make the people of e country a little more conscious of ether alcoholism is a disease or, what incent Tracy claims, really a vice.

JOHN R. MCDERMOTT

LBANY, N. Y.

DITORS OF THE SIGN:

Having seen the article "Alcoholism— isease or Vice?" in THE SIGN for January, 953, I am sure your readers will be inter- ted in hearing the other side of this mis- nderstood question.

Alcoholism is not just a vice. The ab- ormal drinking or general disordered con- ition of the alcoholic is properly called disease for the following reasons:

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Become a Priest and Teacher! *Join the Piarist Fathers!* The Order, founded by St. Joseph Calasanctius in 1597, is the first Teaching Order in the Church. They started the first free schools for everybody. The members of the Order make a special fourth vow to educate youth.

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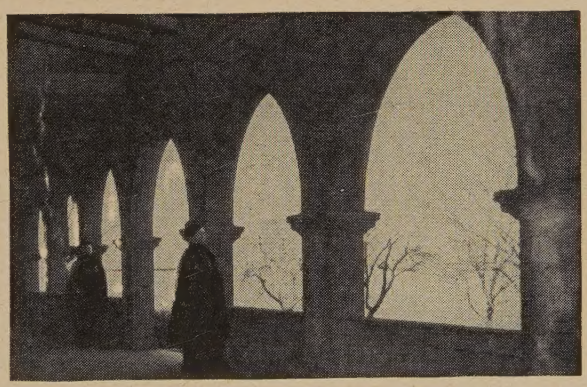

THE PASSIONIST FATHERS

live a monastic and an apostolic life. From the solitude of the cloister, they go forth to preach missions and retreats. Young men interested in a vocation to the Passionist Way of Life are invited to write for further information.

Those living east of Ohio should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

All others should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
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Carmelite Sisters of St. Therese

Are you interested?

In a young missionary community combining the active and contemplative ideal of religious life; dedicated to the love and service of God by following the WAY OF SPIRITUAL CHILDHOOD marked out for us by our patroness, St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

The active service of charity includes:

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The Church needs Missionaries—catechists, domestic workers, teachers, nurses. Young women between the ages of 16 and 27 of normal health, average intelligence, good character and generous heart are qualified to fill this need. If interested apply to

REV. MOTHER PROVINCIAL
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of the Divine Heart of Jesus welcome candidates who wish to consecrate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus, by taking care of children, the aged or missions. Apply to the

Reverend Mother Provincial,
1214 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, 13, Wis.

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PHILADELPHIA

To bring the charity of Christ to the sick and suffering in mission lands, the Medical Mission Sisters as Religious-doctors, nurses, pharmacists, technicians and allied *non*-medical workers - staff hospitals in India, Pakistan, Africa, North and South America.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE:
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D., 8400 PINE ROAD, PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood

offer to generous young women interested in religious life many types of charitable and educational activities. We work as: kindergarten, primary, industrial, commercial, and high school teachers; catechists; social workers; nurses; dentists; musicians; artists; journalists; housekeepers; seamstresses; fine needle workers, etc.—in home and foreign missions.
Please write to: Mother Superior
Precious Blood Convent, P.O. Box 43, Shillington, Pa.

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MISSION SISTERS of the Holy Ghost

Work With
Children • Youths • Adults • Families
To Restore all to Christ

Write: SUPERIOR
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A PASSIONIST VOCATION FOR GIRLS

Perhaps Our Lord is calling you to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I.

For particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Provincial, C.P.

Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate

A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City.

NOVITIATE: MARYCREST CONVENT
Monroe, Orange County, New York
Write for Information and Free Literature

Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis
Williamsville, New York

Devote their lives to the care of orphans and the aged, to nursing the sick in hospitals and the teaching of youth. The Community enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration, combining the active and contemplative life.

Address MOTHER SUPERIOR

The Missionary Sisters of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

devote their lives to teaching, nursing, and caring for the aged and orphans in the home and foreign missions. Does the Sacred Heart call you to serve Him in this Congregation? Write to

Mother Provincial, St. Michael's Convent
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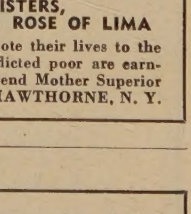
For Christ as a Missionary Sister doing catechetical and nursing work. Age 16-30. Write:

Daughters of Mary
HEALTH of the SICK
Vista Maria
Cragsmoor, N. Y.



THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

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Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

which by their norms deserves to be call a disease. They are the judge of what t label "disease" means, and of whether t condition called alcoholism deserves th label.

Second, recovered alcoholics cannot lea to drink normally. After years of sobri they still react abnormally if they st drinking again. Why is this so?—unl there is something inside them, physiolo cal or psychological, which makes the react that way. That something is right called pathological.

Third, many scientists believe they ha discovered a physiological basis for the coholic's abnormal drinking. Althou so far researchers in physiology have n been able to agree upon a clear, definit organic, or functional pathology in alc holics generally, yet there is good reas for believing that in many alcoholics t abnormal drinking results from a bodi pathology; and that in most alcoholic once they have become addicts, physiolog cal changes have occurred which prever them from ever becoming normal drinke

Fourth, the psychological (and/or phys ological) mechanisms involved in addictio considered generally, can properly be calle pathological. The alcohol addict, once h has become an addict, has acquired a d pendence on alcohol which is general beyond his power to control, unaided. H drinks compulsively, the compulsion ope ating with more or less frequency, an more or less force. This addiction is ofte just as strong as drug addiction and th alcohol addict ends up with a habit s severe that it assumes pathological propo tions. Hence the addiction itself can b properly described as a form of illness o disease.

If Mr. Tracy can rehabilitate 90 per cen of his patients (an amazing percentage) more power to him. More power to an one who rehabilitates any alcoholics. Bu in the interest of stating the simple trut to alcoholics and others, I believe it is ver important to insist that alcoholism is no merely a vice. It is also a disease, an for many reasons we are entirely justifie in describing it as such.

JOHN C. FORD, S. J.
PROFESSOR OF MORAL THEOLOGY
WESTON, MASS.

Racial Justice

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May a white reader congratulate yo on "Washington's Split Personality" b Ruth Hume and "Jim Crow Draws Blood" by John Lawrence in the February issue

Keep up the fight for racial justice b more articles like these.

L. A. OTTO, JR.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Plaudits

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Anent your announcement in the Feb ruary issue of a new high in circulation all of us can be glad that the "bette mousetrap" theory still holds. To me, TH SIGN gets better with each issue; and, venture to say, it is destined to becom one of America's great magazines.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS
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